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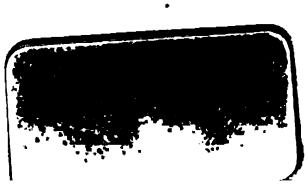

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THE

# NATIONAL

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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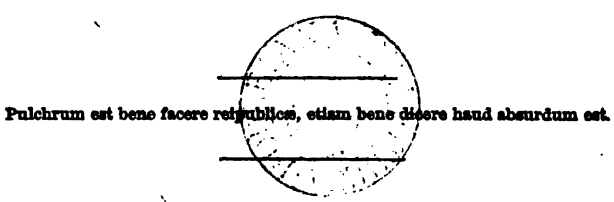
EDWARD I. SEARS, LL.D.

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reason as the multitude. Works of art are subjected to the same caprices as the individuals who produced them; the work which is admired to-day as superior to all others of its kind, may be treated with contempt a few years hence; and the idol set up in its place may be no new production, but the same work which was treated with neglect when that now discarded was idolized.

If these changes were confined to the authors, artists and works of the present day, they could easily be accounted for. It might be alleged, without much injustice, that in the middle of the nineteenth century fame is bought and sold like any other commodity; although a considerable share of it is often obtained by impudence alone, without either talent, or education; so that those who have most money, or most impudence may reasonably calculate on securing most fame in a given time. If the money and impudence are combined, as they very generally are, in such cases, then the aspirant for fame has to wait but a short time for the full gratification of his ambition. True, the fame gained in this manner is not the genuine article; it is quite as spurious as the "reputation" of the quack doctor, who by means of the same pill, bolus, or bottle, undertakes to cure all diseases that flesh is heir to. But there are none of the vicissitudes to which we allude in the fame of this class of authors or artists; when their fame is once obscured it never regains its lustre; once dead it has no resurrection.

But fortunately it is with the genuine article we have to do in the present discussion—with that kind which, though it may be obscured—though it may slumber for a while—cannot be extinguished. That the fame of Euripides is of this undying type we expect to prove in this article; and we trust that the reader who accompanies us in our discussion will be entertained with something more than mere argument or logic. Indeed the most stupid writer who has carefully examined the principal tragedies of Euripides could hardly speak of them in the most cursory manner without being more or less interesting, if not instructive, to the class of readers to whom we have the honor of addressing ourselves.

We take up Euripides, in this instance, in preference to

either of his illustrious rivals in Greek tragedy, because it is he whose fame is obscured at the present day. We do so in the same spirit in which we would endeavor to vindicate a contemporary to whom we felt that great injustice had been done, and to whom we had been indebted for many a gratification and for many a benefit, the influence of which can terminate only with our existence.

At more than one epoch Euripides has been the favorite of the most competent judges; he was the favorite, as we shall presently show, of the greatest minds of his own time. He has been preferred to Æschylus at one time, and to Sophocles at another. Again, each has been preferred to him; for twenty-three hundred years he was more admired by the most gifted and most cultivated of all enlightened nations than any other dramatist; but for the last fifty years he has been comparatively neglected. Except by the few who prefer to judge for themselves rather than accept the dictum of any master, his tragedies have been regarded by common consent, during this period, as greatly inferior to either those of Æschylus or Sophocles. Those who had admired Euripides most from their youth, until their judgment had attained its full maturity, permitted themselves to be influenced by the new canons of criticism, which degraded him to the comparatively inferior rank which he occupies at the present day. But before we attempt to show what a slight foundation there has been for so great a change, we will briefly remind the reader of the character of Euripides' early education, and of the influences by which he was surrounded, while undergoing preparation for the career which has rendered him so illustrious.

Euripides was a native of Salamis. He was born the first year of the seventy-fifth Olympiad, B. C. 480, on the very day upon which the Athenians fought their most glorious battle. His parents were Athenians who had taken refuge in that famous island a short time before the invasion of Attica by Xerxes.*

When Euripides became famous, those whose envy he excited sought to degrade him by representing that his father, Mane-

* Suidas *in Vita.*

sarchus, was a common tavern-keeper, and that his mother, Clito, was a vender of herbs, or vegetables. Aristophanes frequently reproaches him, in his comedies, for his alleged origin, especially in the "Acharnians," the "Knights," and the "Thesmephoria." According to Aulus Gellius,* the comic dramatist is corroborated by Theophrastus and others; but the statement of Philochorus is much more probable.† The latter undertakes to prove that the mother of Euripides was of noble birth. The testimony of this historian is quoted by Moschopulus, and approved by Suidas; but we need not pause to examine whether it is correct or not.

If it were of much importance, whether the parents of Euripides were mean, or noble, it might easily be inferred from the education they gave their son, that they must at least have been in comfortable circumstances. It is sufficiently clear from the same circumstances that at least one of them must have had a good understanding; no really vulgar, base parent would have selected for the instruction of his son, such teachers as those under whose tuition Euripides was placed as soon as it was found that he possessed talent. The best teachers, even in Athens, in his time, were Anaxagoras, Protagoras and Prodicus, and he had the advantage of the instructions of each of these in turn.‡

Some of his biographers maintain that his teacher in morals was Socrates. This cannot be strictly correct, since the poet was twelve or thirteen years old before the philosopher was born; but it is beyond dispute that they became intimate friends as they became famous. If Socrates gave instructions to Euripides, it is not the less certain that the former had first profited by the conversations of the latter. This is the opinion of Barnes, one of the best of the modern biographers of the poet.§ Nor is it inconsistent with

* Euripidi poetæ matrem Theopompus agrestia olera vendentem victum quæsisse dicit. L. xv., c. xx. See also Val. Maximus, l. iii., c. iv.

† Barnes *in Vita Eurip.*

‡ Mox à corporis cura ad excolendi animi studium transgressus, auditor fuit physici Anaxagoræ et Prodici rhetoris in morali autem philosophia Socratis tragœdium scribere natus annos duodevegenti adortus. *Aul. Gel.*

Valekenær *Diatrib*, 4, 5. Bouterweck, *de Philosophia Euripidea*, p. 163, *et seq.*

§ Vide *Vita Euripidis*, p. 120, *ad finem.*

the record of Diogenes Laertes, who says that Socrates aided Euripides in the composition of his tragedies.* In support of this statement, Laertes reminds his readers that Socrates scarcely ever attended the theatre, except when some piece of Euripides was presented, and that on such occasions he never absented himself when it was possible for him to attend. This is corroborated by nearly all the earlier biographers.† The same fact throws some light on the hostility of Aristophanes to the philosopher as well as to the tragic poet. It would be difficult to decide from his comedies, which he was the most anxious to persecute. If he introduces one upon the stage, under his proper name, to revile him, he takes similar liberty with the other: in the "Clouds," Socrates appears as one of the *dramatis personæ*, while Euripides is made to play a similar rôle in the "Frogs."

It is now universally admitted that Aristophanes has done the grossest injustice to Socrates, but since the fame of Euripides became obscured in our time, as intimated above, it has been the fashion to believe that in his case the satirist was not far wrong, if, indeed he was not wholly right. There is so much true philosophy in the tragedies of Euripides, that it is not at all strange that the author should be said to have been aided by the greatest philosopher of his time; especially as the two great thinkers had such warm friendship and profound esteem for each other. It is nothing more strange, but less so, than that Bacon has received the credit, from many, of having aided Shakespeare in the composition of his tragedies. Had the fact been true in either case, it would have done no discredit to either poet or philosopher; but we do not believe there was any more truth in it than that the philosopher may sometimes have made suggestions to the poet, of which the latter was pleased to avail himself.

Our object at present, however, is only to show that no poet, even of the golden age of Greek literature, could have been more thoroughly educated than Euripides. There would have been sufficient proof of this had he never seen Socrates; let it be remembered that the best teacher of

* Diog. Laert., in *Vit. Socrat.*, lib. ii. † Elian. *Var. Hist.*, lib. ii., c. xiii.

Socrates himself, was Anaxagoras, who was also the tutor of Pericles. Nothing more need be said, we think, on this branch of our subject. If Euripides was not well prepared to instruct the public, no poet of all antiquity was. And it is easy to see that he was so regarded by the most learned of his contemporaries. Both Plato and Aristotle regarded him as a philosopher and an orator as well as a poet; both also admired his tragedies. The Stagyrite not only quoted them frequently, but based on them some of his most important tragic laws. All this we shall see as we proceed.

Nearly every great critic since his time has evinced similar admiration for Euripides as a tragic poet, although it is true that those who praise him most impute faults to him. Some criticise him more than they do either of his great rivals; but it is chiefly because they have read him more, and expected more from him. Yet we may attribute the comparative neglect with which he is treated to-day to these criticisms.

About half a century ago, A. W. Schlegel, the German Aristarchus, discovered, or thought he discovered, that Aristotle had condemned Euripides, or at least assigned to him an inferior rank in comparison with Æschylus and Sophocles. This led him to examine the tragedies of the three rivals more carefully than he might otherwise have done; and the result was that he condemned Euripides. At this time Schlegel was the great authority in Germany; most readily do we admit that, generally speaking, there were few if any better authorities on literary subjects; but need we add, that it did not follow from this that he was infallible? The great mistake was that, at least in the case of Euripides, he was regarded as such by his countrymen. It so happened that England had no very eminent critic at the time; it also happened that Shakespeare had all of a sudden become very popular in Germany. Both these circumstances may serve to explain the facility with which England accepted the dictum of Schlegel, and degraded Euripides from the position which he had held for so many centuries, almost banishing him from the colleges and high schools.

What the English do in matters of taste, or through lack

of a sufficiently cultivated, correct taste, Americans think they must imitate, and accordingly the author of Medea was set aside in this country still more summarily than he was in England. As if to make amends to the *manes* of ancient Greece for having thus outraged Euripides, Schlegel praised Æschylus, Sophocles and Aristophanes more highly than they had ever been praised before; and his increased estimate of each was received in England with as implicit faith as his condemnation of Euripides.

But before we proceed any further let us remind the reader of those criticisms of Aristotle which had so much influence on the German critic. "The example, however," says the Stagyrite, "of depraved manners is, indeed, not necessary; such, for instance, as that of Menelaus in the 'Orestes,' but an example of unbecoming and inappropriate manners is the lamentation of Ulysses in the tragedy of 'Scylla,' and the speech of Menalippa; and the example of anomalous manners in the Iphigenia in Aulis. For Iphigenia supplicating does not at all resemble the Iphigenia in the latter part of the tragedy."*

These are the most severe criticisms which the great philosopher-critic has made on Euripides, but they are not more severe than he has elsewhere made even on Homer. Such as they are, however, it is by no means agreed among eminent critics, ancient or modern, that they are deserved. It has been justly urged in defence of the poet that it was perfectly natural that Iphigenia should feel terrified when first informed that she was to be put to death as a sacrifice, and that under the influence of this terror, she should indulge in the most earnest supplications to those whom she thought had the power of saving her. Nor was it unnatural that on being persuaded that her death would serve her country and confer glory on her family she should not only become resigned to her fate, but eager to die?

If Aristotle thought differently, was not he also liable to error? But supposing we acknowledge his infallibility as a critic on the drama, Euripides would rather gain than lose

* Arist. *Poetics*, c. xv.

by our doing so. If he was infallible in passing censure on Euripides, it must follow that he was equally infallible in bestowing praise on him. Now let us give a specimen of the latter: "For of old," he says, "the poets adopted any casual fables, but now the *most beautiful tragedies* are composed about a few families, as, for instance, about Alcmæon, Œdipus, Orestes, Meleager, Thyestes, Telephus, and such other persons as happen either to have suffered or done things of a dreadful nature. The tragedy, therefore, which is *most beautiful according to art, is of this construction*, hence they *erroneously blame* Euripides who *accuse* him of having done this in his tragedies, and for making many of them terminate in misfortune. For this method, as we have said, *is right*, of which this is great evidence that in the scenes and contests of the players simple fables, which terminate unhappily, appear to be most tragical, if *properly acted.* And Euripides, though he does not manage other things well, *is the most tragic of poets.*"*

Qualified as this is, in the concluding sentence there could be no higher praise. To call Euripides the most tragic of poets, is as high a compliment as to call Aristophanes the most comic of poets, since it was as much the object of one to be tragic as it was that of the other to be comic. And this is the sense in which Aristotle has been understood by nine-tenths of the ancient and modern critics; indeed by all critics worthy of the name except such as had an interest in depreciating Euripides. Even the god of poetry himself, speaking through his oracle at Delphi, placed Euripides above his rivals. It would not have become Apollo to have assigned him the preëminence as a poet; in order to avoid this difficulty, he makes wisdom the criterion of superior excellence, and proclaims "Sophocles is wise, Euripides is still wiser, but the wisest of all men is Socrates."† Usually the replies of the oracle were given in hexameters; but as this measure would not suit the name of Euripides, the reply in this case is made in iambics, as follows:

Σοφὸς Σοφοκλῆς, σοφώτερος γ' Εὐριπίδης
Ἀνδρῶν δ' ἁπάντων Σωκράτης σοφώτατος

* *Poetics*, c. xiii.

We are well aware that an announcement of this kind would not have much force at the present day, but it would be very illogical to judge the principal ancient oracles by the oracular proclamations of modern times. It is true that the replies of the oracle of Delphi were delivered by a priestess; but she was a learned priestess; far more learned than most of our modern doctors of divinity. Yet the accomplished and shrewd Pythian rarely depended exclusively on her own knowledge; she never did so in any important case. She had a council to consult which consisted of some of the wisest and most learned men in Greece; so that what she uttered in instances like this, was the deliberate and well-considered opinion of those best competent to form one on the particular question at issue. In short, the oracle at Delphi, in the time of Euripides, was a true index of public opinion; not the opinion of the thoughtless and unstable multitude, but that of the most highly cultivated class that has ever conferred glory on society. When the distich above quoted is regarded in this light, it must be admitted that it possesses some force, as indicating the estimation in which Euripides was held by the most intelligent of his contemporaries, in comparison with those rivals at whose feet it is the fashion to place him at the present day.

That authors of our own time should have any interest in robbing of his glory a poet who wrote more than two thousand years ago may seem absurd at first sight, but we will show, as we proceed, that there is good reason for it, although it is perverse and unjust. If we turn from the Greeks to the Romans, we shall find that the most cautious and judicious of the latter had as high an admiration for Euripides as the most friendly and enthusiastic of the former. This is true, for example, of Quintilian, than whom, it will be admitted, there has been no better authority since the time of the Stagyrite himself. Quintilian frequently alludes to Euripides, and always in the language of esteem and admiration. The Roman critic is as fond of comparisons as Socrates or Plato; but he is much more cautious in giving decided expression to his preferences than either. If the reader will bear this fact in mind he will be the better

able to appreciate the following estimate. Having first directed his attention to Æschylus, whom he justly designates as "grandiloquent even to a fault," as well as "rough and unpolished," Quintilian proceeds to say:—"But Sophocles and Euripides throw a brighter lustre on that kind of composition; concerning whom, as their styles are different, it is a question among many which is the better poet. This point, since it has no relation to my present subject, I shall, for my own part, leave undecided. But every one must acknowledge that for those who are preparing themselves for pleading, Euripides will be by far the more serviceable; for, in his style, (which those to whom the gravity, and dignified step, and lofty tone of Sophocles appear to have an air of greater sublimity, *think proper to censure,*) he approaches nearer to the language of oratory; *he abounds with fine thoughts;* in precepts of morality, such as have been delivered by the philosophers, *he is almost equal to the philosophers themselves;* in addresses and replies he is comparable to *any of those who have been distinguished as eloquent speakers* in the forum; and in touching *every kind of feeling* he has *remarkable power*, but in exciting that of pity holds *undisputed preëminence.* Menander, as he himself often testifies, admired Euripides greatly, and even imitated him, though in a different department of the drama.'*

Now let us inquire for a moment, what has been the influence of Euripides. Has it been as great as that of Æschylus or Sophocles? We think that no one can intelligently and impartially examine the subject without coming to the conclusion that his influence has been greater than that of any other ancient poet whose works have come down to us, with the sole exception of Homer. We have already remarked that his tragedies were frequently quoted by all the master spirits of his time. Even Diogenes, who freely criticised

* Illud quidem nemo non fateatur necesse est, iis qui se ad agendum comparant, utiliorum longè Euripidem fore. Namque is in sermone (quod ipsum reprehendunt, quibus gravitas et cothurnus et sonus Sophoclis videtur esse sublimior) magis accedit oratorio generi: et sententiis densus, and in iis quæ à sapientibus tradita sunt, penè ipsis par, and in dicendo ac respondendo cuilibet eorum qui fuerunt in foro diserti, comparandus. In affectibus verò cùm omnibus mirus, tum in iis qui miseratione constant, facilè præcipuus. *Instit. Orator*, l. x., c. 67, *et seq.*

both Plato and Socrates, was always willing to own that he imparted additional force to his best precepts by appropriate quotations from Euripides. But many Greek dramas now lost owed their chief merit to what their authors borrowed from the author of Medea, Hippolytus and Iphigenia in Tauris. Nor did he prove a less prolific source to the greatest thinkers of ancient Rome. Virgil avails himself of his pathetic and striking thoughts in a hundred instances; and both Horace and Juvenal pay court to him in their most brilliant strains. Ovid admired the Medea so much that he composed a tragedy himself of that name, doing little more than transposing both the characters and incidents of Euripides. Seneca, the philosopher and moralist, has more than imitated several of the tragedies of our poet, including Medea, Hercules Furens, Troades, Hippolytus, and the Phœnicians. Even Cicero found it an instructive and interesting exercise to occupy himself for days and weeks in translating the sonorous, musical and pathetic verses of Euripides.

But even the most cruel and ferocious enemies of the Athenians were melted into tenderness and compassion by the poetry of Euripides. Every intelligent student of history is aware of what the Athenian army under Nicias suffered in Sicily. Perhaps no conquered army, though an invading one, was ever treated more cruelly by the conquerors. They were confined in quarries under ground, where, we are told, they died in scores by disease and bad diet, for all they were allowed by the Sicilians was a pint of barley a day, and half a pint of water. But it seems that even the most ruthless of those who abused the privileges of victory in this way, could not help being moved by the exquisite pathos of Euripides' verses. While the Athenians in general were enslaved, often whipped, and denied the commonest necessaries of life, many of them preferring to seek shelter in the woods and mountains, and live as best they could on fruits and vegetables, rather than to subject themselves to the treatment to which they saw their unfortunate countrymen were exposed, those who could recite some verses from Euripides were not only permitted to pass without molestation, but were often paid for the pleasure they afforded.

No facts in history are more fully attested than these. We need only adduce the testimony of Plutarch, who, in his Life of Nicias, relates some of the circumstances as follows: "Some there were who owed their preservation to Euripides. Of all the Grecians, his was the muse whom the Sicilians were most in love with. From every stranger that landed in their island they gleaned every small specimen or portion of his works, and communicated it with pleasure to each other. It is said that on this occasion a number of Athenians, upon their return home, went to Euripides and thanked him in the most respectful manner for their obligations to his pen, some having been enfranchised for teaching their masters what they remembered of his poems, and others having got refreshments when they were wandering about after the battle, for singing a few of his verses. Nor is this to be wondered at, since they tell us that when a ship from Cannus, which happened to be pursued by pirates, was going to take shelter in one of their ports, the Sicilians at first refused to admit her. Upon asking the crew whether they knew any of the verses of Euripides, and being answered in the affirmative, they received both them and their vessel."*

Much as we admire Shakespeare, and much as he deserves to be admired, his poetry has never produced such results as these. The great English dramatist is admired in Germany more than in any other country whose language is other than English; but we think that if the British invaded Prussia to-morrow, and that they were defeated in several battles by the Prussians, those captured and held as prisoners of war could not secure their release by reciting even the most eloquent and touching passages, or singing some of the sweetest lyrics, in Hamlet, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, or Cleopatra!

But Euripides accomplished still more for his countrymen than this. There are many instances of conquerors having spared a city or town which they had intended to destroy for the sake of some great thinker whose birthplace it was; but the influence of Euripides was much greater and more glorious than this. It is literally true that he once saved his

* Plut. *in Vita Niciæ, sub. finem.* Vide also Le Fèvre *Vie des Poetes Grecs*, p. 96, *et seq.*

country by his poetry while his bones mouldered in the grave. When Athens was captured by Lysander, it was proposed in in a council of the allies to reduce the inhabitants to slavery, to raze every house, and to turn the whole Athenian territory into a place of pasturage for cattle. The council was followed by a banquet which was attended by all the generals; but it happened that a musician from Phocœa, who had been invited to it, recited, either by accident or design, a few verses from the piece in which Euripides describes the humiliation of Electra, reduced by Egisthus to the condition of a slave, precipitated from a palace to a hut. The guests were so deeply affected by this touching portraiture of misfortune, by its striking relation to the humiliation of Athens, reminding all, as it did, of the glory of that city, which had produced so many great works and illustrious men, that they unanimously changed their resolution, and scorned to make such cruel use of their victory.*

But it may be said that much glory as all this confers on Euripides, it presents no reason why the moderns should seek to depreciate his genius. This is true, but nevertheless abundant reasons exist. Is it not a good reason that the greatest modern poets have not only imitated several of the tragedies of Euripides, but largely borrowed from them? Although the Italians, Germans and French have each borrowed more from Euripides than the English, it is not the less true that the latter owe him much. All the earlier English dramatists, including Marlowe and Greene, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben. Johnson and Philip Massinger, have drawn inspiration from the Euripidean fountain. It would be easy to point out even in Shakespeare not a few passages which owe much of their beauty and pathos to the author of Alcestis and Medea, although it is more than probable that the Euripidean allusions to be found in Shakespeare have been taken at second hand. Be it remembered that Troylus and Cressida consists of little more, from beginning to end, than incidents and characters drawn from several of the tragedies of Euripides, and rather awkwardly transposed.

* Aulus Gellius, l. 17; Le Fevre, *Vies des Poetes Grecs*, p. 90.

This is so evident to all acquainted with the Greek drama that the most learned commentators on our great dramatist are inclined to reject this piece altogether as un-Shakesperian.

But, it is the Germans and the French who have made most use of Euripides. All the principal poets of Germany, not excepting Gœthe, Schiller and Klopstock have helped themselves more or less freely to the gems of the Greek poet. Those whom Schlegel most admires have borrowed most from Euripides; and, although in general a very candid and honest critic, he sometimes speaks like those who, having enriched themselves by plunder, pretend that the plunder was of so inferior a quality that it could not have enriched them!

The French critics act on the same principle for the same reason; indeed, it was they who began the work of depreciation in the case of Euripides. In point of fact, Schlegel merely enlarged on the plan of La Harpe and Bayle, both of whom, especially the former, had sought to show, before Schlegel uttered a word, that Corneille and Racine were so much superior to Euripides. The spirit in which La Harpe compared the French tragic dramatists to Euripides, towards the close of the eighteenth century, may be inferred from the following remark: "It would be necessary to have all the partiality which Bromoy shows in favor of the ancients in order to establish a parallel between the *Hippolytus* of Euripides and the *Phœdre* of Racine. The French author is indeed indebted to the Greek for the idea of the subject, the first part of that beautiful scene of the love-frenzy of Phædra, that of Theseus with his son, and the recital of the death of Hippolytus; but in all the rest he has *replaced the greatest faults* by the *greatest beauties*."*

He then makes an elaborate comparison between the two authors, and has no difficulty in coming to the conclusion

* Il faudrait avoir toute la partialité que Brumoy ne montre que trop en faveur des anciens, pour établir un parallele entre *l'Hyppolite* d'Euripide et la *Phedre* de Racine. L'auteur Français doit en effet au grec l'idée du sujet, la premiere moitié de cette belle scene de l'égarement de Phedre, celle de Thésée avec son fils, et le récit de la mort d'Hyppolite; mais dans tout le reste il a remplacé les plus grandes fautes par les plus, grandes beautés.—*Cours de Litt.*, t. 1, pp. 461-2.

that the French drama is vastly better than the Greek drama. By similar reasoning La Harpe proves that the Andromaque, Imphigenie, &c., are superior to the tragedies of Euripides respectively, bearing the same titles. But the borrowing poets themselves pursue the same course—at least those who have borrowed so much that it is impossible for them to conceal all they have appropriated. Even Racine has a good deal of special pleading on the subject: "Quoique ma tragédie," he says, "porte le même titre que la sienne, le sujet en est pourtant tres-different. Andromaque dans Euripide craint pour la ire de Molossus, qui est un fils qu'elle a eu de Pyrrhus, et qu' Hermione veut faire mourir avec sa mere. Mais dans ma piece il ne s'agit point de Molossus. Andromaque ne connait pas d'autre mari qu' Hector, ni d'autre fiils qu Astianax," &c.*

This is something like appropriating one's garment for the purpose of making a fine figure in it, and making such alterations here and there as would preclude the owner from claiming it as his should he happen to see it. The owner might, indeed, say that it would have been more respectable for the party to have procured a garment that required no such alterations—one that was entirely his own. But what would be said of the party who, having helped himself to his neighbor's garment in this manner—taking all the principal materials—would commence to run down the owner, and say that after all it was but a coarse garment—that it was full of flaws; that such and such a garment were much better! Most honest persons would deem this a strange sort of reasoning, and yet it would be nothing more so than that applied to the tragedies of Euripides.

But the most barefaced and ungrateful of all who have availed themselves of the tragedies of Euripides is Voltaire. In commenting on the "Suppliants," La Harpe says: "The only thing remarkable for us is that towards the close there is a scene which has given Voltaire the idea of the butcher of his *Olympie*."†

The critic then proceeds to show what good use Voltaire

* *Cours de Litterature*, tome i., p. 454. † *Ib.*

has made of that idea. As a matter of course we are required to believe that he has improved upon it. Nor is it alone in his tragedies he has borrowed from Euripides—he has done so to a very considerable extent in his *Henriade*, the most important of his poetical works. Yet no one has taken more pains to depreciate Euripides. He sneers at him in several parts of his writings, but we need only refer the reader to his Philosophical Dictionary, article "Ancients and Moderns." The title of the article sufficiently implies what may be expected. Voltaire pretends to show, without the least trouble, how immensely the French have improved on the Greeks in tragedy. He first ridicules the scene in Alcestis, in which the angry dialogue takes place between Pheres and his son, Admetus. Having thus prepared the way, he passes sentence on the ancients in the following style: "We may venture to say that the fine scenes of Corneille, and the affecting tragedies of Racine are as much superior to the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides as these two Greeks were to Thespis. Racine was quite sensible of his great superiority over Euripides, but he praised the Greek poet for the sake of humbling Perhault." (!)

The reader will be able to appreciate this all the better if he bear in mind that, in addition to the several Euripidean tragedies of Racine, the *Medée* of Corneille is borrowed from the *Medea* of Euripides, and that the *Oreste* of Voltaire himself is borrowed from the *Orestes* of the same poet. When we add that the *Electra* of Crebillon, and the *Iphigenia en Tauride* of Guimond de la Touche are from the same fertile source, then it will be sufficiently easy to understand why it is that the moderns excel the ancients so immensely!

All this mutual admiration had been indulged in before Schlegel made his discovery; it cannot be denied that the German Aristarchus was much influenced by exactly the same style of criticism which denounced the tragedies of Shakespeare as "monstrous farces," and which sneeringly suggested that Othello should be called "the Tragedy of the Handkerchief." Yet no sooner does he condemn Euripides as inferior to his rivals, than the English critics proceed to prove that he is entirely right; that Euripides is no drama-

tist at all, "*or the shadow of a dramatist*," but a mere "rhetorician," &c. (!) *

Now, before we proceed any further, let us see what Schlegel has said, and judge whether, regarding his sentence as final, we should consider Euripides as degraded. "If we consider Euripides by himself," he says, "without any comparison with his predecessors; if we select many of his best pieces, and some single passages of others, we must bestow extraordinary praise on him."† Who will deny, on reflection, that this is the fairest way to judge every one? Is it not fairer to judge Euripides by himself than to hold him to succeed or fail according as he is similar or dissimilar in his taste, feeling, or train of thought, to Sophocles or Æschylus? Supposing this style of criticism were applied to Homer, what philosophy or justice would there be in condemning him because he is not like Hesiod, or any other poet, ancient or modern? Goëthe is not like Schiller, or Klopstock, or Uhland; but is he anything the worse for this? To whom shall we compare Shakespeare in order to test his genius, according to the canons of Schlegel? Is it not universally acknowledged that he is not like any other dramatist? Nay, is it not admitted that there is not one of his tragedies which is not written in open violation of all the rules of the drama?

But let Schlegel continue: "On the other hand," he says, "if we view him in connection with the history of his art; if in his pieces we always regard the whole, and particularly his object, as generally displayed in those which have come down to us, we cannot forbear blaming him strongly on many accounts."‡ What great thinker has ever written who may not be "blamed strongly and on many accounts?" Even Homer has been blamed strongly and on many accounts. It is only the productions of great minds that admit of such blame. "There are few writers," he adds, "of whom so much good and so much ill may be said with truth. His mind, to whose ingenuity there were no bounds, was exercised in every intellectual art; but his profusion of brilliant and amiable

* See Foreign *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiv., p. 231. No. for Jan., 1840.
† *Lectures on the Drama*, vol. 1, p. 198, *et seq.* ‡ *Ib.*

qualities was not governed in him by that elevated seriousness of disposition, and that rigorous and artist-like moderation which we revere in Æschylus and Sophocles."

Now be it observed that this is the sentence which has dethroned Euripides. The greatest critics of all antiquity, and the most illustrious philosophers, have judged the author of Medea by himself, and have "revered" him without reference to any other poet ;* but because his dispositio nis not so serious, or his moderation so artist-like, as those of Æschylus or Sophocles, it must follow that, after all, he is not what he was taken to be by every enlightened nation for more than a score of centuries! Now, would it not be just as reasonable to condemn Schlegel because he is unlike some two or three other German critics whom we could mention? Is there not such a thing as too much "seriousness of disposition," and even a too "artist-like moderation?" But Schlegel is not yet done. "He (Euripides) sometimes has passages overpoweringly beautiful, and at other times sinks into real lowness of style. With all his faults, he possesses astonishing ease and a sort of fascinating charm."†

The facility with which political revolutions are sometimes accomplished is proverbial. It is said that revolutions in taste and feeling are, on the contrary, very difficult to be produced. Yet it would be hard to point out any civilized nation of ancient or modern times, that has changed its ruling power on slighter grounds than those upon which Euripides has been dethroned by Schlegel.

Perhaps of all things dependent on public opinion female

* Even Aristotle himself, or Plato, is scarcely a better authority than Longinus, author of the celebrated treatise on the *Sublime*, which has served as a model for all authors who since his time have undertaken to treat the same subject. It is universally admitted that in pointing out the sublimity of particular passages in other writers, especially in the poets, he frequently becomes sublime himself; at the same time no critic is more chary of his praise. If it be borne in mind that he has some severe criticisms even on Homer, whom, like all other competent judges, he regarded as the Prince of Poets, then it will be understood from his remarks on Euripides what his opinion was of the author of *Medea*. In his chapter on images he quotes three lines from the *Orestes* of Euripides, in illustration of the precept that the object to be sought in poetry is to create astonishment and surprise. To these lines he adds one from the *Iphigenia in Taurus*,

† *Ib.*

reputation is the most easily injured. The most indifferent or absurd remark made by some intermeddler has often caused a woman to lose caste for ever. It is but too true that many women have been undone by just such qualities as Schlegel attributes to Euripides! It is well known how dangerous it is for a lady to be "exercised in every intellectual art;" it is still more dangerous, if possible, for a lady to have a "profusion of brilliant and amiable qualities," especially if those qualities happen not to be governed by "elevated seriousness of disposition;" but when a lady is "overpoweringly beautiful," possesses "astonishing ease," and "a sort of fascinating charm," there is but little hope for her if some ingenious and learned person will only take the trouble to draw up a catalogue of her weak points! But that a tragic dramatist who wrote four centuries and a half before Mary Magdelene was born, should be condemned for nearly the same faults, is one of those problems which we are quite willing to leave to the metaphysicians.

But how is it that "the most tragic of poets," as Aristotle calls him, lacked seriousness? There are very few to whom it would occur that it was because he habitually sneered at the Pagan gods, yet those who carefully examine the whole of Schlegel's critique on Euripides will see that this was the principal reason. Æschylus and Sophocles are everywhere careful to speak of the multitude of Greek deities with due reverence, whereas Euripides, while having before his eyes the example of his friend and instructor, Anaxagoras, does what he can to bring those pretended gods into discredit by exhibiting their debaucheries to public scorn. Instead of

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and makes the following comment: "Here the poet himself sees the Furies; and what he conceives he almost forces his audience to see also." To this Longinus adds that there are two passions in the expression of which Euripides excels, namely, love and terror. For the benefit of the classical student we give a sentence or two from the original, only premising that Longinus fully ratifies the estimate of the Stagyrite:

*Ἐνταῦθ' ὁ ποιητὴς αὐτὸς εἶδεν ἐριννύας· ὃ δὲ ἐφαντάσθη, μικρᾶ δεῖν θεάσασθαι καὶ τὰς ἀκούοντας ἠνάτκασεν. Ἔστι μὲν ἐν φιλοπονώτατος ὁ Εὐθιπίδης δύο ταυτὶ πάθη, μανίας τε καὶ ἔρωτας, κἂν τούτοις, ὡς ἐκ οἶδ' εἴ τισιν ἑτέροις, ἐπιτυχέστατος.—Sect.* XV.

deserving censure for this, does he not deserve the gratitute of every true friend of religion?

It is well known that he was in full accord with Socrates on this subject, but the dramatist had a much better opportunity than the philosopher to exhibit the pagan gods in their true character, without incurring the ill-will of those whom he addressed. All he had to do was to put criticisms into the mouths of some of his characters, as it were accidentally. This he did not omit to do, as we shall presently see; but he did it gradually. That he told his audiences quite as much as they were prepared to receive is sufficiently proved by the fact recorded by all his biographers, that he was called upon at least once to suppress some irreverent remarks he had made. But he acted like a soldier as well as a philosopher. We are informed that he presented himself in person on the stage, and replied to the people: "I do not compose my works in order that I may learn from you, but for the purpose of instructing you."*

Plutarch tells us, however, that on another occasion he was forced to make a change in order to save his life. "You must have heard," says the historian, "how Euripides was hissed and threatened for the commencement of his tragedy of Menalippa, which he had begun thus: 'O, Jupiter, for of thee I know nothing except the name.' He was quite proud of this tragedy as being magnificently and exquisitely written, but on account of the tumult and murmur which it caused among the people, he altered the first verses, so that they now read:

> 'O, Jupiter, how much in verity
> This name comports with thy divinity.' "†

Whether it be true that he yielded in this case or not, we have only to glance at his works, to see that he had little respect for those divinities which were treated with such orthodox reverence by his great rivals. Thus, for example, in his Hercules Furens, he makes a mortal commit the most

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* Val. Maxim., l. iii. c. vii. See also Barnes *in Vita. Eurip.*
† Plutarch *in Amatorio*, p. 756.

odious actions in order to please the divine Juno. Finally, Hercules gets disgusted, and exclaims: "What mortal would address his vows to such a goddess, who, by jealousy against the mistress of Jupiter, sacrifices the benefactor of Greece (Theseus), whose conduct, in every respect, is irreproachable?"*

Theseus replies to Hercules, and denounces the pretended gods as follows: "Have they (the gods) not joined nuptials with each other, for which there is no law? Have they not placed a stain upon their sires by fetters for the sake of power? Nevertheless they dwell in Olympus, and endure the *disgrace of having sinned.*"†

Hercules replies to this: "No! I do not believe that the gods give themselves up to incestuous loves; or that they bind their parents with chains. I have never believed it—never shall I do so—or that one of the gods makes himself master of the other. A god, if he is really god, needs no one. The poets have invented these miserable stories."‡

Thus it is that Euripides shows his want of "seriousness;" but we will give another instance. In the tragedy of Ion he is still more severe on the scandalous conduct of the Olympian deities. Although we have a poetical translation at hand, we prefer to give a prose version of the language which the poet makes Ion apply to the popular gods. "But Appollo," he says, "deserves censure at my hands. What is he doing? He betrays virgins by forcing them to marry him, and neglects the perishing children whom he has begotten in secret. Do not thou act so, but when thou hast power pursue virtue. For whosoever of mortals is base the gods chastise. How, then, is it right that you, who write the laws for mortals, should yourselves be guilty of lawless deeds? If it should happen—an impossible thing, I am aware—but I suppose it—if it should happen one day that mortals would make you suffer the punishment of your outrages and your criminal amours, immediately you, Appolo, Neptune, and Jupiter, king of heaven—you would be constrained to despoil your temples to pay the penalties of your crimes.

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* v. 1280-3. † v. 1287, *et. seq.* ‡ v. 1314, 1319.

In yielding to your passions in contempt of wisdom, you are culpable. It is no longer just to accuse mortals if they imitate the vices of the gods who give them such examples."*

Although there is nothing impious or atheistical in this, those who read it carefully will not think it strange that Euripides was accused of impiety, and had but a narrow escape from a fate similar to that of Socrates. Some, indeed, think that the philosopher was emboldened by his example, for if Euripides survived Socrates, whose senior he was by thirteen years, it must have been but for a very brief period, although others maintain that the poet alludes to the fate of the philosopher in his *Palamedes* in a manner reproachful to the Athenians. Be this as it may, it is certain that Plato was influenced by this bold and manly conduct of the tragic poet in his trenchant and just critique on the gods of Olympus, which he introduces into his admirable work on Government. In any case Euripides was certainly no atheist. Like his master, Anaxagoras, who had but a narrow escape from death for the same offence, he believed in the unity of God. Accordingly, no other Pagan has so high a conception of the Deity. He puts language into the mouth of Hecuba, in the Troades, which would do no discredit to a Christian minister. "O, thou who givest motion to the earth, and at the same time residest in it, whoever thou art, Jupiter, hard to be known even by conjecture, whether thou art the necessity of nature, or the mind of mortals, *I pray to thee;* for, proceeding by a noiseless track, thou guidest all mortal affairs according to justice."†

In short, there is not one of his tragedies in which he does not show, in one way or the other, that, while he utterly despises the popular mythology, he has implicit faith not only in the existence of a Supreme Being, but also in rewards and punishments. Even in his *Bacchæ*, which, may be regarded as the poetical history of the introduction of a new worship into Greece—that of Bacchus—he does not allow his desire to please the people and save himself to prevent him from directing attention to a power superior to all the gods of Olympus. "The divine power," he makes the chorus say,

* v. 434–451. † v. 884–888.

"is exercised but slowly, but it is inevitable; it chastises those mortals who honor folly. * * * For it is wrong to determine anything which violates the laws; it is a light expense to believe in the divine power, and that what has been accepted as law for a long time, has its origin in nature."*

It is also charged against Euripides that he was an enemy to the fair sex, and it must be admitted that there is much in his tragedies to justify the charge. No other author has uttered such terrible invectives against woman; but it should be remembered, that in those instances in which he has done so his female characters are the very worst; and he puts the denunciations of them into the mouths of those whose anger they had excited to the highest pitch. This we shall see presently. We shall also see that when he had good women to deal with, he treated them accordingly. It will be admitted that, had he treated Medea and Phædra as he does Hecuba and Andromache, he would have violated history as well as nature. It is true, however, that at all times during his life many regarded him as a woman hater. The explanation of Moschopulus and Suidas is, that he was of an austere disposition; that he was scarcely ever known to smile, and that he was indifferent to the charms of woman.†

This would seem rather inconsistent with his having been married twice, as he was; but the same fact ought to be regarded as evidence that he did not hate the sex. To this it must be added, however, that both of his wives were guilty of such bad conduct that he had to repudiate them. Again, many pretend to find in this a full explanation for his hatred of the sex; but he had nearly all his tragedies written when he had to separate from his second wife. There are others again who allege that Euripides loved the ladies but too well. This is the opinion of Athenæus, and he assures us that it is the correct one. The same historian further informs us that, on its being remarked to Sophocles one day that Euri-

* v. 873, *et seq.*

† Mulieres fere omnes in majorem modum exosus fuisse dicitur, sive quòd natura abhoruit à mulierûm cœtu, sive quòd duas simul uxores habuerat, quum id decreto ab Atheniensibus facto jus esset; quarum matrimonii pertædebat.—Aulus Gellius, l. xv., c. xx. See, also, Barnes *in Vita Eurip.*, p. 19.

pides was a decided woman-hater, he said: "I entirely agree with you, but he is so only in his tragedies."*

On another occasion Sophocles was asked, probably by the same party, how did it happen that, while the women he introduced on the stage were good and virtuous, the women of Euripides were generally vicious. "Euripides," he replied, "represents them as they are, but I represent them as they ought to be."† There is little doubt that the remark was made by Sophocles, for Aristotle informs us in his Poetics that, speaking generally and without reference to sex, Sophocles once said: "I represent persons as it is necessary they should be, and Euripides represents them as they are."‡

It must be admitted that this is a more severe condemnation of the sex than anything Euripides has written of them. Aristophanes pursues a still worse course; while pretending to vindicate the sex, in one of his comedies, from the charges made against them by Euripides, he outrages them himself more than the tragic poet has done. As some of our fair readers who are not familiar with Euripides may wish to have some idea of those terrible things which he has said of the sex in general, we will here translate one or two of the remarks he puts into the mouths of some of his characters. After Medea has abused Jason in every mood and tense, commencing one of her speeches to him—"O thou vilest of men," he concludes one of his replies as follows: "But thus far have you come, that your bed being safe, you women think that you have every thing. But if any misfortune befal you, the *most excellent and fairest objects you make most hateful.* It were well, then, that men should generate children from some other source, and that the female race should not exist, and thus there would not have been any evil among men."§

This, it must be admitted, is severe enough on the sex; but the conduct of Phædra provokes Hippolytus to still worse invectives. The lady, it will be remembered, falls in violent

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* Athen, lib. xiii., p. 557. † Barnes *in Vita*, p. 17. ‡ Aristot. *de Poet.*, c. xxv.
§ *Medea*, v. 570, *et. seq.*

love with her step-son. The young man, instead of reciprocating her criminal and incestuous passion, becomes disgusted and horrified. Under the influence of these feelings, Hippolytus (the son), proceeds thus:—"O, Jove, wherefore in the name of heaven didst thou place in the light of the son that specious evil to men, women? for if thou didst well to propagate the race of mortals, there was no necessity for this to be done by women, but men might, having placed an equivalent in thy temples, either in brass or iron, or the weighty gold, by a race of children, each for the consideration of the value paid, and thus might dwell in unmolested houses, without females."*

Becoming more and more startling in his curses, as he proceeds, he concludes his revolting speech as follows: "For in some way or other they surely are always bad. Either then let some one teach them to be modest, or else let him suffer me ever to utter my invectives against them."†

All this is very ungallant; yet our two greatest poets, those whom we all admire and praise most, have said quite as bad against the sex. Nay, both have thought the invectives of Euripides worth adopting as their own with but slight alteration. Milton thought them worthy of a place even in his great epic; the essence of them will be readily recognized in the following lines:

> "Oh, why did God,
> Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
> With spirits masculine, create at last
> *This novelty on earth*, this *fair defect*
> *Of nature*, and not fill the world at once
> With men, as angels, *without feminine?*"‡

It would be superfluous to give any specimen of what Shakespeare frequently puts into the mouths of some of his characters, against women; there is scarcely one of his tragedies in which he does not denounce the sex more or less. But who thinks of degrading Milton and Shakespeare, or either, because they sometimes seem ungallant? In short, if we should condemn Euripides on this ground, there is not one of the great poets of the world, ancient or modern,

* *Hippolytus*, v. 617, *et. seq.* † *Ib.* ‡ *Paradise Lost*, x. 890.

whom we should not condemn. Neither Homer, nor Virgil, Dante, nor Goëthe, would escape.

Nor is there any better foundation for the charge of "mental reservation" which Schlegel and others also make against Euripides. It is true, there is one verse of his which, if considered by itself, without reference to the context, would seem to be nothing less reprehensible than an apology on the part of the poet for what jurists call willful and corrupt perjury; we mean the following:

ἡ λγῶσδ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρην ἀνώμοτος.*

Those who turn to the dialogue in which this verse occurs will readily acquit the author of the base design attributed to him. It is only necessary to bear in mind that the remark is put into the mouth of the same personage who makes such a terrible onslaught on the ladies. The nurse of Phædra has just revealed to Hippolytus the guilty passion of his step-mother. Under the most favorable circumstances step-sons are seldom very affectionately disposed towards their stepmothers, even when the latter are young and beautiful; for the rest, let the dialogue speak for itself, and, in order that there be no mistake as to the meaning of the whole passage, we subjoin a prose translation:

"HIPP. O, mother earth, and ye disclosing rays of the sun, of what words have I heard the dreadful sound!

NUR. Be silent, my son, before any one hears thy voice.

HIPP. It is not possible for me to be silent, when I have heard such dreadful things.

NUR. Nay, I implore thee by thy beauteous hand.

HIPP. Wilt not desist from bringing thy hand near me, and from touching my garments?

NUR. O! by thy knees, I implore thee, do not utterly destroy me.

HIPP. But wherefore this? since, thou sayest, thou hast spoken nothing evil.

NUR. This word, my son, is by no means to be divulged.

HIPP. It is more fair to speak fair things to many.

NUR. O my child, by no means dishonor your oath.

HIPP. My tongue hath sworn—my mind is still unsworn.

NUR. O my son, what wilt thou do? Wilt thou destroy thy friends?

HIPP. *Friends!* I reject the word: no unjust person is my friend.

NUR. Pardon, my child: that men should err is but to be expected."

* "My tongue took an oath, but my mind is unsworn." *Hippolytus*, v. 612.

Thus we see that if one be in favor of mental reservation, the other is opposed to it; if one counsels subterfuge and perjury, the other counsels truth and honor; and be it remembered that the former is in a violent passion, while the latter is trying to disarm his resentment. From which party, then, are we to expect the real sentiments of the poet? Not doubting what will be the reader's answer, we now direct his attention to a particular passage or two before we close, so that the poet may vindicate himself.

For this purpose we might turn almost at random to the Medea, Alcestis, Hippolytus, Iphigenia in Aulis, or Andromache; but it so happens that the Hecuba is more within our reach at the present moment. Chiefly for this reason we will refer to some passages of it. At the same time we think those passages will be found to acquit Euripides of several of the charges made against him by modern critics, especially of that of hatred and disrespect for women. But we must first ask the reader to bear in mind that the tragedy of the Trojan Dames should be regarded as the counterpart of the Hecuba. The former should be read first; it is generally believed that it was written first. Be this as it may, the grief of Hecuba, as portrayed in the Trojan Dames, would seem to have no parallel in the history of human woe and affliction. New sorrows await her in every succeeding scene; and yet, when we come to learn her suffering, in the drama which bears her own name, her former afflictions seem comparatively trifling.

Usually the prologues of Euripides are made by deities. In the Hecuba the first speaker is the ghost of Polydorus, the son of Priam, who comes to relate his own history, and to predict all the incidents which the audience are about to witness. He was assassinated in Thrace by King Polymnestor, to whose care his father had entrusted him. The Greeks, returning from the destruction of Troy, land at Thrace. Among the Trojan captive women are Hecuba and her daughter, Polyxena. The *manes* of Achilles demands that the young princess be sacrificed on his tomb, as a condition of their being able to pursue their voyage homeward. No unprejudiced person, endowed with feeling

and taste, can read the three first acts without paying the highest tribute to the genius of Euripides. If the scene in which Ulysses comes for the doomed princess, to lead her to the sacrifice, has been equalled by any tragic writer, ancient or modern, it certainly has never been surpassed. The appeals of mother and daughter in turn, to Ulysses, are not merely affecting; they combine almost every variety of eloquence, and yet there is not a word in either that is unwomanly. Ulysses, though on an odious errand, maintains his dignity throughout. He has all the courtesy of a gentleman, but the sternness of a soldier who feels he has a duty perform. Hecuba requests the privilege of a slave to question her master, and Ulysses grants her full liberty. She then asks him, does he remember when, being once in Troy, in the dangerous character of a disguised spy, who was recognized by Helen, she saved his life for him. She reminds him how he had implored her pity, and had not appealed to her generosity in vain. Ulysses admits all, but still refuses to save her daughter. Passing over some two hundred verses, we direct the reader's attention to that part of the scene in which Hecuba makes her first request.

In this speech is combined the tenderness of a mother, the grief of a captive, and the dignity of a queen. Like a true woman Hecuba bewails the loss of her children, and shudders at the indignities to which she is liable in captivity. Ulysses cannot deny that her afflictions are great, but he reminds her that many Grecian dames have also been made widows and childless by the same war.

Seeing that she has failed herself, she implores her daughter to try to move him to compassion by her entreaties and her tears. Hitherto, the doomed virgin has shuddered with terror at the idea of being put to death in this cruel and barbarous manner, but, like a true heroine, in proportion as her mother falls into despair she gains courage and firmness.

Who will say, on reflection, that this conduct evinces hatred or disrespect to the sex? What quality of any kind does it exhibit that bears out any of the charges made against Euripides? But let us see whether the immolated virgin did anything at the final moment that was

unworthy of her sex, or that was inconsistent with her parting wishes and promises to her mother. The poet does not directly describe the death scene, but makes Talthybius, who presided at the sacrifice as herald of the Greeks, do so. When the herald comes to Hecuba she thinks that he comes to conduct her to a similar death, but, with genuine maternal feeling, she is much more anxious about the fate of her daughter than her own. Those who carefully read the description given by the herald, and bear in mind the circumstances which led to the sacrifice, as indicated in the passages referred to above, will be able to say whether the poet who did his best to bring contempt on a mythology which could foster such a ferocious and bloody superstition, did not deserve the highest praise rather than blame.

The passages thus indicated in passing would have fully vindicated the genius of Euripides, had no further proofs of it come down to us; they would have proved not only his intimate knowledge of the human heart, but also his masterly skill in portraying its feelings. We have no intention of making any formal comparison between him and either of his great rivals in this article; such a comparison would lead us too far, were it even necessary. We yield to none in our admiration of the grandeur and sublimity of Æschylus, and still less are we insensible to the exquisite beauty and chaste magnificence of Sophocles. We regard each as unapproachable in his own peculiar style; but still more emphatically is this true of Euripides, whose province is the *emotions*. If, as we are told by the best judges, the chief object of tragedy be to soften the heart, to make us sympathise with those that suffer, to make us weep for them when they weep themselves, for their afflictions, and again make us glad when those afflictions are removed or mitigated in their severity, then it must be held that of all the ancient tragic writers Euripides was the greatest, or that, as Aristotle expresses it, he was "the most tragic of poets."

If the intelligent reader will compare the three poets for himself, he will learn this important fact, that Euripides

discovered a world of his own—the world of the human mind, as distinct from the world of a grovelling polytheism. It is very true that we have gods and goddesses enough in the tragédies of Euripides; but in every instance they are treated as men and women; their pretensions to divinity are recognised only in proportion as their conduct entitles them to that distinction. If their conduct is bad or disreputable, their being regarded as gods or goddesses by the people affords them no immunity from criticism or censure at the hands of Euripides, as we have shown above in more than one instance.

No poet of any age understood the passions better than Euripides; we have evidence everywhere in his tragedies that he not only understands their influence, but their very nature—the manner in which they are engendered in the heart. Hence it is that the characters of Euripides are always so true and natural in the expression of passion, even when their conduct is most outrageous or revolting. The cruel and implacable Medea, sorceress though she be, still affects us like a woman, even while destroying her own innocent children begging for their lives. We almost think we see her commit the horrible crime, and yet we have such a vivid recollection of the provocation she received from Jason—a provocation which above all others is most insufferable to woman—that on reflection we must rather pity than condemn her.

It was not alone in Athens that the pre-eminence of Euripides was acknowledged by the best calculated to form a correct opinion of his merits; his fame extended to every part of the world in which literature was then cultivated. He was equally a favorite with the learned priests of Egypt and the philosophers of Sparta and Macedonia.*

Archelaüs, king of Macedonia, had long been urging him to take up his residence at his court. Finally, when about eighty-two years old—shortly after he produced his Orestes—he accepted the monarch's invitation. As a man of superior culture and distinguished talents, Archelaüs is compared by

* See Diog. Laert, *in Platone*, lib. iii; also, Barnes, *in Vita Euripidis*, p. 27.

historians to Pericles, and his high appreciation of the genius of Euripides affords agreeable evidence that he was worthy of the distinction. Not only did he place him above all the poets and authors of Macedonia, but so highly did he value his extensive and multifarious knowledge, that he made him his prime minister.*

In short, the king omitted nothing which he thought would be in any manner agreeable to the poet; thus it was that, next to the sovereign himself, he was the highest in authority and power in Macedonia, when he died suddenly. The mode of his death is related differently by different writers. The most general statement is that he was so severely bitten by some of the king's dogs, while out hunting with Archelaüs, that he died from loss of blood.

It is of comparatively little importance how the poet came to his death when over eighty years of age; but it is of much importance how his death was received by the enlightened world. The Athenians decreed that all citizens should wear a badge of mourning for ninety days, and sent ambassadors to Macedonia requesting, as a particular favor, that they might be permitted to take his remains to Athens. The king received the ambassadors politely, but told them that he could not part with so precious a treasure.†

Archilaüs had him interred with the greatest magnificence, causing a splendid monument to be erected to his memory among those of the most famous of the Macedonian kings. Nor was this the wish of the king alone: it was also that of all Macedonians who were capable of appreciating the genius of Euripides, except the poets, who were jealous of his well-earned glory.‡ Among those who give interesting accounts of

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* Solin. c. ix., p. 26. Thom. Magister *in Vita Euripidis.*

† Aulus Gellius, lib. xv., c. xx.

‡ Cicero was quite as much an admirer of Euripides as Quintilian. We have many evidences of this, but the most interesting, as well as the most conclusive, is the following: When Cicero knew that his days were numbered, when aware that the assassins were in pursuit of him, the author who afforded him most consolation in his grief, at the contemplation of such a fate as that which he knew awaited him, was Euripides. When the assassins came to give an account of their work to their employer, they told him that they found their illustrious victim reading the *Medea* of Euripides.—Ptolemæus *Hephæst, lib. v., apud Photium*, p. 485.

this noble monument are Plutarch, Pausanias, Vitruvius, and Pliny. Although the Athenians failed to obtain the bones of Euripides, they did not take the less pains to do honor to his memory. They dedicated to him a superb cenotaph, which still existed in the time of Pausanias.*

Even Sophocles paid the highest honor to the memory of his rival. On hearing tho news of his death, he caused a tragedy to be represented, in which he appeared himself in deep mourning, and made his actors appear without their usual crowns.*

Thus we see, even from so hurried a glance, that if Euripides could speak to-day from the tomb, he might well reproach our modern critics with being a degenerate race; he might justly tell them that they have proved their own want of taste much more than his inferiority, and that the time will come again when he will be restored to his rightful place in the temple of fame, while they shall be forgotten, or remembered only for their laborious but fruitless efforts to deprive him of a renown conferred on him by the greatest minds of all antiquity—a renown fully ratified by the most highly-gifted and cultivated of all nations. And, turning to our modern academical instructors, he might indignantly and scornfully ask them, do they pretend to be classical and learned, and yet allow the new-fangled, prejudiced notions of a Schlegel and a La Harpe to set aside the unanimous verdict of such judges as Aristotle and Plato, Socrates and Diogenes, Menander and Longinus, Seneca and Cicero? Our professors, we fear, could make but a sorry reply to such a question. We would, therefore, advise them to reconsider the case of Euripides. By all means let them continue to teach, as well as they can, the sublime strains of Æschylus, and instruct their pupils to admire the graceful portraitures of Sophocles, but let them not forget that of all the tragic writers of antiquity, Euripides is the poet of the affections —the one who awakens the highest aspirations of the soul—who makes us feel most deeply, and lays the strongest and most durable hold on our sympathies.

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*Pausan., lib. i. p. 2. † See Thom. Magister *in Vita Euripidis.*

ART. II.—*Œuvres Complètes de* J. J. ROUSSEAU, *mises dans un Nouvel Ordre avec des Notes Historiques et des Eclaircissements; Par* V. D. MUSSET-PATHAY. 25 vols. Paris, 1823.

FEW men have been so well praised or so well abused as J. J. Rousseau. The fearful self-established conservators of law and order—of the English school chiefly—those who tremble in the presence of a new idea as before the destroying angel, look upon our daring philosopher as the apostle of license and the demon of social discord. There are others, belonging to the French school, who regard Jean Jacques with reverence and love; who see in him a revealer of new social truths, and a political reformer deserving of a place among the greatest benefactors of mankind. There are others, principally belonging to the former class, who consider, or affect to consider, Rousseau as a puling, sentimental egotist, a man without character and with but a moderate quantity of brains, who effected great political results by mere accident, as a heedless child playing with fire may be the cause of a disastrous conflagration. These latter are among those who fear his influence and are interested in depreciating him.

We in America ought to understand this man, for we owe him much. We doubt if the time has yet come, even here, when he can be generally appreciated. We have yet, on the one hand, too much of Puritan asceticism and fear of truth, which has been alloyed in a life with error, and on the other too little ability to separate the wheat from the chaff; if a character contains elements of vileness we cannot admire the good in it without danger, or at least without fear, of being contaminated by the error. We have not sufficient confidence in our own purity to admit into our society a Magdalene, even though assured of her entire reformation and restoration to Divine favor.

Because of this cowardice we lose the benefits of most valuable lessons, which such men as Rousseau can teach us. From English and Puritanic sources we are continually warned against the corrupting influence of licentious French

writers. The warning is well meant, and should be heeded by those who are conscious of so much baseness in their nature that they fear to be contaminated by the evil while unable to appropriate the lessons of good in such a life as that of poor Jean Jacques.

We have said that America owes much to Rousseau; and if America, then the whole world. American independence was but an expression of European advancement; the barriers of custom were slighter and more easily broken through in the New World. The *Contrat Social* was the most open and fearless utterance of the apostles of freedom of the last century. Thomas Jefferson was a reader and admirer of the works of J. J. Rousseau, and it is said that his copy of the *Contrat Social*, with his marginal notes, is still in existence. We do not say that to Rousseau was due the American Declaration of Independence, any more than the French Revolution was due to our own; but the Swiss republican was the first in his century to put into fearless, though somewhat crude and erroneous, expression the highest aspirations of man for freedom and equal privileges. Restrained and directed by the love of law and the religious principles of Americans, these aspirations were in part gloriously fulfilled; having to contend with more opposition from powerful privileged classes and with too much license of opinion and action in France, they failed, at least for a time.

There is much error in the writings of Rousseau. Yet we believe with Jefferson (and Milton said substantially the same thing long before) that "error of opinion may be tolerated when truth is left free to combat it." We believe that there is more truth than error in the *Contrat Social*. We believe that mankind will always be benefitted by free expression of honest opinions by thinking men; and though such, through their blindness, may often mislead, it is better for the masses of humanity to be put in motion, though not altogether or surely in the right direction, as they will find the true path if they strive for it; while the philosophy which condemns them to inaction, because fearful of error, would ever keep them in ignorance and moral debasement. For stirring up the people to think upon their rights, privileges

and duties, and to act according to the light they had, the world owes much to Rousseau. In the grand upheaval much corruption and cruelty were brought to light and gave themselves expression, but the result was no less surely beneficial. The social atmosphere was purer after these storms had spent their fury. Our author's political writings are little read at the present day, but what is valuable in them has been embodied in national constitutions, and is enshrined in the hearts of men, to work out other and still greater revolutions. He tells us that a clear conception of an ideal state is necessary before we attempt to accomplish any great reform, whether or not that state ever existed. Here is the germ of an important truth, to be considered by individuals in seeking their personal advancement, or by peoples desiring to establish the best government.

He would not unnecessarily make men discontented, but he would at least have them free in thought and aspiration. "Be obedient," says he, "to powers. If that means, yield to force, the precept is good, but superfluous; I answer that it will never be violated. All power comes from God I acknowledge; but all sickness comes from him also; is it to be said that one shall be forbidden to call a physician?"*

His ideal state is indicated in this declaration: "To find a form of association which shall defend and protect with the whole common power the person and goods of each associate, and by which each one, uniting himself to all, shall at the same time be obedient only to himself and remain as free as before. Such is the fundamental problem of which the social contract gives the solution."† In carrying out the details of this system, we do not believe that he could have drafted a form of constitution for a state which would have done for it what he claims should be done. At least his disciples have not been so fortunate in attempting to carry his precepts into practical operation. He expresses the highest admiration for the Christian religion, but does not think that an association of true Christians would constitute a perfect state, because it would not be a society of *men*.‡

* *Contrat Social*, l. I., c. III. † *Ibid*, l. I., c. V.

‡ "Par cette religion sainte, sublime, véritable les hommes, enfants de même Dieu, se reconnoissent tous pour frères et la société qui les unit ne se dissont par même à la mort."—*Ibid*, l. IV., c. VIII.

The very perfection of this society, he declares, would cause its destruction. Perhaps he is right in this; that an association of individuals who acknowledge the golden rule or the principles of the Sermon on the Mount as their only law, would not and could not constitute a government, humanly speaking; such a society surely could not exist *as a state*,—for its principles would not permit it to do so, unless it comprised all mankind, or were unapproachably separated from the rest of the world. Rousseau did not write for Christian societies; he well knew that they had no need of his instructions. The Christian's state being a kingdom not of this world, he would constitute a government here below whose precepts should be somewhat less divine. Its highest law would be as follows: "There is, then, a profession of faith purely civil, of which it appertains to the sovereign to fix the articles, not precisely as dogmas of religion, but as social sentiments, without which it is impossible to be either a good citizen or a good subject. Without power to compel any one to believe them, it can banish from the state whoever does not believe them; it can banish such, not as impious, but as unsociable, as incapable of sincerely loving law and justice, and, when necessary, of sacrificing life to duty. If any one, after publicly recognizing these dogmas, conducts himself as if he did not believe them, he should be punished by death; he has committed the greatest of crimes, he has lied before the laws."*

Jean Jacques' ideal man, ideal society, and ideal government, may be far from faultless; yet they are noble aspirations, and humanity has been benefitted by contemplating them. In *Émile* he gives us an outline of a system of education which he believes would produce the desired man, and of course the perfect society and state would follow. No one, we presume, has ever attempted to carry out this plan in all its details, nor would such an attempt be likely to result otherwise than in failure. Yet this idealization is nevertheless extremely valuable. Parents and educators can get much good from a study of *Émile*, and there are few

* *Contrat Social*, l. IV., c.

educational systems which could not be improved by incorporating the truths contained in this work.

He tells us we derive our education from nature, from men, or from things. The interior developement of our faculties and organs is the education of nature; the use which we are taught to make of that development is the education which we receive from men, and what we acquire by our own experience through objects which affect us is the education of things. "Of these three different kinds of education, that of nature does not depend upon ourselves, that of things depends upon us only in certain particulars. That of men is the only one of which we are really the masters."* This is the key-note of his educational philosophy. His own life was an illustration of his precepts, to some extent, yet one would think that the education which he received from his fellows was quite as little under his control as that of nature or things. But he would not have it so with the darling of his imagination, he would teach him to avoid the errors into which himself had fallen.

It is impossible to consider the writings of Rousseau without taking his life and character into account. The man was in all his work, and his history is more valuable than his philosophy. With one class of men the events of his life have had the effect to prevent his writings from being understood. They seemed to think it only necessary to point to certain portions of his career, as revealed by himself, effectually to dispose of any claim that might be set up in his behalf. The thoroughness and entire frankness of his *Confessions* have been regarded with disfavor, as though it indicated shameless abandonment thus to reveal what most men are desirous to conceal. On the score of good taste we could wish that many of his details had been omitted, not because they indicate depravity, for to have concealed mere wickedness would have falsified the design of the work, but because they are too disgusting for revelation. It was only necessary to Jean Jacques' plan to relate enough of the evil deeds of each period of his life to give us an accurate estimate of

* *Emile*, l. I.

his character, without going into details, some of which scarcely, if at all, affect his moral standing, while they are exceedingly revolting to read.

It was a great soul, and by no means an abandoned one, that could, in old age, indite these *Confessions*. It was a most exquisite and refined soul, though its brightness was greatly dimmed by the corrupting influences by which he had been surrounded. Rousseau, bad as he acknowledges himself to have been, was not only not worse than the majority in his day, but he was probably much better. Indeed we believe that few nobler or greater souls ever existed. His offences were great, but his love was greater, and he nobly sacrificed self to reveal his heart to others for the world's good. There is no idle vaunt in the words wherein he declares that he dares present himself before the throne of the Most High, on the day of judgment, with his book as a true record of his sins, his motives and sufferings, and defy any among the assembled throng of spirits who had dwelt on earth to say, "I was better than that man."*

He was an egotist, though the common use of that term does not quite express the kind of self-interest which he felt. To know one's self has been admitted by both ancient and modern philosophers to be the highest work of man. It is a study well worthy of the loftiest genius, and if one succeeds in acquiring competent self-knowledge, he cannot do a greater work than to reveal himself as he is to his fellows. This *ego* it is in every one's power to know, if he can with sufficient self-abnegation set himself to the task. And a study of the one individual, all of whose motives and secret springs of character cannot be concealed from him, will help him to understand all mankind—for each man is, in the main, a type of all. The revelation of the *ego*, whom alone one can thoroughly impart to others, will help others to know themselves. There are few who ever have, or who could, perhaps, set themselves to this work so thoroughly and persistently, and accomplish it so completely, as did Jean Jacques Rousseau. We accept his own declaration, "Si

* *Les Confessions*, Primière Partie, L. I.

jamais enfant recut une éducation raisonable et saine cá été moi."* His education was *interior;* it was metaphysical and psychological, and his intimate knowledge of the microcosm, himself, enabled him, to a great extent, to know all men, and it has helped others to know themselves.

Considering the great benefit to the world of this revelation of human nature, we would not, on behalf of mankind, that Rousseau had sinned less or suffered less. We surely believe that a divinity shaped the ends of this man's life, however rough-hewn they appear. No one is likely to be corrupted by his example, but every one may learn from its study how error surely leads to sorrow and repentance. The road of licentious pleasure, as he found it and has mapped it out, is not so flowery as to attract any one to wilfully follow it who can appreciate this example, and who is capable of a conception of real happiness. No parent will be induced to abandon his children because poor Jean Jacques did so. How much he suffered on this account we may learn from a perusal of his *Reveries;* what his aspirations were we can infer from *Émile.* "George Sand,"

"The large-brained woman and large hearted man,"

who has, perhaps, best appreciated Rousseau, gives it as her belief that if he had not abandoned his children he could not have written *Émile,* and "that God, if not man's opinion, made peace with him," adding, "Ceci justifie la Providence seulement."† This principle we believe applicable to his entire life and works; if he had not sinned he had not suffered, and if he had not suffered he had not been able to give the world the benefit of his reflections upon his life.

We are apt to envy those who sin in a way that we are tempted to do, but dare not; it is this more than a love of virtue in the abstract that makes men so uncompromisingly severe upon those who err. If we consider the sufferings which error always brings upon its votaries, our sense of justice will be abundantly satisfied. If we have faith in a Power which always rewards the good and punishes the evil,

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* *Les Confessions,* Primière Partie, l. II.

† *Quelques Reflexions, sur J. J. Rousseau.*

we shall not envy those who follow false pleasure, nor desire to imitate them. The majority of us do not thoroughly believe this, though the religious creeds of all civilized peoples embody this fundamental truth. We generally wish to believe it, but our worst nature is continually striving to persuade us that in the fields of forbidden pleasure there are more flowers than thorns. Hence we are enviously active to cast stones at those who break down the wall of partition and revel in what to our corrupt imagination seem fields of delight, which we are simply too cowardly to enter. Perhaps to some such the example of Jean Jacques may be injurious, but we think not. Certainly if we can appreciate his sufferings and their cause, we shall have no desire to imitate him. That, having tried these attractive paths and finding them thorny, he has told us precisely what they are, we owe him thanks. If we have a spark of true wisdom we shall be satisfied with his experience and our own consciousness, without attempting to assure ourselves of the truth by more practical demonstration. We take issue with him when he declares "I am unlike any one I have ever seen; I dare believe, unlike any human being. If no better than, I am at least different from others."* He differed from the masses of his fellows in degree, but not in kind. He felt more, but in the same directions. He differed from others chiefly in daring to be true at last, and to reveal himself as he was. His receptive capacity was extraordinary, but the good and evil with which he was filled come to all human beings, though few ever receive so much.

George Sand, in her admirable essay on Rousseau,† divides men of eminence into two classes, great men and strong men; — the former the thinkers who originate, the latter the actors, who put into practice the theories of the former. We believe that there is still another and a higher class, to which Rousseau belonged—the men who *feel*. Their power is greater than that of intellect, it is the power to perceive truth without the slow process of inductive reasoning. This power is

* *Les Confessions*, Primière Partie, l. I.

† *Quelques Reflexions, sur J. J. Rousseau.*

often called intuition, but it has not been well defined by metaphysicians, and probably cannot be, for it is above and beyond the scope of reason. The men who possess this power are poets and prophets. Intellect, the organized part of the soul, furnishes the means of expression to this superior faculty. Persons with little intellect may possess souls of the highest order, but without the capacity of revealing themselves to others. It is this faculty, the real essence of greatness, which continually falsifies metaphysical systems, and especially phrenology. Its possession, with sufficient intellect for expression, constitutes genius.

This higher soul-faculty requires peculiar nurture for its development. It is a law unto itself. If bound by the chains of educational systems obnoxious to its nature, it grows best when nourished by the sweet influences of nature, and with its spontaneous feeling gently directed, but never crossed. Any attempt to compass it, to determine beforehand its proper proportions, and to prune and circumscribe it accordingly, is destructive. Left to grow freely, it will develop many traits that seem excrescences and deformities, but in the end its harmony will be apparent to all who can appreciate it. The soul of Jean Jacques Rousseau was certainly greatly marred by circumstances and influences, yet we doubt not he became what he was intended to be. There was enough of spontaneity in his growth to show the tendency of those influences. Had he been more thoroughly and conventionally trained he might have been a much better man, but he would have been also an infinitely smaller one.*

In the case of such a genius as Rousseau too rapid a forcing of the intellect would be at the expense of the higher faculties of the soul. It needs to receive impressions from without, and to compare, digest and arrange them by the internal faculty. A long period of such natural growth will result in a correspondingly high stature of soul. Jean Jacques spent more than half his life in growing, and when he

* "Sitôt donc que l'éducation est un art il est presque impossible qu'elle réussisse, puisque le concours nécessaire à son succès ne dépend de personne." *Emile*, l. I.

was ready to give expression to what was in him, the world was startled, and thrones and social conventions were shaken by his eloquence. He says, "Rien de grand et de beau ne peut entrer dans un cœur d'homme dont je ne fusse capable entre le ciel et moi. Voilà d'ou naquit ma subite eloquence. Voilà d'ou se répandit dans mes piemieres livres ce feu vraiment celeste qui m'embrassait, et dont pendant quarante ans, il n'était pas échappé la moindre étincelle parce qu'il n'était pas encore allumé."*

This formative period of Rousseau's life, preceding the commencement of his literary career, contains much of interest and much that is sad. The first part of the *Confessions* details the experience by which a most loving and exquisite nature was made what the world knows the man to have been. Goethe says:

> "A talent developes in solitude;
> A character in the stream of the world."

Rousseau's talents were well developed; his character not so well. As the lesson of his *Confessions* these lines might be applied, for Rousseau was not of the common kind which falsifies, but shows us his real nature. "O man, of whatever country thou mayest be, or whatever thy opinions, listen; hear thy history, such as I here read it, not in the books of thy kind, which are liars, but in nature, which never lies."†

We love to linger over the events of his early life, and to feel an echo of the emotions of his rich nature, though sometimes repelled by his unfortunate experiences. Of his parents he speaks most tenderly. His birth cost his mother her life, he tells us, and of both parents he says, "Of all the gifts heaven had allotted them, a feeling heart was the only one I inherited. While, however, this had been the source of their happiness, it became the spring of all my misfortunes."‡ A great and fundamental mistake, poor Jean Jacques; your feeling heart was to you a spring of exquisite happiness, of which you surely had your share, and might have had much more had you always obeyed the best instincts of that heart.

* *Les Confessions*, Seconde Partie, l. IX. † *Contrat Social.*
‡ *Ibid*, Première Partie, l. I.

It was doubtless true, as you say, that you "felt before you thought," and had you directed your thought by your feeling it had been better for you. This natural feeling was greatly distorted and misdirected by novel-reading, of the effect of which he declares, "I apprehended nothing; I had felt all."* The fault here was not that he apprehended too little, but that his feeling was prematurely awakened and tortured by fiction, instead of being left to develop naturally. Turning from novel reading to Plutarch partially checked his morbid humors, but did not entirely cure them. The training which he received at the hands of his relatives does not appear to have been objectionable; the tenderness and love lavished upon him developed those qualities in himself, and it was this which prevented him from ever becoming utterly abandoned. He was never malicious, he ever loved others better than himself, and had a tender conscience, which often restrained his evil propensities, and made him suffer terribly for his errors.

He speaks often of his defective memory, yet that he could, late in life, remember and record so many and so minute circumstances of his early years, would seem to contradict his assertion regarding the lack of that faculty. His habit of self-study contributed to overcome this want of memory, and to enable him to be thus minute and circumstantial. The recollections of his early years are charming to the reader as they were to himself, as for instance his sweet aunt with her songs, which he remembered in his old age, though not hearing them from boyhood; the punishment he received for breaking a comb, when he was innocent, and the feeling this injustice aroused; the history of the willow tree he and his companion planted, and the aqueduct they constructed for watering it. His passion for the fair sex was early developed, and "love's young dream," which a poet declares is more than twice as sweet as anything else, had power to spread a halo of joy over the latest years of his life.

His apprenticeship to an engraver, and the unkind treatment he here received, seem to have developed his worst

* *Les Confessions*, Première Partie, l. I.

qualities. Accustomed heretofore generally to kindness, he was now treated with demoniacal cruelty. No wonder that he learned to steal, or that he should have justified himself by balancing the account with his master, charging his thefts against the unjust punishments he received. From his own account, he stole rather from a sense of retributive justice than because he particularly wanted what he took. He never appropriated money that did not belong to him, looking upon such theft with horror. He ran away from his master at the age of sixteen, and then commenced his wild and wonderful career. This was the turning point in his life. He pictures in imagination the life he might have led had his master been kind, and seems to regret that he could not have been permitted to follow the career of peaceful and contented labor that would have been his lot. We doubt if he was fitted for such a life, and at any rate if he lost by the change, the world has gained. As to the comparative happiness attending a humble or exalted worldly position, we have nothing to say. We do not doubt that the shoemaker who expects to do nothing all his life but sit at a bench and hammer leather, or the farmer who has no other aspiration above cultivating his fields and raising stock, may be among the best and consequently the happiest of mortals. *Suum cuique.* If the man does the work he was designed and is fitted for to the best of his ability, we doubt not he will receive his due share of happiness now and hereafter. Yet there is a great deal of nonsense in this decrying of ambitious careers. The man fitted for a wider field is a fool to wish his work had been less. Though honor and fame certainly do not arise from conditions, it is equally certain that each must "act well his part" to obtain his share of happiness.

To the desire of a good Catholic curé to convert him from heresy, Jean Jacques owed his introduction to Madame de Warens. It was a strange life that he led with her, and more than one strange conversion that he experienced. The character of this lady, as he reveals it, is an enigma, unless we take a thorough survey of the times in which she lived and the particular circumstances of her life. Rousseau

himself always regarded her with veneration, and to the latest hour of his life doubtless considered her his benefactress. He says of himself, "Never were passions at once more ardent and more pure than mine; never was love more tender, more pure, more unselfish."* This assertion, we believe, was originally true. We believe also that the character he gives Madame de Warens was not altogether a mistaken one; that she was to him what he represents her, and that she had the capacity for being all that he ever fondly supposed her; that "she was made for a purity of morals she ever loved, but never lived up to; because, instead of listening to her heart, which led her aright, she harkened only to her reason, which led her astray."† Happy had it been for Rousseau had he listened to his own heart, whose impulses were right, and not permitted himself to be led astray by her corrupted reason. That he never loved her he is very certain, yet so perfect was the harmony between them, so fine his reverence and gratitude, that the feeling he had for her, notwithstanding her own course, so well calculated to destroy any refined sentiment, was something, as he believed, even superior to love. "I dare affirm," he declares, "that who feels only love, feels not that which is sweetest in life. I know another sentiment, less rapturous it may be, but a thousand times more delicious, which sometimes does, though frequently it does not, accompany love. Nor yet is this sentiment simply friendship—it is more voluptuous, more tender. I cannot imagine its being felt towards a person of the same sex."‡ We do not care to dispute with him about terms, but believe that Rousseau never conceived a truly exalted love. A sacred passion he was, unfortunately, never permitted to know. His heart was thoroughly awakened by Madame de Warens, and he permitted it to be corrupted by her false philosophy, which destroyed all the sacredness that might at some time have accompanied and purified a satisfying and ennobling passion. But for her influence he might have been permitted to give an affirmative answer to his question, "Is there such a thing as love

* *Les Confessions*, Première Partie, l. II. † *Ibid*, l. V. ‡ *Ibid*, l. III.

(I no not say without desire, I myself have felt that), but without disquiet, without jealousy?"*

We must not uncharitably cast stones at Madame de Warens, who was the victim, before she became the teacher, of a false philosophy. She must have had a charming nature when her suffering protegé could say of her, and under *such* circumstances, "One proof of the excellence of this amiable woman's character is, that all who loved her loved each other. Even jealousy and rivalry yielded to the dominant sentiment she inspired, and I never saw any of those who surrounded her entertain the slightest ill-will towards each other. Let my reader pause a moment at this eulogy, and if he can recall to mind any woman of whom he can say this much, let him, as he values his life's repose, cleave to her, were she, for the rest, the lowest of creatures."† When a malady overtook him, and he was anxious about his soul's salvation, he declares that *Maman* was a great help to him with her religious counsel. It is startling to hear of Madame de Warens' religious teaching of Rousseau, considering their relations, yet we doubt if there was any hypocrisy in it. She believed what she taught, undoubtedly, and, like many a more severe religionist of our day, thought that theology was something having reference merely to the affairs of the next world, never dreaming that its tenets were to be put into practice in this life. Her religion was of a very comfortable, not to say sensible, sort. Rousseau tells us that she thought that God, not having given us the power to act with entire rectitude, could not be very severe with us. She did not believe in hell, but had faith in purgatory. She was not a good Catholic, it would seem, after all. We like her, however, for her charitable creed, and endorse what Rousseau says: "As a general thing they who believe in God make him like themselves; the good make him good, and the bad make him bad; ill-natured, gall-hearted bigots, who would fain damn the whole race of man, see nothing but hell, while kindly and loving souls all but disbelieve it."‡

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* *Les Confessions*, Première Partie, l. II. † *Ibid*, l. V.
‡ *Ibid*, l. IV.

Jean Jacques had a kindly and loving soul, but we believe he never quite lost his faith in hell. He was at one time greatly tormented with the fear of damnation, and to decide the question threw a stone at a tree, with the mental resolve that if it hit he should believe himself safe; if it missed, he was to consider himself elected to a place in the lake of fire and brimstone. Fortunately the stone hit the tree fairly in the centre, and he was saved.

The climax of his association with Madame de Warens was very sad, and must have cost him fearful suffering, though he represents himself as having borne it with as little bitterness as possible, and with no loss of esteem for her. Yet it must have cost him more than he cared to express to say of her, and his successful rival the hair-dresser, "I desired above all things that she should be happy, and since she had need of him to be so, why, I was content that he should be happy also."* Previously to this, however, he had passed through some delightful adventures, in which we love to follow him. His journey to Turin, whither he went to be finally converted from his Protestant heresy, afforded him some adventures which he naively records. He was always falling in love, as he says, "My heart loved to overflow, provided it felt it was overflowing into another."† We have his frank account of the theft of a ribbon, which he accused a girl, a fellow servant, of stealing and giving to him, and his declaration that he was induced to charge the theft upon her simply because he liked her. Not incredible by any means, though his assertion to her face of her guilt and his own innocence would seem to indicate considerable innate depravity, or else morally-paralyzing fear. Then, when servant to the Count de Gouvon, when waiting upon the table, what pride swelled his heart as he successfully translated an old French phrase which no one else could do! And this triumph he enjoyed because it brought him to the notice of the young lady of the house, for whom, true to his nature, he had conceived a passion, though he seems loth to acknowledge it, as it met with such an indifferent return.

* *Les Confessions*, Première Partie, l. V. † *Ibid*, l. II.

His prospects in this situation were excellent, and he believes he might have succeeded in a brilliant worldly career which was here opened to him; but he decided to run away with a wild companion, and taste the sweets of nature and freedom in a vagabond life. He seems never to have seriously regretted this step, for he says, "He must be a fool that would sacrifice such a chance to projects of ambition, slow, difficult and uncertain in execution, and which, even supposing them realized at some day, would not, in their utmost splendor, be worth a quarter of an hour's true, youthful pleasure and liberty."* With a Hiéro's fountain, the exhibition of which they thought would pay their travelling expenses, the pair set out on their journey, and enjoyed it exquisitely. Jean Jacques had a fine passion for the scenes of nature. We doubt not that this journey did more for his intellectual development than months of study might have done. His erratic fancies accompanied him when enjoying natural scenery. He tells us that he liked precipices because they made his head swim, which he was fond of, provided he was in safety. His passion for nature, we think, proves that he had a good heart, for such a love cannot exist with a person of vicious inclinations.

One of the most charming passages in the *Confessions* is that describing his love for two young ladies, with whom he passed a day of innocent delight, his love seeking no other expression than a pressure of the hand. His musical studies led him into many strange adventures, one of the most unaccountable of which was his setting up for a professor and attempting to have a piece of his own composition performed in public, the horrible discord of which must have astonished the audience who had credited his pretentions. In the course of his wanderings he fell in with a Greek prelate, with whom he proposed to make a journey to Jerusalem, taking up collections on the way for the holy sepulchre. Reaching Berne, he was required to speak before the Senate in furtherance of their object. This was the only time in his life that he ever spoke in public, and the only time that

* *Les Confessions*, Première Partie, l. III.

he spoke boldly and well. He must have been strangely inspired to overcome his natural diffidence, which made it always so difficult for him even to converse when many persons were present. "I cannot understand," he says, "even how it is possible to speak in company, for at each word everybody present has to be taken into account."

We do not altogether coincide in opinion with those who attribute this distaste to general conversation to an excessive desire to shine in company, and a fear or a consciousness that he could not do so. He was exceedingly emulous of the favorable opinion of others, but the reason he gives for his dislike of general conversation is, no doubt, the correct one. From his extreme sensitiveness of spirit Rousseau *felt* every one in whose presence he was. Few were in *rapport* with him, and the inharmony dispirited and silenced him. His heart could overflow into another, and loved to do so, but there must be a heart open to receive the outpourings of his own. He could not close his heart and leave his intellect free to sport with others, which is requisite for companionship in miscellaneous society. His brain could not act without his heart feeling at the same time, and it felt too much to be at peace when those with whom he could not thoroughly sympathize were present. The same sensitiveness and heart-outpouring which unfitted him for general conversation, must have made him most delightful in a *tète-a-tète* where he felt that another soul was in harmony with his own. Then he could fear no want of sympathy, no cold intellectual criticism, and his nature could overflow in all its richness and strength. Happy were those who could appreciate his friendship and his love, if any such there were. We doubt if he ever found a perfectly harmonious soul. There is no record of such good fortune in any story of his life, and his fate was doubtless that of most highly-organized natures to yearn for a companionship which was never vouchsafed in this life. But the aspiration for such a soul-communion, when the true ideal is perceived, is purifying and elevating. We fear Jean Jacques was too ready to put up with an imperfect substitute for his high ideal, and thus to lose

sight of what, while it remained an aspiration, would have drawn him upward.

The exquisiteness of his nature is revealed in his declaration that he could never love seamstresses, chambermaids, and shop-girls, but paid court to "ladies." "And yet," he declares, "it is not at all the vanity of rank or station that attracts me." He delighted in refined manners, neatness of person and dress, and delicacy of behavior, adding, "I should always prefer the less handsome woman possessing more of the above."* There was surely nothing of the aristocrat about Rousseau, but there was much of the poet, the man of refined feeling and exquisite organization. Rank and riches may not be in themselves elevating, but they furnish advantages for refining culture. We may esteem native goodness and truth developed in poverty and ignorance, but our finer nature loves better to contemplate cultivated manners and minds, if not allied to falsehood and depravity of heart.

Rousseau's literary career commenced with his prize essay upon the effects of scientific study upon mankind. Though a one-sided effort, it contains much truth, and struck the key note of his philosophy, which was developed from his own experiences. From this time the gathered waters of his soul flowed forth in a rich flood, fertilizing the universal world of thought and feeling. The "Nouvelle Héloïse" is a work which has been sternly condemned in some Puritanic quarters, but we believe from a mistaken notion of its tendency. Rousseau says of it, "I have always believed that no one is able to take a lively interest in *Héloïse* without having the sixth sense, the moral sense, with which so few hearts are endowed, and without which no one can understand my own."† Those gifted with this moral sense will, we believe, discover that Rousseau by no means, and in no wise, intends to inculcate a low standard of moral purity, but that he intends simply to teach Christian charity for a class of cases which were too common in his day. He wished to show that a soul may reach what is generally supposed to be an un-

* *Les Confessions*, Première Partie, l. IV. † *Ibid*, Seconde Partie, l. III.

scalable gulf of degradation, falling from ignorance rather than depravity, and yet have instincts that enable it to soar to an unusual height of purity and rectitude. An over-prudish sentiment may disdain to heed this lesson, but we believe it a good one, nevertheless. Of such as Héloïse, as well as any others, the poet's philosophy is correct:

> "I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

Rousseau produced many works upon a variety of subjects, but he was never a facile writer. He says, "A feeling more rapid than the lightning's flash takes possession of my soul; but instead of illuminating, it burns and dazzles me. I feel everything, see nothing. When warm I am stupid; to think I must be cool. Thence comes the extreme difficulty I find in writing."* In this overpowering feeling lay his strength. His heart was greater than his intellect, and he found it difficult and laborious to express what was in him, but when, after much effort, he succeeded in putting into words the emotions of his soul they assumed the shape of great utterances. He felt rather than thought what he expressed. The impulse for expression must have been very strong within him to have driven him to write so much when it cost him such painful effort. Only the honest conviction that he was called upon to utter what was in him for the benefit of others could have induced him to undergo this painful toil. It must have been bitter experience which induced him to write, "We are so little made to be happy here below that either body or mind must necessarily suffer when they do not both suffer together, and the health of the one is almost always injurious to that of the other."†

Rousseau's life, from the commencement of his literary career, presents much that is interesting, but more that is painful. The errors into which he had fallen tightened their grasp upon him, and drew him lower and lower into the

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* *Les Confessions*, Première Partie, l. III. † *Ibid*, l. VI.

gulf of suffering and despair. Yet he never ceased to struggle, though with powers to which he had voluntarily surrendered himself, and never became entirely abandoned to evil. His conscience was never extinguished, but frequently burst forth with renewed brilliance, revealing to him the pathway of right which he at times strove wildly to gain, and which he was enabled at least to point out to others. Worldly success with him brought accumulated misfortunes. The latter half of his life appears to us to have been much less happy than the former. Fame he had and friends, but they did not bring him so much enjoyment as the days of his fresh youth before he had become satiated with worldly pleasures and had drunk more deeply of the cup of disappointment. Feeling with him, as we believe all sympathetic souls must do, we cannot but be deeply pained by his errors and his woes, his necessities which induced him to abandon his children, his sensitiveness which led him to take affronts where none were intended, his loss of friends, his exile, his betrayal, and his melancholy death. Yet with all the sadness of this record there was much of compensation even in this part of his life. His heart was ever a rich storehouse of feeling, and gave him much of love and joy with all his bitter experiences.

Rousseau gives utterance to many moral precepts and disquisitions which are worthy to be ranked with the best legacies of philosophers to humanity. His appreciation of the Divine Founder of Christianity would do credit to one of the early fathers of the church, or to Jeremy Taylor. His dissertation on suicide will not appear trifling when read after that which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark. Death, by one's own hand, he declares, is rebellion against Providence. When we leave our bodies we but cast off an inconvenient garb. This life is admitted to be an evil; yet death is not the end of life. Those who compass their own death are cowards. A suicide is like one who burns his house because he cannot arrange it to his satisfaction. The ills of the soul always carry their own remedies. Wait and you will be cured. Before quitting the human race remunerate it for what it has done for you.

Every man is useful to his fellows by existing only. He who commits suicide is a robber of humanity.*

Had Rousseau lived in our day, with our enlarged experiences and our better institutions, he might have been better appreciated and happier. He was born a century too late for his own happiness, but not for the world's good. With his better nature, and his philosophical speculations, he was greatly in advance of his time, and the forerunner of and helper to our own. What was bad in his character and life is chiefly attributable to the age in which he lived and the circumstances in which he was placed. His was one of those spirits which catch the hue of surrounding influences, and become in character what the age is calculated to make them. In aspiration he was greatly in advance of his time, in conduct about on a par with it. As a man of the present century, we doubt not that he would be in private life among the most unexceptionable of citizens. Let us blame the age in which he lived for his follies, and give him due credit for his virtues.

Considering his time, his nature, and his surroundings, let no one dare to think that he can accept Jean Jacques' challenge to appear with him at the bar of Diety, and, after the secrets and the temptations of both hearts shall be laid bare, presume to say, "I was better than he." We bespeak for Rousseau what we think he deserves from the world, charity for his sins, compassion for his infirmities, sympathy for his sufferings, admiration for his genius, and love for his loving disposition.

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ART. III.—1. *The Parsees: their history, manners, customs, and religion.* By DOSABHOY FRAMJEE. London: 1858.

2. *The Parsi Religion: as contained in the Zend-Avestá, and propounded and defended by the Zoroastrians of India and Persia, unfolded, refuted and contrasted with Christianity.* By JOHN WILSON, D. D., M. R. A. S. Bombay: 1843.

3. *Chips from a German Workshop.* By MAX MULLER, M. A. London: 1867.

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* Nouvelle Héloïse, part iii.

4. *The Parsi Religion.* By DADABHAI NAVROJI, Esq. Liverpool: 1861.
5. *Vergleichende Grammatik des Sanskrit, Zend, Griechischen, Lateinischen, Litthauischen, Gothischen, und Deutschen.* Von FRANZ BOPP. Berlin: 1833.
6. *The History of Persia, from the most early period to the present time: containing an account of the religion, government, usages, and character of the inhabitants of that kingdom.* By Colonel Sir JOHN MALCOLM., K. C. B., K. L. S. 2 vols. London: 1815.

THE vast peninsula of India, which now forms the brightest jewel in the diadem of Queen Victoria, contains a population of 180,000,000 souls, the large majority of whom are either followers of Mohammed or professors of Hindooism. Intermingled with them is another race, differing from them in language, religion, and customs. This race is known by the name of Parsees, one which they derive from Pars or Fars, a province of the ancient Persian empire. The Parsees of India are, therefore, the descendants of the ancient Persians. They were once very numerous, but a remnant of them only is now to be found, and these inhabit western India, and especially Bombay. Compared with the number of the other natives of India, the Parsees add so insignificant a quota to the population, that their existence is not even known to very many Europeans; while those who are aware that such a race exists very often confound them with the Hindoos and Mohammedans. Their number is not certainly known, for the difficulties of taking a religious census in Eastern nations is very great. Mr. Framjee estimates it at about 150,000, including the Parsees of Persia as well as of India.*

Of these the greater number is found in Bombay, and in some of the cities of Gujerat, a province two hundred miles to the north of that city. Parsees have also settled in Calcutta, and in other cities of British India; also in China and other parts of Asia. The returns from the census of 1851, made by the British government, show that the number of Parsees in the island of Bombay was 110,544, of whom 68,754

* *The Parsees*, chap. III.

were males and 41,790 females, the proportion of the former to the latter being nearly seven to four—a fact, we believe, without parallel in long-settled countries. Mr. Muller states* that about two hundred years ago travellers estimated the Ghebers or Gabars (as they are called in Persia) at 80,000 families, or about 400,000 souls. He estimates the number of Parsees at present in western India at about 100,000, to which are to be added 5,500 in Yazd and Kirman—making a total of 105,500. If this estimate be correct, the Parsees are diminishing in number at the rate of 30,000 in a century —that is to say, comparing it with the census of 1851. But if we compare it with the loose estimates of travellers made two hundred years ago, they are disappearing at a much greater ratio: 300,000 must have perished, or 150,000 in a century; so that the whole race will become extinct in little more than sixty years, assuming that the basis of this calculation is correct, and that the same causes of decrease will continue in operation.

Yet, notwithstanding these patent facts, Mr. Framjee asserts† that the Parsees are increasing rapidly under British protection! He says: "The Parsees form twenty per cent. of the population of Bombay, while the rate of mortality is but 4.71 per cent.; and it cannot be doubted that under the protection of British rule they have a tendency to multiply faster than any other of the races of India. In Bombay the increase has been very evident indeed. Fifteen or twenty years ago, the Parsee population was confined to only a part of the fort and the native town. At the present time the fort is almost wholly in their occupation, while numbers are spread in all directions through the island. They have no fear of being absorbed by the Hindoos or Mohammedans, intermarriages with others than those of their own communities being not only distasteful to the people themselves, but prohibited by law." The Parsees at Surat at one time greatly exceeded in number those of Bombay; but as the latter city became the great emporium

* *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. I., p. 161. † *The Parsees*, p. 55.

of trade in Western India, the enterprising spirit of the people soon brought them down from Surat to that place, and the population at the old city, it is supposed, does not now exceed 20,000 souls. Mr. Muller estimates, however, that the entire fire-worshipping race does not exceed more than 0.01 per cent. of the whole population of the earth.

It is curious to speculate on what might have been. If the Persians had triumphed at Marathon and Salamis, and Greece had succumbed to Persia, as she was within an ace of doing, the state religion of Persia, which was that of Ormuzd, might have become the religion of the whole of the then civilized world. At that time Persia had absorbed the Assyrian and the Babylonian empires. The Jews were under Persian captivity, or under Persian sway at home. Egypt was tributary to "the great king," who sent his edicts into India and Scythia, and whose vast empire contained one hundred and twenty provinces. It extended over the greater part of western Asia and northern Africa, and threatened eastern Europe. But for the heroic resistance made by the Greeks, there is little doubt that the religion of Zoroaster would have superseded the paganism of southern Europe. Whether this would have been more beneficial to mankind than the course of events which took place, can be known only to Him who governs the universe. At all events, we are indebted to paganism for a literature and for architecture, sculpture, and mathematics, which never arose under Persian sway.

Whether this was owing to its form of government, or to a lack of genius in its subjects, we do not undertake to decide. But though the ambition of Darius and of Xerxes received a fatal check on the plains of Greece, and their empire was, a century and a half afterwards, shattered to pieces by Alexander the Great, such was the vitality of the great Persian nation that under the Sassanian dynasty of its princes (A. D. 226—651) the religion of Zoroaster assumed renewed vigor, and, in the reign of Sapor or Shahpoor the Second, its votaries aimed at the extermination of the Christian faith. The sufferings which the Christians in Persia underwent were as terrible as any they experienced at the

hands of the Roman emperors. Practically, the Christian religion was extirpated in Persia, multitudes of Christians escaping into Asia Minor, India, Tartary, and even China, while those who remained within the dominions of "the great king" took refuge among the inaccessible mountains and defiles of Armenia and Georgia.

Christianity was unable to overcome fire-worship. It had smitten down idolatry, but could not prevail against Zoroaster. Here, again, is food for reflection. It was reserved for the disciples of Mohammed to put out the sacred fires on the high places of Persia; and Cadessia's fatal plain, which witnessed the capture of the national standard—the famous blacksmith's apron, the Derufsh-i-Kawanee—enriched with the contributions of jewels which ages of devotion had attached to it, saw also the entire strength of the empire sink under the swords of the victorious Arabs. The Ghebers, in their turn, fled to the mountains and the caves, and their sacred fires thenceforward had to be lighted in remote and secret places. From the era of the battle of Cadessia, or Nahavend (A. D. 636), down to the present day, fire-worship has bowed its head in silence and obscurity. The Persians, in a few years after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, became more zealous Mohammedans than their conquerors were, and they remain so to this day. Thus the religion of Zoroaster, or of the two principles, Ormuzd and Ahrimen, once the terror of the world, is now, and has been for the last thousand years, a mere curiosity in the eyes of the historian and the philosopher. Whereas in the days of Xerxes the votaries of Zoroaster might have been counted by millions in the Persian dominions, not more than six thousand can now be found therein!

The history of those Ghebers who survived the Mohammedan conquest is full of pathos and interest. The vast majority of the population of Persia having been compelled by the sword to embrace Mohammedanism, the faithful few fled into the distant province of Khorassan, in the mountainous regions of which they remained for about a hundred years, in the unmolested enjoyment of their religion. But at last the relentless Moslems carried fire and sword among them,

and they were once more compelled to flee. A considerable number emigrated to the little island of Ormus, at the mouth of the Persian gulf, but, not feeling safe there, they determined to relinquish forever the land of their forefathers, and, having engaged several vessels for their transport, they placed their wives and children on board and sailed for India.

It is probable that several emigrations took place at successive periods, but there are only meagre and unsatisfactory traditions of them extant. No continuous history of them exists, and whatever information is now in our possession is derived from a work entitled Kissah-i-Sanjons, which was compiled in the year 1599, by a Parsee named Behram, who resided at Nowsaree, a town about twenty miles south of Surat, but he merely collected such traditions as were preserved among his fellow religionists. According to him, the first port in Hindostan, at which the earliest refugees arrived, was Din, a small island in the Gulf of Cambay, lying to the south-west of the peninsula of Kattiwar. Here they remained for nineteen years; then, for some unknown reason, they embarked for Guzerat. But they had hardly lost sight of land before they were overtaken by a terrific storm, from which they escaped through their prayers to God, and made their way to Saujan, about twenty-five miles south of Damann, where they landed about the year A. D. 717. With some little difficulty they obtained permission from the Rajah to settle here.

The conditions he imposed upon them were, that they should adopt the language of the country and cease speaking that of their forefathers; that they should dress their females in the Indian fashion; wear no armor, and perform the marriage ceremonies of their children at night, in conformity with the practice of the Hindoos. Rather than become wanderers again, they submitted to these conditions, and were allowed to select and occupy a large tract of waste land in the neighborhood of Saujan. Here, with the aid of the Rajah, they erected their first fire temple (A. D. 721). They dwelt at Saujan in peace for five hundred years, living amicably with their neighbors, the Hindoos, and sending out

colonies to Surat, Nowsaree, Broach, Variao, Uhleser, and Cambay. Their happiness then came to an end. In the year 1507 the Mohammedan Sultan of Ahmedabab attacked the Rajah of Saujan with 30,000 men. The Hindoo prince, unable to cope with this force, appealed to the Parsees for aid, reminding them of the kindness shewn them by his ancestors. They promptly responded to his call, bearing in mind the cruelty the Moslems had always practised on them, and being well aware that if the Hindoos should be vanquished, they themselves would be the next victims. They sent 1,400 picked men, under one Ardeshir, to the assistance of the Rajah, who thereupon encountered the invaders a few miles from Saujan. The Hindoos proved unequal to the strife and fled; but the Parsees were not dismayed. Their brave leader attacked the enemy furiously, broke their ranks, and drove them from the field. But the Sultan, exasperated by the defeat of his army by so small a band of heroes, raised another force and renewed the conflict. In the next battle the Moslems were victorious. Ardeshir, after killing in single combat a Mohammedan chief of note, was slain. The Parsees fled, and the Moslems gained possession of Saujan. They inflicted many indignities upon the Parsees, whereupon the greater part of the latter fled to the mountains of Baharout, taking with them the sacred fire which they had consecrated at Saujan.

Not a single Parsee is now to be found there, and the ruins of a *dokhma*, or "tower of silence" for the dead, is the only memento that exists of the Parsees settlement in that place. For twelve years they sojourned among the mountains of Baharent, and then removed to Bandsa, where a small Parsee colony then existed. The sacred fire was also carried thither, and after some years it was removed to Nowsaree, where the Parsees had become an influential and opulent race. In late years, owing to some disputes among the priests, it was secretly removed to Oodwara, thirty-two miles South of Surat, where it still exists, and being the oldest fire temple of the Zoroastrians in India, is held in the highest veneration.*

* Framjee, *The Parsees*, p. 21.

It appears that the settling of Surat was the means of raising the Parsees to wealth and influence. Their energy and intelligence attracted the notice of the European traders and settlers, and they became brokers to European firms, which position they hold at the present day. It is not known with certainty when they settled in Bombay. Mr. Framjee thinks that their first settlement on the island was a little before or about the time when it was ceded to the British, by the crown of Portugal, as the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, on her marriage with Charles the Second, of England, A. D. 1668.* They also conciliated the favor of their oppressors, the Mohammedans of India, and were frequently employed by them, and even by the Great Mogul himself, on important public business. Under the government of England the Parsees in India thrive and become influential and wealthy. The contrast between their condition and that of their co-religionists in Persia, under the arbitrary and unstable government of that country, is fearful. By persecution and the sword the numbers of the latter have been reduced, as we have already stated, to little more than six thousand. Nearly all of these are in extreme poverty. They are subjected to a poll-tax from which the Moslem population is exempt. They are treated as outcasts. A Mohammedan considers the touch of a Gheber as an impurity; hence the latter cannot follow any occupation which is likely to bring him into contact with the former. They cannot have redress at law because they are unbelievers; and if one of them should die rich, a distant relative, who has embraced Mohammedanism, can claim his property, to the exclusion of the deceased's children, or next of kin. If a Moslem kills a Parsee, he is punished only by a slight fine; but he is more frequently acquitted, and the same thing occurs when any violence or injury is done by a Moslem to a Parsee's family or property. Their fire-temples and silence-towers are often invaded and profaned, and any appeal to the authorities by the injured race is almost invariably treated with contempt, or altogether unheeded.

* Framjee, *The Parsees*, p. 25.

The Parsees of India are divided into two sects, the Sheusays or Rasamis, and the Kudmis or Gadimis. The former greatly outnumber the latter. But of 110,000 Parsees in Bombay, only 10,000 are Kudmis, but the latter comprise the most distinguished and influential men. Among them is Sir Iamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well known munificent banker and merchant. The two sects do not differ in any point of faith, their form of worship and their religious ceremonies are the same in every respect. They freely mingle with each other in society, and in every relation of life, and their dispute is solely confined to a quarrel as to the correct chronological date for the computation of the Era of Yezdejird, the last king of the ancient Persian monarchy. The difference has as yet been productive of no further inconvenience than arises from the variation of a month in the celebration of the festivals. It is wonderful what small beginnings lead to such rooted divisions as these.

Dr. Wilson gives the following account of the matter, professing to extract it from the preface to the *Dafá-ul-Hazl* of Stadji Muhammad Hashim of Isfahan: — "The question in dispute is this — whether the intercalation is a religious institution, sanctioned by the practice of the ancient Persians, prior to their last king Yezdejird? or whether another era, without intercalation for religious purposes, was also sanctioned? That is, whether the intercalary era was an observance instituted by their kings only for the affairs of government, the collection of revenue, and the equalization of the seasons, or whether it was also employed for purposes connected with religion? The latter the Churigaryáns wrongfully deny."* "The following," says Mr. Remer, "is an amusing example of their love of effect, where they thought something magnificent and high-sounding was attainable. Since the division among the Parsees of India, which arose nearly a century ago, on the subject of computing their year — the Era of Yezdejird — distinguishing names between the parties have been introduced. This era, known at the time in Persia by the name of Sál-i-qadím, was found to differ from that observed by the

* *Parsi Religion*, p. 35, n.

Indian Parsees by one month, commencing just thirty days earlier, according to the days of the months, than the Indo-Persian year. Pars had been deputed to Persia to enquire into the matter; he was a Chúrigar, or bracelet-maker, and appears to have seen reason for following the custom of Persia. On a small number of the community adopting his opinion, and resolving to correct their year and bring it to the Persian standard, it received the name of its introducer's business, and was called Chúrigar, as well as Sál-i-qadím, and its observers Chúrigariyáns and Qadímís. The great mass of the Parsee population, however, adhered to the existing era, and thenceforward took the names of Rasimiyán and Shaharsaiyán from their year, which was denominated Basamí (customary) and Shahar-saí (city-like or common): and these names continue to prevail among this people to their separation in many things of social and religious observance and duties. During another dispute which began some years ago among the Parsees of India regarding the observance of the Kabísa, or intercalary month, some one proposed to substitute for the word 'Shahar-saí,' with its Gújarátí affix, as a corrected reading, Shahan-sháhi, and thus convert the vulgar into the imperial year, and simple citizens into kings of kings. The thing was considered a joke, and laughed at by the Qadímís, and their leader, Múlla Firúz, as passing the reception of the most ignorant; neverthelesss the absurd change has been adopted, and, among others, by the editor of the lithographed version of the Vendidád, a copy of which was presented to the Asiatic Society; departing from the hitherto unvaried usage, he dates the dedication of his book on the first day of the fifth month of the Sháhan-shahi year 1200, instead of writing 1st Shaharewar; 1200 Shahar-saí er Rasemí. But this is surpassed by a writer on the Kabísa question, who, professing to follow the authority of the Gissa-i-Saujan (innocent of the egregious anachronism) gravely informs his Parsee readers that it was the persecution of the Portuguese which compelled their ancestors to quit Din —an event which, we have seen, occurred about the year 717."*

* *Illustrations of the Zend and Phlevi Languages*, Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 8, p. 360.

The origin of the Parsee religion is unanimously ascribed to Zoroaster (or Zerdosht, as the Persians named him). He lived in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, and was born at the town of Uremeea, in the province of Aderbijan or Azerbijan ("the House of Fire," an appellation given to it, probably, from the worship of fire originating in it). The Parsees say that he was introduced into the world under miraculous circumstances, and that during the course of his life he himself performed a variety of wonderful works. They tell us that an angel was sent to his father, who persuaded him to drink a glass of wine, and that his wife soon afterwards conceived and bore a son; that at the time of his birth, when other children cry, Zartasht (the Parsee mode of spelling his name) smiled; that the hands of the person who sought to kill him, by order of the king, were arrested by a divine impulse; that he was exposed to the fury of wild beasts which did him no harm; that when the king wished to drive herds of cattle upon him, one of them stood over him till they had all passed by; that he was thrown into the flames and came out unhurt; and that he was caught up into heaven, whence he brought down the Zend-Avestá: "Zoroaster," says Sir John Malcolm, "is termed a prophet or an impostor, as the events of his life happen to be drawn from Pehlivi or Mohammedan authors. The former pretend that he was everything that was holy and enlightened; while the latter assert that he was only a good astrologer, who was himself deceived by the devil into becoming the teacher of a new and impious doctrine. Ferdusi, in his Shah-Namah, says that the devil spoke to Zoroaster from the midst of a flame. All seem agreed that he lived in the time of Gushtasp (Hystaspes), and that he led that monarch, either by his arts or his miracles, to become a zealous and powerful propagator of the faith which he had adopted; though it is related that Gushtasp for a period resisted the truth of Zoroaster's mission, and once confined him in prison seven years. After his conversion the royal bigot not only built temples of fire in every part of his kingdom, but compelled his subjects to worship in them. It is stated in one work (the Zeermt-ul-Tuarik) that Isfundcar (Xerxes) the son of Gushtasp, was the first

convert made by Zoroaster; and that his father was persuaded, by the eloquence of the prince, to follow his example.*

This doctrine, which was first taught in the province of Aderbijan, spread rapidly over the whole empire. The king, we are informed, ordered twelve thousand cow-hides to be tanned fine, that the precepts of his new faith might be written upon them. These parchments were deposited in a vault hewn out of the rock at Persepolis. Holy men were appointed to guard them; and it was commanded that the profane should be kept at a distance from the sacred records." The following extract from the Shah-Nawah will show the feeling excited at the Court of Tartary by this change in the national religion of Persia:—"Know ye, said Arjasp to his assembled chiefs, that glory, wisdom, and the pure religion, have fled from Persia. A certain sorcerer, styling himself a prophet, hath appeared in that region, and introduced a new form of worship among the people; to whom he hath said—'I am come from above; I am come from the God of the world; I have seen the Lord in heaven; and lo! here are the Zend and the Avestá as written by himself. I also saw Ahriman in the midst of hell, but was unable to compass the circle that enclosed him. And behold! I am deputed by the Almighty to preach the true faith to the king of the earth.' And now all the most renowned warriors of Persia, continued the sovereign of China, with the son of Lohrasp at their head, have fallen into his snares; the brother, too, of Gushtasp, that valiant cavalier and champion of Persia, Zurreer; nay, all have embraced his doctrines, all have wantonly sacrificed their eternal happiness to the old magician, whose pernicious precepts threaten to pervade the whole world. He rules already over Persia as a prophet."† The full name of Zoroaster, according to the Parsees, was Hazrat Zartusht Asfantamén. Mr. Müller says the true name of the author of the Avestá is Zarathustra.‡

The body of the Zend writings is comprised in the Zend

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* *History of Persia*, vol. I., p. 58. † *Ibid*, vol. I., p. 59, n.
‡ *Chips from a German Workshop*, p. 92.

Avestá, or Zend Word. It consists of the Vandidád, which is composed of the Vandidád properly so called, and the two larger liturgical works, the Yaçna and the Vispard, which are interspersed with it, and recited along with it during the celebration of the most extended service of the Zoroastrians; the Khurday-Avestá, or minor liturgy; the Yasts; and other detached pieces. The Vandidád, properly so called, consists of the report of an alleged dialogue between Ormuzd (the Spirit of Light and Good) and Zoroaster. In this oral communication Ormuzd (or Hormazd as the Parsees spell it) imparted to Zoroaster the information and instruction which he published to the world in the Vandidád. It contains twenty-two *faryards* or sections. They present an extraordinary jumble of legislative ordinances. The first gives an account of the creation by Hormazd, of sixteen holy and blessed localities, supposed by the Parsees to be Persia, China, Hindustan, Khorásan, Shurik, Mavva, Nishapoor, Aleppo, Cabul, Arwe, Gurgán, Hermaud, Sistan, Rei, Kirmán, Bokhárá.

But Ahriman destroyed their bliss by creating various evils within their borders: some of these evils were moral, some natural; among the latter was the creation of winter, and of ants, flies, and lice. The second gives an account of the miracles of Iamshid in Irán (Persia) in promoting agriculture, controlling the atmosphere, and banishing disease, death, and other evils. The third shows how the earth may be made happy or miserable: the former, by having pure men to dwell on it, who will build lofty houses and produce children and cattle in abundance, and by various kinds of cultivation; also by the filling up of graves and destroying the depositories of the dead: the latter, by digging deep holes in it which allow the devils to come and go from hell, and by burying men and dogs in it; the constructing of depositories for the dead, the existence of vermin, and the throwing of dust upon themselves by those who mourn for the departed. This section also gives direction for the burial of the dead and purification after having touched or been near a dead body. It also mentions the gift of land to holy men or priests as being very pleasing to the earth, and

it inflicts a punishment of 500 stripes for allowing the body of a man or dog to remain six months in the earth; 1,000 stripes for allowing it to remain a whole year, and everlasting defilement for allowing it to remain two years.

The fourth section treats principally of offences between men and men. Six species of crime are specified, with the punishment due to each. Breaking a verbal promise is to be punished by 300 years' torment in hell and as many stripes; breaking an engagement confirmed by the shaking of hands, by 600 years' torment and as many stripes; breaking an engagement to sell small cattle, by 700 years' torment and stripes; breaking an engagement to sell large cattle by 800 years and stripes; ditto, to give a son or daughter, 900 years and stripes; ditto, to sell house or lands, 1,000 years and stripes. Besides these, the breaking of a promise to provide water is to be punished with 700 stripes. The fifth section treats of various kinds of impurities, particularly those resulting from dead bodies, and from untimely birth, in which latter case the unfortunate mother is made to eat ashes and drink cow's urine.

Space does not allow of our giving the details of this most absurd section; but as a specimen of it we quote the following respecting the *crime* of allowing grease or marrow to escape from the bones of a dead man or dog! If the bone be the size of the little finger to the first joint, 30 stripes are to be inflicted; if of the size of the part extending to the first joint of the finger between the little and the middle finger, 50 stripes; if of the size of the part of the large finger extending to the first joint, 70; if as long as a finger and broad as a rib, 90; if of the length and breadth of two fingers or ribs, 200; if of the length and breadth of the side or breast, 400; if as large as the part of the head covered with hair, 600; if of the size of the whole body, 1,000 stripes!! The other minutiæ are equally absurd. Regulations are given for the education and remuneration of physicians; the purification of defiled ground; the disinterment of dead bodies, &c. The eighth section continues the list of rules as to purification from contact with dead animals. Adultery is to be punished with 800 stripes; rape is unpardonable until the resurrection.

The ninth section prescribes the ceremony of purification styled the *Barashnom*, which is to be performed upon the stones, arranged in a peculiar manner, and by washing the body with water and cow's urine, and by other proceedings. The tenth section informs us what words are to be used, and how, in order to exorcise evil spirits. The eleventh informs us how all things may be hallowed by pronouncing certain words. The twelfth regulates the services and prayers for the dead. The angel Dáhman receives departed spirits from the hands of Sarosh, the guardian of the just, and conducts them to the realms of bliss. This section concludes with cautions against the two-footed devil Ashmog. The thirteenth section is a rhapsody on the dog, describes his virtues and his vices, and prescribes penalties for ill-using him.

The fourteenth continues the praises of the canine race, and inflicts the following punishment on the person who strikes a water-dog: he is to receive 10,000 stripes, carry 10,000 bundles of dry wood, and the same quantity of soft wood, to the sacred fire; furnish 10,000 barsams (splittings of a tree); 10,000 pure zors of pure hom (juice of a tree); kill 10,000 crawling reptiles; and 10,000 of the form of a dog, 10,000 turtles, 10,000 land frogs, 10,000 water frogs, 10,000 ants which drag the grain, and 10,000 stinging ants, 10,000 blood-suckers, and 10,000 stinging flies; take out 10,000 impure stones from the ground; honor the fire of the twice seven kinds; present to the priest the instruments of his craft; and to the soldier the instruments of his craft; present gifts to the agriculturist; and a field, a virgin of fifteen years of age with golden ornaments, fourteen goats, and fourteen whelps to pure men or priests! and all this for striking a water-dog!! And if he fail in any particular he must go to the abode of the devils! The fifteenth section also protects dogs by ordaining the penalty of death for feeding them with hard bones, or too hot food, or killing them under certain conditions. The same penalty is inflicted for praising a foreign religion, and committing certain offences with women.

The sixteenth treats of the purification of women. The seventeenth relates to the two *crimes* of pulling hairs out of

the head or cutting them off, and cutting the nails without observing the prescribed ceremonies. The eighteenth prescribes the dress of a priest; describes the destruction and mortality occasioned by the devil; the morning occupation of the bird Paródars; the cravings of Fire; the feeding of the bird of Paródars, and the conversation between Sarosh and the devil Hashem. It also prescribes atonements for certain intimacies with women. The nineteenth tells us how Zoroaster encountered the devil, and how he was informed as to the method of destroying his works; how the Izashné is to be performed; how a defiled person may be purified; who shall have part of the resurrection, which takes place on the third day after death, when men will receive their judgment; the pure going into lofty regions, prepared by Ormuzd; the impure into darkness and hell. The twentieth section is devoted to the praise of Iamshid. The twenty-first recommends the worship of the exalted bull, and describes its influence on rain. In the twenty-second, and last, Ormuzd contrasts himself with Ahriman; describes the creation of Ahriman, the mission of Zoroaster, and how he was instructed to perform the great service of the Nirang-Din, or purification with cow's urine, by which all evil, natural and moral, evil passions, disease and death, will be removed.

Such are the contents of the principal sacred book of the disciples of Zoroaster, amounting to such a farrago of absurdities and puerilities as is without an equal. No wonder that Prideaux, Rollin, and others, thought that "Zoroaster, with the exception of Mohammed, was the greatest impostor that ever lived;" and that Sir William Jones, in his satirical letter to Anquetil Duperrah, says: "Either Zoroaster had not common sense, or he did not write the book which you attribute to him."* Nevertheless, Zoroaster taught that the first principle of all things was "time without bounds," or eternity; and that God is infinity of time and space. Also that Armuzd, the principle of good, and Ahriman, the principle of evil, were produced from all eternity, each of them possessed of the power of creation, and exercising it with

* Wilson's *Parsee Religion*, p. 64.

different designs: the one eternally absorbed in light, the other in darkness.* He also taught the resurrection and the immortality of the spirit, and recommended the worship of fire as typical of the brightness and power of God. His disciples sacrificed on the highest mountains of the sun, the moon, the earth, fire, water, and the wind; and, in later ages, to Venus.† A very curious account of the fire worship of the Ghebers of Persia will be found in the celebrated English traveler Jonas Hanway's *Historical Account of the British Trade over the Caspian* (vol. 1, p. 263, 264).

The success of modern comparative philology has no where been more fully illustrated than in the researches of Spiegel, Rask, Burnouf, Bopp, Grimm, Müller, Rawlinson, Hinckes, and others, within the last fifty years, into the construction of the Sanskrit, Zend, Persian, and their cognate languages. To the inductive method employed by these illustrious and laborious scholars we owe a vast accumulation of knowledge not dreamed of a hundred years ago. By the deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions on the monumental remains of ancient Assyria and Persia, the world has become possessed of a key to the history of those nations. The result of these brilliant investigations has been to place before the world contemporaneous documents of three periods of Persian language, deciphered, translated, and explained. We have the language of the Zoroastrians, or the Persians who lived in the times preceding the reign of Cyrus; the language of the Achœmenians, or that of the successors of Cyrus; and the language of the Sassanians, the last native dynasty prior to the conquest of Persia by the Arabs. Mr. Max Müller‡ has given a very interesting summary of the labors of the great scholars above mentioned, and of the present state of our knowledge of Oriental languages, and the authorship of the Vedas, the Zend-Avestá, and other books. He does not set much value on the labors of Auquetil Duperron, who was the first to translate the Zend-Avestá. Rask was the first to

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* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. I., chap. 8.

† Taylor's Translation of *Herodotus*, pp. 65, 67, 68.

‡ *Chips.* Art. Zend Avestá.

analyze that work scientifically. He proved that the Zend language was not corrupted Sanskrit, as had been supposed, but that it differed from it as Greek, Latin, or Lithuanian differed from one another, and from the Sanskrit; that the modern Persian was really derived from Zend, as Italian was from Latin; and that the Avestá, or the works of Zoroaster, must have been reduced to writing at least previously to the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great. Burnouf and Bopp have shown that Zend is nearer to Sanskrit than any other Indo-European language is. Many Zend words can be re-translated into Sanskrit simply by changing the Zend letters into their corresponding Sanskrit forms. The Sanskrit S, for instance, is represented by the Zend N, a change analagous to that of an original S into the Greek aspirate, only that in Greek this change is not general. Thus the name *hapta hendu*, which occurs in the Avestá, becomes intelligible if we re-translate the Zend N into the Sanskrit S; when it becomes *sapta sindhu* (the seven rivers), which is the ancient name given to India in the Vedas, which name is derived from the five rivers of the Punjâb, together with the Indus and the Sarasvatî. The numerals are the same in both languages up to 100. Gods, unknown to any Indo-European nation, are worshipped under the same in Sanskrit and Zend. The latter language exhibits grammatical features of a more primitive character than the former does; and where this is the case, the language of the Vedas shows the same difference from the later Sanskrit, and has preserved the same primitive and irregular form as the Zend.

From these and other facts Mr. Müller concludes that the Zoroastrians had been settled in India *before* they immigrated into Persia; but his evidence does not apply to the nations of Persia and Media in general. He asserts that the fact that the Zoroastrians started from India during the Vaidik (or Veda) period can be proved as distinctly as that the inhabitants of Maesilia (Marseilles) started from Greece. This carries the origin of the religionists back to at least 1200 years before the Christian era. This discovery throws considerable doubt over the authorship of the Zend Avestá. It

has been already stated that the era commonly assigned to Zoroaster is that of Darius Hystaspes (B. C. 521–485); but it is evident from the different styles of language in the Zend-Avestá that the work must have been composed at various epochs. Spiegel states, as the results of his last researches, that the second part of the Yesna must be considered the most ancient, but that this could not have been composed by Zoroaster himself, since he is mentioned in it as the third person, and everything connected with it intimates that neither he nor his disciple Gushtasp (Hystaspes) was alive.*

What then becomes of the so-called writings of Zoroaster? Mr. Müller thinks that the tenets of that great teacher were delivered orally, and handed down by oral tradition through the medium of a learned priesthood. He states that there are no facts to prove that the text of the Avestá, in the shape in which the Parsees of Bombay and Yezd now possess it, was committed to writing previous to the accession of the Sassanian dynasty (A. D. 226). After that period it was subjected to several translations into Vehlevi or Huzvaresh, the language of Zarathustra or Zoroaster having already suffered changes, so that the ideas of the Avestá were no longer fully understood even by the learned. We may, perhaps, infer that the doctrines of Zoroaster had been committed to writing before the time of Alexander the Great, for that conqueror is said to have destroyed the books of the Zoroastrians, and Hernippus of Alexandria is said to have read them. But whether on the revival of the Persian religion and literature, that is to say, 500 years after Alexander, the works of Zoroaster were collected and restored from extant manuscripts, or from oral tradition, must remain uncertain. It is a singular fact that at the present day many Parsees, who can neither read nor write, use hymns and prayers which they do not understand, but the language of which an experienced scholar readily detects as ancient Zend.

Spiegel assigns the second place, in point of antiquity, to the Vandidád. He does not believe that the book was originally composed as it now stands: it has suffered both earlier and

* *Chips*, p. 88, n.

later interpolations: still its present form may be traced to a very considerable antiquity. This is proved by its contents, which distinctly show that the sacred literature was not yet completed.* He considers the first part of the Yasna and the whole of the Yashts to be the most recent compositions; in them the separate divinities have their attributes and titles dogmatically fixed. In the oldest portion of the Zend-Avestá, that is, the Yesza, nothing is fixed in the doctrines regarding God. In the second, that is, the Vandidád, the doctrines have advanced to a mild and scientific system of theology. But out of this in the last place there springs the stern and intolerant religion of the Sassanian epoch.

From the religion of the Parsees we turn to their religious ceremonies and customs. They have several annual festivals. The first is the "Pappati," or New-year's day. This day is celebrated in honor of Yezdejird, the last king of the Sassanide dynasty, who was dethroned by the Arabs under Omar, about the year A. D. 640. He fled from Persia; and, after wandering in solitude and disguise for ten years, was at last treacherously slain by a miller, to whom the secret of his identity had been confided. Hence the Persian proverb "a miller's trust." The ancient Persians reckoned a new era from the accession of each successive monarch; but as Yezdejird had no successor, the date of his accession to the throne has been brought down to the present time, thus making their current year 1238. In their computation the year has 365 days; the leap year is unknown to them, though there are records which prove that in every 120 years one month was added to the period to correspond with the solar year. The year is divided into twelve months of thirty days each, and five days, or "gatkas" are added at the end to make up the deficiency.

On new year's day the Parsees rise early, and dress themselves in new suits of clothes, and those piously disposed say their prayers in their private residences, or attend the fire-temples, where a large congregation is gathered. After prayers the Parsees visit their friends and

* *Ibid*, p. 89, n.

relations, when the *Hamma-i-jour*, joining of hands is performed. This ceremony is a sort of greeting, corresponding to the European fashion of wishing each other a happy new year. Their friends and relations are invited to breakfast. After breakfast they spend the day in their country houses and clubs, where feasting, rejoicing, and watch-parties are kept up till a late hour. Alms are also given to the poor in the course of the day, and new suits of clothes are presented to servants and dependents.

The second festival is the "Khordad-Sal," or anniversary of the birth of Zoroaster, who, they suppose, was born about the year B. C. 520. This is followed the next day by the "Amardad-Sal," which is merely a continuation of the Khordad. There are no religious ceremonies, and the day is spent in enjoyment.

The fourth festival is the "Furrohurdin Iasan," or performance of ceremonies for the dead. The Parsees are enjoined by their religion to preserve the memory of their dead by annual religious ceremonies performed in the house; and such of their friends as die on a voyage, or in unknown places, the date of whose death can not be positively ascertained, are honored by sacred rites on this day.

The fifth festival is that of "Ardibehesht Iasan," in honor of Ardibehesht, the Amshaspond, or controlling angel of the sacred fire. The fire temples are crowded on this day, and prayers are offered to the Supreme Deity.

The sixth is the "Newroz-i-Iamshid," or "Newroz-i-Sultan" (the king's day). This generally falls on the 21st of March, and is coeval with our vernal equinox. It is a day observed by many Asiatic nations for the computation of the solar year, the collection of revenue, and the arrangement of agricultural operations for the year. This festival is supposed to owe its origin to Iamshid, who is said to have lived 3,200 years before Christ. It is kept up by the Persians for several days with great pomp, but the Parsees simply observe it as a day of rejoicing.

The seventh is the "Ava Ardui Sur Iasan," a festival in honor of Ava, the angel who presides over the sea. On this day the Parsees are required to approach the sea-shore, or

any stream of water, and chant the prayers which are written in Zend; but to this they have added many Hindoo rites—such as offering flowers, cocoanuts, sugar, &c., to the sea. In Bombay a fair is held, on the esplanade, in honor this festival.

The eighth is the "Addar Iasan," or festival of fire. Addar is the name of the ninth month of the Parsee year. This month is the most religious of all the months, and the ninth day of that month is held in great respect and sanctity. On this day the fire temples are very much crowded, and offerings of sandal-wood are made to the sacred flame, and money distributed among the priests.

There are a few other festivals of minor importance; but the concluding ceremony is the *Moohtads*, which is performed at the end of the Parsee year. It consists of a pile of brass or silver vessels, filled with water and raised above the ground on iron stools. Flowers and fruits are placed there, and religious ceremonies in honor of the dead are performed before the *Moohtads*, or vessels. A society for religious reform, which has been lately established among the Parsees, has denounced this ceremony in no respectful terms: for, according to the tracts published by the society, the Parsee scriptures only require that the last ten days of the year should be spent in deeds of charity, prayers, and freedom from worldly pursuits; and they condemn the use of brass and silver vessels, &c., as having been borrowed entirely from the Hindoos.*

Having disposed of the religion and religious festivals of the Parsees, we proceed to notice their domestic life. When an infant is born it is introduced into the world on the ground-floor of the house, to which the mother is conveyed as soon as her time has come. She remains there forty days after the birth of the child; then she undergoes the ceremony of purification, and is allowed to appear in the family as before. Mr. Framjee gives the following particulars as to the curious practices which follow the birth of a child among the Parsees. He says: "For five days after the birth of a

* Framjee's *Parsees*, pp. 60, 63.

child the mother is fed simply with conjee, or other light food, and the infant is sustained chiefly by sugar and water, given to it by means of a wick. The exact period of birth is carefully noted down, and five days after the event, or as soon as convenient, an astrologer is invited, who is either a Brahmin or a Parsee priest, to cast the nativity of the child. He begins by drawing on a wooden board a set of hieroglyphics in chalk, and his dexterity in counting and recounting the stars, under whose region or influence the child is declared to be born, is marvelled at by the superstitious creatures thronging around him. All the relatives of the child press forward to hear the astrologer predict its future life and prospects. He has first, however, to enumerate the names which the child may bear, and the parents have the right to make choice of one of them." It is right to add that the Parsee men, especially the educated ones, laugh at the whole affair; but the women are not yet sufficiently advanced to be conscious of its folly.

The Parsees take great pride in extravagantly dressing and adorning their children, but they do it with great taste. The usual costume of a child is a single, loose shirt, extending from the neck to the ankles, and through which the head and arms are passed. This *jubhla*, as it is called, is embroidered with gold and silver lace. The *topee*, or skull cap, covers the head and completes the dress. When the child is six years old the *jubhla* is thrown off; certain ablutions and ceremonies take place in the presence of the *dastoor*, or high priest, who pronounces a benediction at the close of them, and the child is then invested with the *sudra*, or linen gauze dress, fastened around the waist by the *kusti*, a thin woollen cord of seventy-two threads, representing the seventy-two chapters of the sacred book Izashné. The *kusti* is passed round the waist three times, and tied with four knots, during the chanting of a hymn. At the first knot the person says, "There is only one God, and no other is to be compared with him." At the second he says, "The religion given by Zurtosht is true." At the third, "Zurtosht is the true prophet, and he derived his mission from God." At the fourth and last, "Perform good actions, and abstain from evil ones."

The house costume of a Parsee consists of a long muslin shirt (*sudra*) and girdle, with a vest of white cloth or chintz, loose trousers of cotton, slippers, and silk skull-cap. When he goes out he puts on a loose ungirded tunic over the muslin shirt, with sleeves twice the length of the arm and folded above the wrist; also, a turban of a beautiful pattern, and generally of a dark chocolate color. The rich wear silk trousers, stockings and English shoes. The priests dress in like manner, excepting that they wear white turbans. The women are generally graceful and well formed, fair in complexion, and of pleasing countenance. They conceal their hair under a thin piece of white linen; the hair is gathered into a bunch at the back of the head and tied with the ends of the linen. They wear the *sudra*, the *pusti* and silk trousers. Their outer dress is several yards in length, and is generally of bright colored silk or satin, embroidered, or fringed with gold lace. It is folded round the waist, covering the lower limbs, and the remainder is gracefully thrown over the head, from which it falls upon the right arm. Under it they wear a silk vest with short sleeves. They are very fond of jewelry, necklaces, bracelets and anklets. The rich ladies wear nose-rings, composed of three large pearls with an emerald pendant, and baugles of pearls. Their slippers are often embroidered with pearls.

The Parsees of the present day closely follow English manners and modes of living, and have adopted modern improvements in their houses. Formerly they sat on the ground at their meals like the Hindoos, and took their food out of one large brazen dish, on which the viands were spread in confusion, or on a plantain leaf; but now they dine exactly as the English do. They have three meals a day. Their breakfast usually consists of tea, bread and butter and eggs. In the middle of the day they dine, and have meat, fish and vegetables, rice, and curry. Tea is drunk in the afternoon; and between eight and ten in the evening they sup. This supper is the substantial meal of the day, and wines are then consumed in large quantities by those who can afford them; but the Parsees drink no intoxicating liquors during the day. They are enjoined by their religion

to say grace before each meal. The males eat apart from the females, and sometimes each individual eats apart. This custom is derived from the Hindoos, for the Persian ancestors of the Parsees not only dined with their mothers, wives, and sisters, but took their ladies out with them to feasts. The leading Parsees, however, are reviving this ancient practice. The Parsee ladies are not seen in society, but they have entire liberty in the house. The sons, after marriage, do not live separately from their parents, and hence it is common to see great-grandfathers and great-grandchil- in the same house; hence, also, a Parsee family is always large; Sir Iamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's numbers upwards of one hundred individuals.

Formerly it was the custom among the Parsees to betroth their children at a very early age and bring about early marriages; but this practice is fast disappearing. The priests are the great match-makers, and they employ astrology in furtherance of their schemes. The betrothal is a very simple affair. The parents of the boy present a dress to the girl, and those of the girl give one to the boy. This exchange of presents make the marriage contract complete and it cannot then be dissolved. The wedding may take place at any time afterward; but it is usual for the astrologer to name the "fortunate" day. The wedding is a very grand affair, according to the means of the parties. The ceremony takes place in the evening in the presence of the guests. The whole of the bridegroom's party, male and female, repair to the house of the bride with music and priests, and the ceremony takes place in the bride's house. Presents are then distributed, and the bridegroom and his party retire. Then the supper is served, and the health of the newly married couple is drunk.

The Parsees, unlike the Hindoos, allow widows to marry; but they strictly prohibit bigamy. The penalties for this offence are very severe. The ceremonies at death are peculiar. The dying man is washed and dressed in clean clothes. The priests then pronounce sundry texts of the Zend Avesta, in which the dying man joins if he can; if he cannot his nearest male relative does it for him. After death the body

is wrapped in clean clothes and placed on an oblong piece of polished stone, which is laid on the floor. The female members and relations of the family then sit down together on a carpet spread in the same room in which the body is placed, the men sitting on benches on the veranda of the house. If the death takes place at night the body is kept in the house until the next morning; but if it happens during the day it is removed to its resting place in the evening. It is placed in an iron bier by the corpse-bearers; then two priests stand facing the corpse and recite, in ancient Zend, which few now understand, a certain part of the Izeshné, a sort of funeral sermon. The body is then carried to the Tower of Silence, which is erected in a solitary place, and generally upon a mountain. The male relatives and friends follow, and at the close of the procession the face of the corpse is uncovered for a few minutes that all may take a last look at it, and the whole assembly bow to it. After this the corpse is deposited in the tower and exposed to the birds, who soon strip it of flesh; the bones then fall through an iron grating into a pit beneath, from which they are afterwards removed into a subterranean entrance made for the purpose. On the fourth day after this a solemn feast for the dead takes place, and the women wear mourning from three to thirty days, according to their pleasure or convenience.

The affairs of the Parsee community, after their expatriation from Persia, seem generally to have been managed by a *punchayet*, or council of five, selected from among their wisest men. We have no record of the early history of this body, and are in ignorance as to what laws it was guided by in its early existence. It was a court of justice, and its decisions were never disputed. Any one refusing to obey them was excommunicated, and his co-religionists held no further intercourse with him. He could not attend the fire temples, nor receive the rites of Parsee burial. This state of affairs lasted until about the middle of the 18th century, when the *punchayet* found they could no longer rule their countrymen effectually. In 1778 they petitioned the British governor of Bombay for legal power to inflict punishment by beating with the shoe. This was granted. But about eight years

afterwards violent disputes arose between the priests and the people on the subject of marriage, the former claiming the right to marry the daughters of the latter, and prohibiting their own daughters from marrying a commoner. The matter was referred to three English Commissioners, who, after a lengthened investigation, recommended a reconstruction and reform of the *punchayet*. Accordingly it was changed into a council of twelve by the British Government in 1787. And this council continued to act until all the original members had died off. It was reconstructed in 1818, but somehow fell into contempt. In 1838 the Parsees applied to the legislative council of India for fresh powers and for the alteration of the laws relating to the inheritance of property. This application proved unsuccessful. At last, on the 20th of August, 1855, a public meeting was held in one of the fire temples for the purpose of adopting measures for declaring the laws which shall be binding upon the professors of the Zoroastrian faith. The meeting appointed a committee of 150 gentlemen to draft a code, and these, again, selected by ballot a sub-committee of 20 to carry out the work. After a time these gentlemen completed their labors. The laws were drafted, and subsequently accepted by the Parsees; and according to it they now govern themselves. We may conclude by observing that the Parsee merchants are esteemed throughout the commercial world for their integrity, enterprise, wealth, and public spirit. They have been among the foremost to promote the development of the resources of India, and as they own all their prosperity to the Government of England they are her most loyal adherents.

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ART. IV.—1. *An Essay on the principle of Population, or a view of its past and present effects on human happiness.* By T. R. MALTHUS.

2. *An Inquiry concerning the power of increase in the numbers of mankind.* By WILLIAM GODWIN.

3. *The principles of Population and their connection with human happiness.* By ARCHIBALD ALISON.

The causes of the increase or diminution of population involve all the elements affecting human well-being — extending through the entire range of political economy. So vast a subject can be fully discussed only in an elaborate treatise. It is questionable if it can be reduced into a simple elementary form. The most useful method is to single out salient incidents of principal consequence, to develop the effect whether injurious or otherwise, and if the former, to inquire for a remedy. We propose to notice some prominent topics, without attempting an exhaustive review of the whole subject.

I. What is excessive population? This is not determined by ascertaining how many can be provided with the necessaries of life. A population may be excessive, although there should be sufficient physical sustenance. This world is not a mere *anthropopoion*, a vast inclosure for the raising of man stock. It is true there is successive propagation, which, taken in all past ages, has already swelled to the infinite, and cannot be expressed by arithmetical notation. But there are manifest purposes of our existence other than merely to be transplanted like seedlings to another state. Character is to be formed here, passions to be developed and put under restraint, the faculties of the soul to be increased and prepared for higher functions, and social life to be gradually refined and elevated by the interfusion of noble qualities wrought out in individual experiences.

Hume's doctrine, that in the economy of human life there is a singular absence of provision for our happiness—all the arrangements being such as merely to ensure re-production—is applicable only to such populations as are in excess of what can be provided for beyond mere physical wants. The greatest drawback in the condition of the mass of a people is the unequal distribution of the means of enjoyment. When property is in the hands of a few, the rest of the community are without independence, and therefore subject to the discomforts and vices of a menial state. The feudal lords of the middle ages had a large number of retainers, who had nothing but their food

and scanty clothing. The moral state of these dependents can be estimated by the record we have in English history of *Villeinage*, and yet the peasantry in England were superior to any other in Europe.*

In Italy, under Roman rule, when the lands were appropriated by a small number of citizens, a populace was created which had no regular employment, and thence it came that provision had to be made for them by the gratuitous distribution of bread in the city of Rome—the number of recipients in the time of Augustus being 200,000, supposed to be male adults, but unmarried. The vice that prevailed in the city beyond what was ever seen before or since was a natural result. Of course it was a check to the increase of free citizens, for there would have been an inadequate supply of food, yet at an earlier period when there was less inequality in the proprietorship of lands, a much larger population was maintained. Seven acres was an ordinary farm in the earlier days of the Republic. Paulus Æmilius lived on one not larger, and had, besides his own family, one or two sons-in-law, with their children. The number of men called into military service in the second Carthaginian war is almost incredible when we bear in mind that the Roman armies were then composed of substantial citizens.

Again, there may be an industrial class, as the operatives in modern manufacturing populations, far more numerous than the peasantry of former ages, when each nation had to depend upon its own agriculture for support—greater facility of exchange now enables one nation to purchase of another its surplus food. Thus England at the present time sustains a population far exceeding what it can provide for by its own agricultural products—the deficiency being made up by importations

* *Villeinage* was originally a sort of slavery—villeins being either attached to a manor and sold with it, or to the person of the lord, who could dispose of them by deed. They were not included in the provision of Magna Charta against oppression. "Nullus *liber* homo capiatur," &c. Even the class above this lowest one, viz.: such as were qualified to take part in the business of the county courts as jurors, &c., appear to have been mean as compared with the commonalty of the present day, as may be judged from the process of *attaint* for a false verdict, which was frequent, and the *wager of law*, that is the production of compurgators by a defendant to swear that they believed the defence to be true. Yet Fortiscue says, that in France there was no trial by jury, because there could not be found competent persons to serve as there were in England. *De Laud. Angl.*

from other countries more sparsely peopled—but it has become the most difficult problem of political economy in that country, what can be done to check the downward tendency of this crowded and uncultivated part of the people, or rather how to elevate them from their present state of privation and consequent abasement, intellectual and moral.

It is not impossible to impart education to the densest population—that is to say, such education as is furnished in schools—but there will necessarily be an absence of all that important part of culture which belongs to the privacy of domestic life and solitary reflection. The Chinese are educated so far as they can be in the ceaseless stir and din of humanity brought into the closest contact; they can generally read and write, and have mechanical handicraft, so far as depends upon mere imitative manipulation, but they are deficient in independent thought and originality, or rather individuality of character, and are chiefly noted for general uniformity in low propensities. We rely for this estimate chiefly upon the testimony of Huc, who has, upon the whole, analyzed the Chinese character with a more extended observation than any other writer. According to his report venality prevails in public office and falsehood in private dealings. More recently, since emigration from China to California has been going on, we have had an opportunity of observing their habits more closely. It is said that those employed in mining and the construction of railroads are industrious, frugal, and temperate. This would seem to show that the vices they are charged with in their own country may in a great measure have grown out of their over-crowded condition. It may be that better qualities will be permanently displayed in this new field, where so much greater encouragement is offered for upright dealing; but we cannot avoid serious misgiving in anticipating what may be the consequence of an unchecked flow of the surplus of that densely populated region, whether it shall overwhelm the numerically inferior race and give to the aggregate an Asiatic type, or whether our superior intelligence shall be adequate to transmute the Chinese imitativeness into American free thought. One defect there is in the Chinese which is of the gravest account, viz.: the entire

absence of religious ideas. The evangelizing of those who have come among us is as yet unpromising.*

The increased facilities in Europe and our own country for gaining information must have some tendency to elevate the laboring class; but it is questionable whether newspapers and the lighter periodicals, while they serve to enliven their minds, constitute a healthful stimulant; whether, on the contrary, they may not be to the weak mental organism like the dangerous resort to opiates and alcohol for the relief of the care-worn body. It cannot be said that we have any selfish object in making this remark, since our journal has no support to expect from that class. Excess of labor or privation, the want of proper recreation, the dearth of cheering hope in the future, enfeeble the intellect and moral nature. The wild vagaries of the morbid minds are most congenial to the toil worn, as may be seen in the marvellous circulation of the sensational class of publications in England. A like circulation is seen in our own country; but here, in place of the monotonous manual toil of the English laborers, there is the gadding eagerness in pursuit of a better condition, the effect of which is to make life restless, to curtail innocent recreation, and to impair vigor of mind, save in one direction, to which it is wholly turned.

A hypostasis complete in its conditions of happiness for an entire community was never yet realized, perhaps in the nature of things is impossible. The greater part of the experience of mankind has been an effort to secure the advantage of a limited number, an aristocracy either by hereditary rank or wealth,† without regard to the condition of the many, or rather by the sacrifice of the personal rights of the latter. The greater or

* The estimate by our American missionaries is more favorable as to the intellectual character of the Chinese, and the hope of religious impression being made upon them; but the recent comprehensive examination by *Edkins* of their three religions, the Confucian, the Taou-Kia, and Buddhism, confirms what we have said of the absence of spiritual ideas, in our sense of the term, from the Chinese mind. See Edkins' *Religious Condition of Chinese*, 1859.

† According to Aristotle's definition the *αριστοι* and *ολιγοι*, men of ability and men of wealth (Polit. B. 2), but men of ability have usually been those who had rank; it is only in a rude state of society that mere brute strength could acquire leadership. Where laws have been established and civil order prevails weight of character will have pre-eminence, and this will belong in the greatest measure to that class, who have ancestral distinction and the prestige which grows out of the habit of command.

less number of the privileged class have determined, relatively, the beneficial character of the government; but whatever the number, a common people uniformly have been left unprovided for in respect to much that is essential to the proper use and enjoyment of life. The free city of Athens, so called in comparison with other states which were more proscriptive of the plebeian element, invested less than a third, or even a fourth, of its male population with the franchises of citizenship; the rest were slaves or aliens.* In the Roman *comitia* suffrage was allowed to a populace that for the most part was destitute of habitations fitted for domestic life, and of means of enjoyment except what was provided at public expense, the *circus*, *baths*, &c. Yet there was a class still below them, *libertini*, who had been manumitted from slavery, but had not received citizenship; *aliens*, who, however, more easily obtained citizenship than at Athens, and, lastly, *slaves*, who were imported chiefly from Asia. The 200,000 pauper citizens of Rome, it is not likely, were possessed of fixed habitations, or at all events, of anything more than merely places for sleeping. During the day they were in the courts, or public assemblies, or places of amusement. Manual labor was left to slaves, intercourse with *libertinæ* and female slaves was unrestrained, and the moral character of the *Plebs* was probably upon a par with that of the Asiatic slaves. Infanticide was of course common, and was not prohibited by law.†

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* In a population at Athens which has been variously estimated from 400,000 to 1,000,000, there were during the Peloponnesian war probably 21,000 free male citizens, who, with their families (allowing five to a family, according to the common method of computation), would have made upwards of 100,000. Aliens were a numerous class—all being so held whose father or mother was an alien—but in great emergencies citizenship was conferred upon many aliens and slaves for the purpose of providing for military and naval service—only citizens being competent to serve.

† When the freedom of the city (that is the rights of citizens of Rome) was extended to Italian cities and to Gaul, there must have been a vast increase of profligacy by the confluence of a crowd of provincials to the elections, while there must have been an abuse of the franchise to an incalculable extent from the difficulty of distinguishing slaves and aliens from citizens. The extension of suffrage would have added strength to the government had there been any proper idea of representation and the provincial cities been permitted to vote within their own municipalities. The demand by the Italian cities to participation in the government of the republic was just, and the concession of the right at the termination of the Italic or social war, secured a promise of future peace and order, but was in fact followed by civil disturbances and wars that ended in the overthrow of the republic.

The democractic principle which has been practically developed in our own country, and is maintained in England by political theorists, is entire equality of rights. Till the late rebellion there was indeed an inconsistency with the professed principle in the retention of slavery in some of the states, and there is still a marked distinction of political ethics growing out of pre-existing habit and mode of thought, the consequence of that incongruous condition — the arrogance of the former master and the contempt of labor heretofore assigned to menials being yet dominant in the late slave states.

The principle of equality is, however, fallacious. It operates as a reversal of the old regime, and a substitution of the poor in place of the rich as the more favored class. This effect was observed by Aristotle. "An *aristocracy*," he says, "is liable to be converted into an *oligarchy* which regards only the rich, a free state into a democracy which regards only the poor."* To counteract such tendency checks are required, and we have none. The will of a majority of the people is absolute. Even the restraint attempted by the adoption of constitutions is subject to being abrogated by a popular vote, there is only a certain formality to be gone through, which in a time of vehement commotion may be disregarded.

Universal suffrage invests power in the numerical majority, which consists of the more ignorant and poorer class of the community. Again, it is a fallacy to suppose that by equal regard to the whole the welfare of the community will be equally provided for. On the contrary the level, if attained at all, would be likely to be attained by curtailing one class of its educational and social superiority, instead of bringing up the other to a higher standard. Thus there would result universal mediocrity, which, if it could be of a proper grade, might not *per se* be unfavorable; but it is impossible in a populous country that there can be such a condition. Inequality must exist, and the levelling process, if attempted to be carried out, must inevtiably end in the voluntary transfer of power by a demoralized community to some popular and unscrupulous leader.

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* Polit. B., iii., c. 7.

Increase of population is not necessarily indicative of real prosperity, even if there should be corresponding increase of wealth. Substantial good is best promoted by the maintenance of individuality and self-respect, and this is impracticable in the perpetual intermingling of human beings, so that distinction of thought and consciousness is lost.* The populousness of large cities presses chiefly upon the lower class. The rich have it in their power to secure such privacy as suits them; but to the closely crowded poor there is no escape from the oppressive magnetism of companions always present—often unwelcome.

On the other hand, there is a disadvantage in the stationary condition. If the resources of a people remain the same they will be likely to continue in the same hands, that is in the hands of those who have property and their descendants. Little opportunity will be found for successful enterprize; a stagnation from the want of incentive to exertion will be apt, therefore, to ensue. But it is hardly possible that such a state should exist for any considerable time with unchanging uniformity. Either population will advance, and then there will be strife of competition, which will result in the success of a few and impoverishment of the rest, or there will be a gradual decay of population, at least of the better sort, by reason of inadequate encouragement for the growth of families. Colonization was, in ancient states, the method of disposing of surplus citizens, so that the condition of those who remained was apparently unchanged. A similar process is now going on in European countries by emigration to America. This will probably continue many years, and to some extent obviate the pressure of excessive population.

In general, however, stationary wealth, or what is equivalent, an unvarying limit of production, is a restraint of increase in the middle and self-providing class, while in the lowest there will be improvident procreation or destructive licentiousness. The condition of most of the states of Europe during the last

* "A population," says Mill, "may be too crowded though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. * * Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character. *Polit. Econ.*, B. 4., c. 6.

three centuries has been nearer a proper equilibrium than was ever before realized. In the present century, since the close of the Napoleonic wars, there has, however, been a steady increase of population, which has been but partially restricted by emigration. The tendency is especially to the growth of cities. There has been a vast addition of manufacturing production; but the proportion of growth is still greater in a population wholly dependent upon labor.

II. What will operate to increase or diminish population? A law of general application is asserted by Malthus, that population will always come up to what can be provided for according to the habitual standard of comfort. A correlative of this law is, that the apprehension of exceeding that limit imposes a check, or, as he expresses it, the increase is restrained by fear of want rather than want itself. It is obvious that the condition by which this limit is imposed is not merely what amount can be produced from land, but also what personal security there is of enjoying it. The retainers of a feudal baron who were without individual ownership of property, and depended upon the will of their superior, could not safely rear families, or, at all events, not more numerous families than would be needed for services required by him. Again, in a territory like Syria, where a farmer is exposed to the risk of having his crops carried off by robbers from the desert, there is no motive to lay out much labor or expense; in fact, the greater the production the greater the risk of being plundered. This insecurity has depopulated that country to a limit far below what could be subsisted by proper cultivation, and what has in former times, under a better government, been actually maintained.* A like effect has been seen in Spain from the general exposure of every man of reputed wealth to the violent exactions of bandits who have long infested the entire country.† Industry is thereby

* It is singular that so large a population could ever have been maintained in Palestine and the adjoining countries as there must have been in the time of David. Wars were destructive, the country was often laid waste by inroads that on a larger scale were like the incursions of the Bedouins of the present time, and the conquered people, or a large proportion, were usually carried away as captives.

† Brigandage has prevailed more than 200 years in Spain. The state of things, as represented in Gil Blas, is almost identical with what is described by modern travellers. It is rather highway robbery than assaults upon dwel-

paralyzed, large estates in land are suffered to go to waste, and peasant labor is in little demand.

A still greater check to agriculture, and, consequently, to population, is when the government itself levies an undue proportion of what is produced, or when the system of collecting revenue is enforced in an arbitrary and oppressive manner. The population of Turkey is stationary at a limit much below what is maintained under well-regulated European governments, for the reason that the pashas are subject to very little restraint and have despotic power over life and property. The difference, however, is not so much numerically as in the comfort of the people. There is no middle class. Abject poverty is the condition of the great mass of the population, and utter stagnation of industrial production save what is necessary for bare subsistence. The Roman provinces, under the imperial government, were exhausted by taxation, the product of labor was so largely appropriated for the use of the government that it became necessary to enforce it by holding the principal men responsible for an entire community.* Population suffered a corresponding decrease, as may be inferred from imperfect statistics. The difference between Greece under the empire and Greece when it consisted of independent states is conclusive as to the condition of other Roman provinces.

With these and analagous modifications it doubtless holds true that population will always equal whatever can be supported. But what shall be the standard of support? Not, as has before been remarked, what will barely maintain life, as if men were to be classed with brute animals; but such a condition as is deemed the minimum of comfort. In England,

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ling houses, but the latter is usually guarded against by defences, when a residence was in the country far from any other; even in large towns it was, and is still, the usual mode to protect the entrance by a gate—the exterior is in fact a wall within which the yard and dwelling are contained.

* By the revenue laws every town (municipium) was assessed at a certain number of *capita* for which the municipality was responsible. The municipality was composed of *decurions*, who were nominally privileged citizens (*curiales*), but were in fact held to this condition involuntarily. A district of country was included in the assessment, from which it is to be inferred that lands were usually in large estates, the proprietors of which resided in the towns. The assessment was so oppressive that a large proportion of lands was left uncultivated, probably abandoned, in order to escape from the burden. The capitation was by an imperial decree in some instances reduced. Gibbon, c. 17.

whether it be owing to climate or to hereditary vigor, a more generous diet has always been deemed necessary than in France, and therefore families would not be brought up in the former under a pressure of poverty that would be no bar in the latter. The destitution in Ireland is even greater than in France, and it would naturally be expected, therefore, that population would fall away; but here comes in another modification, that when the standard is at the lowest possible point, and no prospect of improvement, there is an abandonment of all regard to consequences.* The effect is an increase beyond what is consistent with sanitary laws. Diseases resulting from privation carry off a large proportion in infancy. Pestilence and famine occurring at intervals sweep away old and young beyond the average which can be supported with a due regard to the conditions of health. In countries where the state of society is badly regulated the inordinate increase of the lowest class has always been thus curtailed. The same principle operates in populous cities. A greater proportion die in infancy. It is the poorer class that chiefly suffer—the well-conditioned probably enjoy a degree of health equal to the highest standard in the country.

Hardships such as are incident to slavery, or to a servile condition like that of *villeins*, formerly in England, and the boors, *traals* and serfs of other parts of Europe, tended to restrict population, but more especially has this been the case where one people have become dominant over another and feebler race. When the Spaniards first landed in Hayti it is supposed that there were a million of inhabitants, but by the severe labor and exposure to which they were subjected the number diminished in fifteen years to 60,000, and in a short period after were exterminated. In Mexico and Peru it is estimated that 15,000,000 of human beings were destroyed in the process of settlement before a fixed government had been established. Slavery in our southern states was not destructive to life as it

* Mill has noticed the restraining effect of foresight having regard to what is deemed respectable. Many are acted upon by fear of losing what are considered the decencies of life—some in the middle class by a desire of improving their circumstances. This, however, does not operate upon the lowest class; they are content to bring up families to live as they have themselves—sometimes not even that, but rely upon chance or public charity.

has been in all past history, for the reason that, importation being prohibited, it became profitable to propagate for sale. In Italy, under the empire, the supply of slaves was furnished by continual importation; there was little propagation by the slaves themselves, probably because it was more expensive to rear them at home than to buy in the Eastern markets. Marriages, therefore, were not encouraged, and infanticide was common.

Vice is probably even a greater impediment to growth in population than poverty. In the city of Rome, under the imperial government, general licentiousness superseded marriages and the raising of families to such an extent that laws were enacted for the promotion of matrimony, but with little effect. The prevalence of similar immorality in Paris has not the same result, in consequence of the care of children of unknown parents at public expense. The design was to relieve poor mothers of illegitimate children, but no inquiry was made as to parentage. But foundling establishments have undoubtedly had the effect of increasing the vice whose consequences they were intended to alleviate. It is a great drawback also to the charity itself that a fearful mortality prevails among infants thus provided for, amounting probably to as large a proportion as would be sacrificed under the old practice of infanticide—though the actual number of illegitimate children is no doubt greater. In 1856 there were 120,000 foundlings in France under the age of 12 years, and 60,000 to 70,000 between 12 and 21. The annual number received into foundling hospitals is 25,000 to 30,000. The mortality is reported to be 52 per cent. under the age of 1 year, and 78 per cent. under the age of 12, while in the whole community 50 in 100 reach the age of 21.*

A like destruction of life in infancy, through want of proper care, is seen in the children of the poor, even when born in lawful wedlock. Malthus estimated that in London one-half of the children born die under the age of 3 years, in Vienna and Stockholm, under the age of 2. Perhaps he intended that one-half of the *deaths* were under those ages—even then it would exceed the

* It is said that 13 per cent. of male foundlings become convicts, or are imprisoned under the charge of crime; one-fifth of female foundlings become inmates of houses of prostitution. The number admitted into the foundling hospital of Paris in 1856 was 3,943.

present mortality. In the city of New York it is ascertained by exact statistics that about one-half of the deaths are under the age of *five*. By the United States census of 1860 it appears that the average through the entire country is 20.74 per cent. under the age of 1; 42.95 per cent. under the age of 5; but it is supposed that the enumeration of deaths is deficient, particularly of very young children. According to the returns the rate of general mortality is 1 in 79, whereas it is insisted that the real rate is equal to that in England, which is 1 in 44.*

Taking into account the comparative unhealthiness of the Atlantic coast south of the state of Delaware, and of the lower Mississippi, the proportion of infant mortality, it can hardly be doubted, is not less than one-half of all the deaths under the age of 5.

There has been of late years great improvement in the condition of the lower class, sanitary laws are better understood, and more attention is given to ventilation, cleanliness, and other essentials to health. This has in part been made necessary as a defence against pestilence, especially Asiatic cholera. Mortality has thereby been diminished, but in the same proportion population has increased and is becoming more crowded—that is to say, the class which has been thus relieved or better provided for. In fact, there is in all the charities of our time and the charitable disposition which has been developed in the entire community, a tendency to increase the evil of too rapid growth of that part of the population which is unable to provide for itself. Relief from the pressure of want soon creates a greater number that will need relief. On the same principle, when greater means of subsistence are required by sudden prosperity in trade, manufactures, or otherwise, while there is for a time greater apparent comfort, population speedily arrives at a point when pressure upon these enhanced means begins. So, also, extended cultivation of land furnishes one generation with a more ample support; but in the next generation there will be a greater number to be supported.†

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* Kennedy's *Prelim. Report on 8th Census.*

† Malthus says that uncultivated land has no effect either of injury or benefit to the poor. Enlarged cultivation will for a time be a benefit, but popula-

In British India protection of the people from the devastation suffered under former misrule, and the vastly increased intercommunication between the several parts of the country by roads, railways and canals, have had the effect of bringing about a large increase of agricultural production, and yet the prices of all products have risen, and there is a seeming scarcity of supply. The reason is that population has advanced in still greater ratio. Formerly war, famine and pestilence kept down excessive growth of population. The present scarcity or high prices of the necessaries of life cannot be understood by the natives; they superstitiously attribute it sometimes to the surveys of the lands for the designation of ownership or the construction of roads and other improvements, sometimes to the slaughter of cattle by the English, and they petitioned against the consumption of beef by the soldiers.*

The discussions at the recent social science convention in Birmingham (October, 1868) elicited some interesting facts and theories in relation to the late rapid increase of population in England. It was asserted by a Malthusian that such increase was confined to the lowest strata of society, whose prolificness was in exact proportion to their misery, and the remedy he proposed was a more energetic and thorough sanitary regulation of the physical condition of the poor by government agency. Another (Prof. Fawcett) insisted that high wages are no advantage to an ignorant population; it is only furnishing more money to be spent in sensual indulgences. Raise wages and there are more frequent marriages, an increase of population, and things are soon as bad as ever. This reasoning would go to show that in proportion as the circumstances of the lower class are made easy they will multiply, and thus, by numerical aggregation, press speedily beyond the limit of comfort to that of privation. Upon the same principle, relief by public charity tends to promote increase of the class from whom the extreme pressure of the struggle for subsistence is taken off, so that

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tion would soon come up to the same proportion; so far as land is not cultivated it is the same thing as having a smaller territory. *Prin. of Prop.*, v. 2, 210.

* *West. Rev.*, July, 1868, Art., "British Rule in India."

there must be a continual addition to the number relieved, or the pressure upon the whole class will necessarily return.

III. Public policy, in restraint of population—provision for the poor. It is the most difficult problem of political science how to regulate the relief from want as dictated by a law of humanity, and at the same time guard against such accumulation of the number to be relieved as to defeat the charity intended. The alternative method is either to leave them to entire dependence upon the superior class, or to require them to be self-supporting, and furnish no other aid than education and moral discipline.

1st. The former method assumes that the means from which support is to be derived are disproportionately appropriated by a few; if that state of things is to be maintained, the obligation necessarily results that these shall bestow sufficient for the actual subsistence of the many—that is to say, the necessaries of life. This is the theory which has been acted upon in England, and it must be conceded that in no other country has there been a more systematic and liberal provision for the poor than is exhibited in English legislation. At an early period religious institutions for the aid of the poor were largely endowed by government and invested with privileges in consideration of such professed object. Of this character were the monasteries and other charitable foundations; so also the church dignitaries in their corporate constituencies, their demesnes being deemed to be held under a pledge of furnishing alms and protecting the poor. But in the reign of Henry VIII. the monasteries were broken up under the pretext that vice was encouraged and the poor not provided for. Then succeeded the poor-laws, which became necessary for the support of the class that had hitherto received alms, or were entitled to such. The first statute (called the Vagrant Act) was based upon the assumption that idleness was a misdemeanor, and that all vagrants and needy persons should be set at work.* Edward VI. founded two

* King Henry, on presenting to parliament the form of the act which he wanted, said that the gaols must be rid by proclamation or by jury. "Sturdy beggars, and such prisoners as cannot be set at work, shall be set to work at the king's charge." * *. "Then if they fall to idleness, the idler shall be had before a justice of the peace, and his fault written. If he be taken idle again, he shall be known where his dwelling is,"—the second time to be burned in the hand; the third time to die for it. Froude, *Hist. of Eng.*, v. ii., p. 407.

hospitals for the relief of the impotent by reason of infancy or sickness, and a third (*bridewell*) for the punishment and employment of able-bodied vagrants. But these were found inadequate, and the statute 43 Elizabeth was enacted, which is the basis of the poor-laws that are now in force. By this it was directed that a fund should be raised in every parish for the relief of the poor who were not able to work, and to provide employment for such as were able-bodied but could not find work. The latter provision has never been efficiently carried out. The principle of furnishing work to the poor in their own habitations, which was had in view in the act, was undoubtedly sound, but it was not adhered to; the modern practice has been, with occasional alterations of other experiments, to bring into a work-house all that could not support themselves, and this is now forced by statute of 1834. The effect has been to take away self-respect from the poor thus relieved, and to establish a low pauperism, which is a heavy and increasing burden upon the community. Outside relief was formerly given to some extent, but it was found difficult, if not impossible, to obtain such careful attention as was necessary to insure a just discrimination. The expenditure for the poor at public charge has been, however, diminished about 40 per cent. under this law; but this probably has arisen from the fact that a large proportion of those needing assistance have rejected it with the condition of being removed to the poor-house.*

The English system has been generally adopted in this country—but the ease with which subsistence is earned leaves a very small public burden by taxation for the support of the poor, with the exception of some of the large cities, where emigrants from abroad are largely congregated.†

* The amount expended in 1818 for direct relief of the poor, was £7,870,801—in 1859, £5,586,689. Since 1861, it is estimated that the average had been about £5,000,000 annually. It should be understood, however, that there is a large expenditure beyond what directly reaches the persons provided for. The total expenditure in France in 1853, was $57,886,554, which included nearly $7,000,000 for pensions to soldiers, and other items that belonged to the civil list.

† Yet in the city of New York, which is the most burdened with foreign paupers, who constitute nine-tenths of the aggregate, the public charge is not more than one-half the average rate in England. A large additional amount is, however, bestowed through charitable institutions and individual agency.

In France the poor were formerly provided for in work-houses, and mendicancy was prohibited by law, though the law was not rigidly enforced. The present system is to provide for the infirm in hospitals; for the able-bodied at their homes or in work-houses. It is reported that in Holland there are 280,000 paupers in a population of about three and a half millions; in Belgium about 700,000 in a population of four and a half millions—being the largest proportion in Europe.

The other method of providing for the poor before referred to can be sustained only by a well-ordered and enlightened people. Education, such as is ordinarily obtained in schools, is not alone sufficient. In Prussia, education is more general than in any country of Europe, and yet it is asserted by Alison that the proportion of crime is also greater, for which he cites tabular statements of Malte Brun.*

More recent statistics may, perhaps, not sustain this assertion; it may be that a more complete record is kept in Prussia, and that the larger proportion is of petty offences. The proportion of the educated in Prussia is 1 in 7. In France 1 in 23; in Austria 1 in 15; (yet in the latter crime is said not to be one-fourth what there is in Prussia)—in England, (1816), 1 in 16; in Scotland 1 in 11. If the statement, however, be true, it must be accounted for by the rigid military system of Prussia, whereby all the youth are compelled to take their turn in public service, and are thus taken away from domestic influence at the most critical period of life. It appears to be well attested that suicides are of more frequent occurrence in Prussia than in any other country, not excepting even France. The want of religious influence is illustrated by this state of things. Free thinking is prevalent—there is neither superstition nor evangelical belief. Of course this remark is true only in its general application—it is not intended to say that religion is extinct, but that it has lost its hold of the public mind. There must be a virtuous training in the household. Christian doctrine, rightly applied, has the greatest power. If a community is properly instructed in religious truth, it will not be likely to be led away

* *Hist. of Europe*, v. 5, 15, *ib.* 7, 5.

by visionary or unprincipled men—which is the greatest danger to which the uneducated are exposed. Such self-respect, and the feeling of responsibility by every man to society, will have a tendency to insure habits of industry, and also a conscientious self-restraint, as to marriage and the raising of children. Mill insists that the only effectual check to reckless increase of population is the provident forethought which will result from education—that the producing of large families, without the means of support, would be restrained by public opinion holding it a disgrace, and he denounces the idea that a married man cannot be continent—that having or not having a family is not within a man's own control.*

There is more basis for another of his hypotheses, viz.: that women would not allow excess if supported by public opinion. It is not by the choice of the wife that families are too numerous; to be relieved from it would be hailed as a blessing by multitudes. The recent change of laws in this country as to the rights of married women in respect to property, has also to some extent modified their personal status; at all events, the principle upon which such partial change is founded necessarily involves greater personal freedom of the wife, though there has been no statutory abnegation of the common law except in the particular above mentioned.

Such self-restraint, however, as a reliable check upon improvidence, will require a large advance in intellectual and social culture. Luther asserted that sexual instinct could no more be resisted than the appetite for food. He referred, however, to entire abstinence. It may be moderated, but not wholly subjected.

At all events, such rational continence as should be entirely subject to prudent calculation, can be sustained only by the substitution of other more refined enjoyments, and by an equilibrium of mind involving the right exercise of all a man's powers and affections, which is hardly attainable in a life of much physical labor or even of intellectual employ-

* *Polit Econ.*, v. 1, 458.

ment, if it be irregular. Equanimity is essential, and this requires not only integrity of purpose, but a firm control of all passions and impulses.

We think there is weight in the suggestions of Dr. Draper as to public policy in respect to this difficult subject. His proposition is that "population is determined by law," and he deduces that counter-action of the law that resistance always implies immorality. "He deceives himself who supposes that he can interrupt action while organization exists; at the most the effect is illusory, and is finding its manifestation in some other way. Public celibacy is private wickedness. It is this dreadful truth, as applicable to communities, which has induced several European governments to enter on those methods against which every religious man must revolt, the organization of prostitution."*

A statistical fact has recently been brought to public notice, which has given rise to an inquiry of peculiar interest to our own country. It is stated, as the result of an examination of the registry of births and deaths in Massachusetts during the last 20 years, that the native population does not re-produce itself; in other words, that it is diminishing, not merely by the effect of emigration, but by the decrease in the proportional number of births.†

In the state of New York a similar state of things is shown by the census of 1865. More than one-half of the married women have not an average of two children, a very large proportion *none*. But allowing for the mortality of children, it is certain that there can be no increase of population with less than an average of three births in each family.

The explanation given of this falling off in births is two-

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* *Future Civ. Pol. of Amer.*, c. 2.

† The statistics are furnished by Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, on recent publications, from which it appears that in a population of which less than one-fourth was foreign, more than one-half the births were of foreign parentage. Yet there was not the same disproportion of marriages, there being, in 1864, of American or native born, 7574; of foreign or mixed, 4934.

In a paper recently read by this gentleman, at a social science convention, in Chicago, Nov., 1868, he says that formerly, in New England, there was an average of from six to ten children to each married couple, but within the present century the average has fallen to three, and in cities the birth rate from the native stock is even less.

fold. 1st. Physical degeneracy of American women. 2d. Aversion of a large number of married women to having children. The latter hypothesis imports that means are resorted to for prevention. It is not likely that this startling condition is peculiar to one or two states. There is a homogeneity throughout our country, at least in all the older and settled parts, a uniformity of habit, especially in female education, manners and tastes. Is it to be inferred that the refinement which has become a characteristic of so large a proportion of our countrywomen has the tendency to induce rejection of the burdens of mental life? French women, who are passionately fond of social enjoyments, seem not to be affected to a like extent, but we are to take into account the slight attention given by them to the nurture of children, it being left by the higher class, for the most part, to hireling nurses; while by the lower class it is turned over in considerable proportion to foundling hospitals.

The more charitable, and probably the true explanation, is the physical enervation of American women, resulting from their habits of life. There is an extreme delicacy of the nervous system, and therefore an inordinate susceptibility to any severe trials of the organism. The consequence is a premature failure of health in the majority of married women, under the cares and physical ordeals of marriage life, and even if life should be prolonged there is induced an incapacity for parturition and the nurture of children.

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ART. V.—1. *The true History of the State Prisoner, commonly called the Iron Mask, extracted from documents in the French Archives.* By the HON. GEORGE AGAR ELLIS.

2. *Historie de l'Homme au masque de fer;* per J. DELORT.

"The Man with the Iron Mask," is the usual designation of a French prisoner of state, who died in the Bastille of Paris, in 1703. His story may properly be called the romance of captivity. For more than a century and a half

conjecture has been busy concerning his identity. Last January an announcement of considerable interest was made in the *Moniteur Universel* of Paris, to the effect that a young writer, M. Maurice Topin, who had just obtained the prize of 3000 francs from the French Academy, for a work entitled, "L'Europe et les Bourbons sous Louis XIV.," after long and laborious research in the public archives at Paris, ascertained, on unquestionable evidence, the true name of the famous prisoner. It was added that M. Mignet, his uncle, the well-known author, had counselled him immediately to address a letter to the president of the Academy of moral and political science, announcing his discovery, the particulars of which were not to be publicly disclosed until after a certain time—probably, in an extended memoir, by himself, with the requisite *pieces justificatifs*, of evidence and other documents. As yet, no such disclosure has been made.

What long was known as the Bastille was a castle, built in the city wall of Paris, as one of the defences against the English; begun in the year 1369, by Charles V., and completed in 1383, during the reign of his successor, Charles VI. In succeeding reigns it was so greatly enlarged as to become the citadel of Paris; strengthened by the addition of several towers, surrounded with a moat twenty-five feet deep, through which water flowed. Finally it became a state prison, and was besieged and pulled down by the populace in July, 1789. What is called the Column of July (1830) stands on its site. In the year 1697, the responsible office of governor of the Bastille became vacant by the death of M. de Bezemaux, and Benigné d'Auvergne de Saint Mars, Seigneur of Dimon and Palteau, and then governor of the island of St. Marguerite, was placed over the Bastille. Saint Mars entered upon his duties in the Bastille in September, 1698, bringing with him a prisoner from the island of St. Marguerite. This was the Man with the Iron Mask, who had been in his charge for many years. The mask, however, was not made of iron, but of black velvet, strengthened with whale-bone, and fastened behind the head with a padlock. It did not cover the whole

face, as the lips, chin, and jaws were visible. It was effectual in concealing the other features. The wearer had already been in St. Mars' custody for a long time, in various prisons. St. Mars conveyed his masked prisoner to Paris, and rested with him, on the way, at his own estate of Palteau. A letter, dated June 19, 1768, published in the "Année Littéraire" of that year, and written by M. de Palteau, a direct descendant of St. Mars, describes the visit of the Iron Mask. He arrived at Palteau in a litter, which preceded that in which St. Mars himself travelled. They were accompanied by many men on horseback and by peasants who had gone to meet their master. St. Mars always ate with his prisoner, who sat with his back to the windows of the dining-room, so that the peasants who were in the court could not see whether he kept his mask on at meals; but they observed that St. Mars, who sat opposite to him, had two pistols placed by the side of his plate. They were served by a single servant, who brought all the dishes from the ante-room, where they were placed, and always, when he came in or went out, shut the door very carefully after him. When the prisoner crossed the court he always had his black mask over his face. The peasants also observed that his teeth and lips were seen, that he was tall of stature, and had grey hairs. St. Mars slept in a bed which had been put up close to that of his prisoner.

On the taking of the Bastille, in 1789, a careful search was made among the records of that prison, for entries relative to the Iron Mask. But the great register had been mutilated; folio 120, coinciding with the year 1698, when the masked prisoner had been incarcerated, had been cut out. Subsequently, however, the original sheet was found among the papers of the last governor. The entry, now preserved in the library of the arsenal at Paris, is as follows:

| Noms et Qualités des prisonniers. | Date de leur entrée. | Tome, Pagg. | Motif de la détention. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ancien prisonnier de Pignerol, obligé de porter un masque de velours, dont on n'a jamais sçu le nom ni les qualités. | 18 septembre 1698 à 3 heures de l'apres midi. | *Du Junca*, vol. 37. | On ne l'a jamais sçu. |

This document was first published in a work entitled "La Bastille Dévoilée," accompanied with the comment, "This is the famous man in the mask, whom nobody has ever seen or known. This prisoner was brought to the Bastille by M. de Saint Mars on his litter, when he took possession of the government of the Bastille, coming from his government of the islands of Saint Marguerite and Saint Honorat, and whom he had before with him at Pignerol. The prisoner was treated with great distinction by the governor, and was only seen by him and M. de Rosarges, major of the fortress, who alone had the care of him."

In the register of the Bastille the surname, "Du Junca," in the third column, has been taken for that of the prisoner. This was a mistake. The place of Lieutenant du roi, at the Bastille had been created by Louis XIV. for M. du Junca, who had been "exempt" in one of the regiments of the king's body-guards. He kept a journal in which the arrival of the Iron Mask is thus recorded:

"Thursday, 18th September, 1698, at three o'clock in the afternoon, M. de St. Mars, governor of the Bastille, arrived to take possession of his office, coming from the islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat, bringing with him in his litter an old prisoner, whom he had taken under his care at Pignerol, of whom the name is not mentioned, who is always kept masked, and who was first placed, till night, in the tower of the Basinière, and whom I conducted afterwards myself, at nine o'clock at night, to the third chamber of the tower of the Berthandière; which chamber I had taken care to furnish with all things necessary before his arrival, having received orders to that effect from M. de St. Mars. When I conducted him to the before-mentioned chamber, I was accompanied by Sieur Rosarges, whom M. de Mars also brought with him, and who is charged to wait upon and take care of the aforesaid prisoner, who is fed by the governor."

As Rosanges, who was made major of the Bastille by Saint Mars, had been brought with him, it is probable that he had previously waited upon and taken care of the prisoner at Saint Marguerite. From the prisoner's arrival at the Bastille until his death he is believed to have always worn the iron mask. Sometimes, but masked, he attended mass in the chapel of the prison, but was forbidden to speak or attempt to show his face, and the guard who then escort-

ed him received instructions, in his hearing, to shoot him if he disobeyed the injunction. He was served by the governor himself (or his confidential deputy Rosarges), and none others, except priest or physician, ever entered his chamber. He told the physician of the Bastille that he believed he was 61 years of age.

The register of the Bastille, published in "La Bastille Dévoillée," has an entry of the death of the Iron Mask on November 19, 1703, "aged 45, or thereabouts, buried in Saint Paul's the next day at four in the afternoon, under the name of Marchiali, in the presence of M. de Rosarges, major of the fortress, and of M. Reilh, surgeon-major of the of the Bastille, who signed their names in the extract of the burial register of St. Paul's. His burial cost forty livres." There is an entry in the parish register of St. Paul's precisely to the above effect. It is further stated, "he was ill for some hours, and died almost suddenly; he was buried in a winding-sheet of new linen; and, for the most part, everything that was found in his chamber was burnt, such as every part of his bed, including the mattresses, his tables, chairs, and other utensils, which were all reduced to powder and cinders, and thrown into the drains. The rest of the things, such as the silver, copper, and pewter, were melted. The prisoner was lodged in the third chamber [floor] of the tower Berthandière, which room was scraped and filed quite to the stone, and fresh white-washed from the top to the bottom. The doors and windows were burned like the rest." It has been stated, on the authority of M. Delaunay, governor of the Bastille, "that the floor was new paved, the old ceiling was taken away and renewed, and every corner was searched in which it was thought that any paper, linen, or other memorial of him might be concealed."

Such extraordinary precautions indicate a great desire to prevent the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask from being known. Some have affirmed that his body was buried without a head, and M. de St. Foix says, in his "Essais Historiques," "that a gentleman, having bribed the sexton of St. Paul, had the body taken up at night, and found a stone instead of the head." It is more prob-

able that the body was subjected to the action of quicklime. Voltaire, in his "Age of Louis XIV.," has collected and repeated some of the gossip of the time, about the pains anxiously taken to prevent communication between the prisoner and the world. "There was sent," he says, "with the greatest secrecy, to the castle on the island of Marguerite, on the sea of Provence, an unknown prisoner, rather above the middle size, young and graceful figure. On the road he wore a mask with steel springs, that enabled him to eat without taking it off. . . . . The Marquis de Louvois (principal minister of Louis XIV.), who went and saw him at St. Marguerite, spoke to him standing, and with that kind of attention that marks respect. He was lodged at the Bastille as well as that castle would admit. Nothing was refused him that he desired. His chief taste was for lace and linen, remarkably fine. He played on the guitar. His table was the best that could be provided, and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. An old physician of the Bastille, who had often attended him when he was indisposed, said that he never saw his face, though he had frequently examined his tongue and parts of his body; that he was admirably well made, that his skin was rather brown, that he had something interesting in the sound of his voice, that he never complained or let drop anything by which it might be guessed who he was."

Voltaire puts the arrival of the Iron Mask at St. Marguerite at "some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1661." It really took place in 1687. Louvois, though he corresponded with St. Mars about this prisoner, never visited him at the island of St. Marguerite, and had been over six years dead at the time of the transfer to the Bastille. Voltaire goes on to say, that when the prisoner was sent to St. Marguerite "no person of importance in Europe was missing." Yet this prisoner certainly was a person of importance. Soon after their arrival there the governor put the dishes on the table himself, retired, and locked the door. One day the prisoner wrote something with his knife on a silver plate, and threw it out of a window to a boat that was drawn on shore near the bottom of the tower. A fisherman,

to whom the boat belonged, took up the plate and brought it to the governor, who, with evident astonishment, asked the man if he could read what was written on the plate, or if any other person had seen it. He said he could not read; that he had but just found it, and that no one had seen it. He was, however, confined until the governor was certain that he could not read, and that none other had seen the plate. He then dismissed him, saying, "It is lucky for you that you cannot read!"

According to the Abbé Papou, a young lad having one day seen something floating in the water, took it up. It was a fine shirt, written almost all over. He took it to M. Saint Mars, who examined it, and asked the lad if he could read, or had read it. He repeatedly answered in the negative; but, two days afterwards, the boy was found dead in his bed. Another tradition is, that one Dubuisson, who was confined at St. Marguerite, in the room immediately over that occupied by the masked prisoner, spoke to him through the vents of their chimnies, and pressed him to declare who he was, but was met with a refusal, saying that if he did, it would cost him not only his own life, but the lives of all those who should become possessed of the secret. Lastly, Monsieur de la Grange Chaucel, who was imprisoned at St. Marguerite for writing a satire on the duke of Orleans, is reported to have learned from several persons there that when St. Mars was about taking the Iron Mask with him to the Bastille, the prisoner asked whether the king had any intentions against his life, and that the answer was, "No, *prince*, your life is in safety; but you must allow yourself to be conducted." There may be only slight foundation for these traditions, but they show the interest which has attached itself so widely to the Man with the Iron Mask.

The long debated question is, who was this personage? In connection with this must arise the inquiry, what had he done to merit the heavy punishment inflicted upon him? Among the persons who have been put forward by various writers are the following:—Mohammet IV., the Turkish sultan, who was deposed in 1687 by Solyman III.; Arde-

wik, Armenian patriarch of Constantinople; Henry Cromwell, youngest son of the renowned Oliver, lord protector of the commonwealth of England; the Duke de Beaufort, known in Paris as "the king of the markets;" Fouquet, who was superintendent of finances in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV.; the Duke of Monmouth; the Count de Vermendois, a son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII.; or, lastly, an ex-secretary of state in the service of the last sovereign duke of Mantua, of the house of Gonzaga. In considering the claims which have been made to identify each and every of these persons with the mysterious man in the iron mask, it is to be remembered that he was in custody at St. Marguerite in 1687; that he was placed in the Bastille late in 1698, and that, when he died there, in November, 1703, he was from 60 to 63 years old, instead of 45, as stated in the record of the register of the Bastille.

As for Mohammed IV., the Turkish sultan, who was deposed in 1687, the year in which the Iron Mask was taken to St. Marguerite, it is known that St. Mars had had him in charge for several years previously. Besides, the sultan did not speak French, but the Mask did, and in a very pleasing manner. Nor was there any cause why the king of France should have imprisoned the Turk for years; not even any proof that he ever set foot on French soil. As the Sultan Mohammed IV. died at the age of forty-nine, in the year 1691, in the Turkish prison into which he had been cast when his army deposed him, fully seven years before the Man with the Iron Mask was placed in the Bastille, the question as regards him cannot be entertained.

Ardewik, (or Arwediks, as French writers sometimes spell it), was Armenian patriach at Constantinople, where he made himself very obnoxious to the Jesuits, then very powerful in all catholic countries. There was found, about the year 1824, in the archives of the foreign office, at Paris, a letter from M. de Bonac, French ambassador to Turkey in 1725, which stated that Ardewik had joined in a cruel persecution of the Armenian catholics, had been kidnapped on board a French vessel, had been imprisoned, first in St. Marguerite and then in the Bastille, and that this ecclesias-

tic was supposed, by some, to be the Man with the Iron Mask. That the patriach was thus abducted and placed in duresse, seems proven by M. de Bonac's letter, though denied by the French government at the time, when the Ottoman court remonstrated. The outrage took place, however, after M. Periol had become ambassador to the Sublime Porte, in 1699, whereas the Iron Mask was installed in his chamber on the third floor of the Berthandière tower, in September, 1698. This puts Ardewik out of court.

It is difficult to decide why Henry Cromwell should have been considered a possible Man with the Iron Mask. He was the protector's fourth and youngest son, born in 1627. He fought in the Irish war, by his father's side, with distinguished gallantry, and governed Ireland as viceroy, with judgment and success. Had he been in London when his father died he probably would have acted with more firmness than his brother Richard, who so speedily resigned the power he was unable to exercise properly. Henry Cromwell, to whom the soldiers were much attached, might have been able to hold his own against General Monk. After the restoration he passed into obscurity with the rest of his family, and lived on a small estate in the country, where Charles II., when attending the races at Newmarket, paid him an informal visit, which occupied several hours. Henry Cromwell never was in France, and therefore never donned the Iron Mask. He was forty-six when he died, in 1673.

The duke of Beaufort, grandson of Henry IV. of France, was set forward, in 1759, by two able authors, Messrs. Dufresnoy and Lagrange Chancel, as the Man with the Iron Mask. He was mixed up in many conspiracies during the successive administration of affairs by Richelieu, Mazarin, and the regency. In the time of the Froude he sided with the malcontents, and was very popular with the mob of Paris. Reconciled to the court, he was entrusted, in 1669, by Louis XIV., with the command of a fleet sent out to relieve Candia, then besieged by the Turks. It is believed that he was slain in Candia, during an encounter with the enemy, as his body was not found; (if his head had been cut off, according to the Turkish custom, to be sent to the Sultan in Constan-

tinople, its identification would have been difficult), a rumor prevailed, for a time, that he still lived. As he was born in 1616; he would have been eighty-seven in 1703, when the Iron Mask died.

A claim was set up for Nicolas Fouquet, in August, 1789, immediately after the capture and destruction of the Bastille. A Paris bookseller named Maradan published a little brochure, without date, entitled, "L'Homme au masque de Fer dévoilé, d'après une note trouvée dans les papiers de la Bastille." In this it was affirmed, on the authority of a paper said to have been picked up, at or after the storming of the Bastille, that Fouquet was the man. The writing ran thus:

"64389000. Fouquet arrivant des isles Sainte Marguerite avec un masque de fer. * * * Kersadion."

It was true that a man wearing an iron mask had been conveyed to St. Marguerite, in 1687, by St. Mars, and taken to the Bastille in the autumn of 1698, but it is impossible that this person could be Nicolas Fouquet, inasmuch as he died a captive at Pignerol in 1680. St. Mars, when he had charge of the state prisoners in the citadel of Pignerol, actually had the duke de Lauzen as well as Fouquet in his custody there. Nicholas Fouquet, viscount de Melun and de Vaux, and Marquis de Belle Isle, born in 1815, was noble by birth, and became Maitre des Requêtes in Paris, in 1636, at the age of twenty-one—two years before the birth of Louis XIV. In 1650, at the age of thirty-five, he purchased the high office of procureur général of the parliament of Paris, and rendered great service in this situation to the queen-mother (Anne of Austria) and Cardinal Mazarin. He was recompensed, ere long, by being made superintendent of finances, jointly with M. Servien, but soon acted independently of his colleague, and exercised an immense power—political and social. He labored without intermission for the benefit of the state, restored the public credit, augmented the public finances, promoted the interests of commerce, and encouraged literature, science and art. Eminently a man of pleasure, though he would work like a clerk when necessary, he also aimed at taking a high position in politics, and is believed to have aspired to succeed his patron, Mazarin, in the

office of prime minister of France. After the death of Servién, his collegue, in 1659, it seemed as if his aspirations were likely to be successful. Proprietor of Belle Isle, on the north-western coast of France, he fortified it at great cost, with the intention, it is supposed, of having a secure asylum in the event of a political failure. His prodigality purchased him the support of the leading nobility of France. On his hereditary estate at Vaux he created, at an expense equal to $36,000,000 of French money of the present time, a palatial residence which, M. Sainte Beuve declares, was an anticipation of Versailles. Thus, long before Louis employed them, Fouquet had Le Vau for his architect, Le Brun for his painter, Le Nôtre for his landscape gardener, Molière for his dramatist, Pélisson for his secretary, and Vatel for his maitre d'hotel. For society, he had the wits and beauties of Paris, which then was the gayest and most intellectual city in Europe. At Vaux, where he held a court, attended by talent and beauty, as well as by rank and fortune, Fouquet gave a féte to Louis XIV., in August, 1661, on which he expended over a million francs, which may be estimated at double that amount in the specie currency of to-day. On that occasion Molière's comedy of "Les Fácheux" was performed for the first time. King Louis, then only twenty-three years old, was displeased at seeing himself outshone by his own servant, and is said to have also been piqued beyond measure on discovering that Fouquet had presumed to rival him in the affections of Louise de la Vallière, of whom his majesty was then very much enamored. Thus irritated, and prompted by Colbert, who afterwards succeeded to the office of minister of finance, the king issued an order for the arrest of Fouquet, which was made by D'Artagnan, the captain-lieutenant of Mousquetaires, who is the hero of Alexander Dumas' best historical romance. This was immediately after the death of Mazarin, and it was declared that among Fouquet's papers had been found not merely credence of his intrigues to become prime-minister, but to obtain supreme power, even by open rebellion. His having fortified Belle Isle in the most complete manner was alleged as corroboration of this charge. His trial for

malversation and high treason occupied three years. On his conviction thirteen out of twenty-two judges voted for banishment for life, and nine for death. To permit a man of his talents, ambition, and energy to live in any foreign country, where he might dispose of his state secrets to the detriment of France, was what King Louis was reluctant to allow, independently of the anger which rankled in his mind on account of his suspected passion for the fair De la Vallière. A traitor might be mercifully dealt with, but royalty had no pity for a rival. Not Louis only, but Colbert, Le Tellier, and others who envied or feared him, were the enemies of Fouquet. Guy Patin states, in a letter dated December 23d, 1664, that the common belief at court was that, if condemned to death, Fouquet would certainly be executed. Anne of Austria, who was well disposed to him, said to Madame Fouquet, "Pray to God and to the judges for all they can do in favor of M. Fouquet, for he has nothing to hope for from the king." Racine declares, in his "Fragments historiques," that Louis said to Mademoiselle de la Vallière, "If he is condemned to death I shall let him die." It was no secret that his majesty was displeased with the comparative clemency of the judges. He changes their sentence of exile to perpetual imprisonment, and Fouquet passed the rest of his life, (sixteen years), in the castle of Pignerol, where he was put in charge of St. Mars, who subsequently had the duke de Lauzun (another disgraced royal favorite) in his custody, and was also subsequently the jailor of the Man with the Iron Mask. The death of Fouquet took place at Pignerol, on the 23d of March, 1680. The angry feelings of the king induced him to have Fouquet treated with extreme rigor in prison for several years. Louvois' letters to St. Mars, still existing, impress upon him the necessity of being very strict with the prisoner. This severity was enforced during eight years, after which it was somewhat relaxed, for Fouquet was then allowed to receive letters from his wife, and visits from the officers of the garrison. Seven years later (1679—when he was sixty-four years old) he fell ill, and received permission to use the baths of Bourbon. The boon came too late, for he died of

apoplexy, in prison, on the 23d of March, 1680, as appears by a letter from St. Mars to Louvois. Madame Fouquet was in the town of Pignerol when her husband died, and one of their daughters was about occupying a room next to, and communicating with, his in order that she might attend him in his illness. The count de Vaux, Fouquet's eldest son, was also at Pignerol, and St. Mars was reprimanded from Paris for allowing him to remove "his father's papers and verses." Permission was given to Madame Fouquet to take the body of her husband, and she had it deposited, as the burial registry of the convent of the Filles de la Visitation of Paris proves, in the church of that convent, in the same vault in which his father's remains had been placed forty years before. This would appear to be conclusive evidence, but in the "Histoire de L'Homme au masque de fer," written by M. Jacob, and published in Paris in 1840, it contended that Fouquet did not die at Pignerol in March, 1780, but that King Louis, with his animosity kindled afresh at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, had resolved still further to punish Fouquet, and therefore, causing his death to be announced, had immured him in a lonely and inaccessible dungeon, where his face was concealed by a mask. Further, that the pretended interment in Paris did not take place until over a year after the reported date of his death, and that, five months before, when a search was made in the church of the convent of the Visitation for the coffin of André Fremiot, formerly archbishop of Bourges, to be removed to that city, the body was found in the Fouquet vault, the coffins in which having been opened, that which was believed to contain the remains of Nicholas Fouquet, the superintendent, was found empty. On the other hand, what interest could Madame de Maintenon (who did not marry Louis XIV. until 1685 or 1686) have in punishing Fouquet for having aspired to come between the king and his mistress nineteen years before? Besides, Fouquet was born in 1615, and would have been eighty-eight years old at his death, if he had been the veritable Man with the Iron Mask, who died in the Bastille, in 1703, was set down in the burial register as 45 years old, and, by all

accounts was 63. There is no out-arguing the logic of dates.

There are not even plausible reasons for believing that the duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II. by Lucy Walters, could have been the masked prisoner of the Bastille. Nevertheless, Poullain de Saint Foix asserted this in a letter published in "L'Année Litteraire" of the year 1768. There was a suspicion in England, even during the life-time of Charles II., that Monmouth was his legitimate son, and indeed he had been treated by the king with such marked distinction as to corroborate the belief. Before "Mr. James Crofts," as he was called at court, had completed his sixteenth year, he was married to the Lady Anne, heiress of the great Buccleugh property, and created duke of Monmouth. As years passed on he was taken up as a protestant foil to the catholic proclivities of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and became very popular among the non-conformists, particularly in the west of England. He was in the Netherlands when his father died, and immediately went to England, where he set up his standard, claiming to be king of England by his legitimacy and right of blood, and declared James II. to be an usurper and murderer, whose intention was to introduce arbitrary power and popery. The campaign of the west immediately was begun, and was ended in a few days by Monmouth's defeat at the battle of Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater. Made prisoner, Monmouth was taken to London, where he was tried and condemned as a traitor. He was publicly executed on Tower Hill, on July 25th, 1685. His body and head were deposited under the communion table of the chapel of St. Peter, in the tower. Lord Macaulay says, "Such was the devotion of the people to their unhappy favorite that, in the face of the strongest evidence by which the fact of a death was ever verified, many continued to cherish a hope that he was still living, and that he would yet appear in arms. A person, it was said, who was remarkably like Monmouth, had sacrificed himself to save the Protestant hero. The vulgar long continued, at every important crisis, to whisper that the time was at hand, and that King Monmouth would

soon show himself." That year, and again in 1698, attempts were made to represent him, in the counties of Wilts and Sussex. "So long," Macaulay adds, "did this delusion last that when George III. had been some years on the English throne, Voltaire thought it necessary gravely to confute the hypothesis that the Man in the Iron Mask was the duke of Monmouth." Many ballads of his time, preserved in the Pepysian collection, represent Monmouth as living, and predict his speedy return. In 1688, during the exciting trial of the seven bishops, "the rustics in many parts of the country [England], loudly expressed a strange hope which had never ceased to live in their hearts," that their Monmouth would suddenly appear, would lead them to victory, and would tread down King James! The Pere Griffet, who himself had been chaplain in the Bastille for nine years, and was a skilful and profound historian, strongly opposed the Monmouth theory of St. Foix, and a fierce encounter between them took place in Frerou's "Année Litterarie." Griffet demolished St. Foix's unsupported statements, but set up a new man (count de Vermandois) as a candidate for the martyrdom of the Iron Mask, and died, (in 1771,) before he had written much to prove his case.

In the year 1745 a work entitled "Mémoires secrets pour á l'histoire de Perse," was published at Amsterdam. It was an allegory, and assumed to be a history of the court of France after the death of Louis XIV. The names, which were framed to resemble the Persian, were imaginary. The story supposed the Regent Orleans to have paid a visit to the Bastille, to ascertain whether a prince who had been sent thither, and was reported to have died there, thirty-eight years before, was still alive. This was the count de Vermandois, reputed son of Louis XIV. and Mademoiselle de la Vallière, who, it was alleged, had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment for having given the dauphin a slap on the face. A report of his death had been raised: he had been interred with magnificent obsequies, and had been secretly transferred to a prison in the isle of Ormus, (Sainte Marguerite,) there to finish his days. In the romance, the name of Giaffer was given to this victim, and the old story

of his having endeavored to communicate with the outer world by scratching his name, with the sharp point of his knife, on the back of a silver plate, is repeated. It is added that, after a long residence in the citadel of Ormus, this state prisoner was transferred to a cell in Ispahan, (the Bastille of Paris); his former jailor, a man of rank, being continued in personal charge of him by promotion to the vacant governorship of that prison, and that, effectually to prevent his being recognized, an iron mask perpetually covered his face. The authorship of this so-called Persian story has been attributed to M. Pecquet, a clerk in the foreign office at Paris, who was sent to the Bastille on suspicion of having written it.

In 1746–52 the voluminous chevalier de Mouhy, a French novelist, published at the Hague, in three volumes, a romance entitled, "Le Masque de Fer, ou les aventures admirables du père et du fils," in which he mentioned numerous instances of state prisoners having been masked. At Berlin, in 1751, was published the "Siècle de Louis XIV.," written by Voltaire under the *nom pe plume* of M. de Francheville. The story of the count de Vermandois was reproduced in this, with some gossip about the masked prisoner, which it was pretended had been supplied by certain officers of the Bastille. The commencement of his captivity was here stated at a few months after the death of Mazarin, in 1661, and the date of his transfer to the Bastille is given as 1690, instead of 1698. It is a well-established fact, that, notwithstanding all the speculations respecting him, the count de Vermandois, actually died on the 19th of November, 1683, after a week's illness; that he was buried with great pomp in the cathedral church of Arros, a Flemish-looking town in Artois, by the express desire of Louis XIV., in the same vault in which reposed the remains of Elizabeth, countess of Vermandois, wife of Philip of Alsace, count of Flanders, who died in 1182, and that a royal grant of 10,000 livres was made to the chapter of the cathedral for a perpetual dirge to be chanted to his memory.

The prevailing belief in France, for a long period, was that the Man in the Iron Mask was a twin brother of Louis XIV.;

in a word, that Anne of Austria, having given birth to Louis XIV., was delivered of a second son, some hours later, and that, fearing that the pretensions of a twin brother might one day be employed to renew the civil wars which had afflicted France at various times, the king, their father, resolved to conceal the birth, and had the second infant sent away to be brought up privately and obscurely. There was danger of a disputed succession, it being the opinion of certain legal and ecclesiastical authorities that the first-born of twins has at best but a doubtful claim to any inheritance depending upon birth.*

The legend further states that the child brought up and privately educated in Burgundy, grew to manhood, discovered the secret of his birth, by means of a portrait, and was then placed in confinement with a mask to conceal his features, which very greatly resembled his brother. A prophecy had announced disaster to the royal family from a double birth,† and it was said that, to avoid this, Louis XIII. had caused the last born of the twins to be brought up in secret.

Other accounts, which also represent Anne of Austria to have been mother of the masked prisoner, do not credit her with the prudence of a virtuous wife. It has been charged that she had an intrigue with the duke of Buckingham, who was ambassador in France in 1625, thirteen years before the birth of Louis XIV., which took place after she had been twenty-three years married, without having produced an heir to the throne of France. Contemporary memoirs

* A French author says "Plusieurs médecins pensaient que le dernier né de deux frères jumeaux est le premier conçu, et par conséquent qu'il est roi de droit."

† In a Paris paper (*Le Petit Journal*, 20th January, 1869,) is the following, which may be considered curious, if true :—"On a prétender que le regent d'Orelans avait livré le secret du nom du *Masque de Fer* à sa fille. Voici la relation qu'il lui donna ; elle est censée émanée d'un prétendu gouverneur de l'intéressant captif, et se trouve aujourd'hui dans les archives du gouvernement anglais. Le Prince infortuné que j'ai élevé et gardé, dit-il, jusqu'à la fin de mes jours, naquit le 6 septembre 1638, à huit heures du soir, pendant le souper du Roi Louis XIII.—Son frère, actuellement régnant (Louis XIV.), était né le matin, à midi, pendant le diner de son père ; mais autant la naissance du premier fut splendide et brillante, autant celle de son frère fut triste et cachée avec soin ; car le roi, averti par la sage-femme que la Reine devait faire un second enfant, avait fait rester en sa chambre le chancelier de France, la sage-femme, le premier aumônier, le confesseur de la reine et moi. . . pour être témoins de ce qui arriverait et de ce qu'il voulait faire s'il naissait un second enfant. . . "

and correspondence have abundantly shown the general belief that the duke of Buckingham did not cherish an unrequited passion for Anne of Austria, and it has been remarked that the assassination of the duke looked like the vengeance of a wronged husband. It has also been declared that the Man with the Iron Mask was a young foreigner, gentleman of the chamber of Anne of Austria, and was the real father of Louis XIV. The alleged source of this scandal was a little book published at Cologne in 1692, entitled, "Les Amours d'Anne d'Autriche, épouse de Louis XIII., avec M. le C. D. R., le véritable père de Louis XIV., roi de France; ou l'on voit au long comment on s'y prit pour donner un héritier à la couronne, les ressorts qu'on fit jour pour cela, et enfin le dénouement de cette comédie." The third edition of this book has on its title page, "Le Cardinal Richelieu," instead of the initials "C. D. R.," which have been taken for the Count de Rivière by some, while others (of whom M. Paul Lacroix is one) fancy that the count de Rochefort was indicated.

Up to the year 1770, when a letter, written by the baron d'Heiss, appeared in the "Journal Encyclopédique," no one seems to have got upon the track of the true hero of the Iron Mask mystery; D'Heiss copied a statement, printed in the "Histoire abrégée de l'Europe," for August, 1687, to the effect that a secretary of the duke of Mantua, who had endeavored to dissuade him from selling his capital town, and had done much to oppose the designs of France against Italy, had been lured beyond the frontier of Piedmont, seized, and conveyed to Pignerol, and finally conducted to St. Marguerite, where he was then (1687) under care of M. de St. Mars, the governor. M. Louis Dutens, writing nineteen years later, adopted and repeated the above statement, and his conjectures were strengthened by the "Reserches historiques et critiques sur l'homme au masque de fer," by M. Roux-Fazillac, published in 1800, and finally established as the true and full solution of the question, by M. Delort's "Histoire de l'homme au masque de fer," published in Paris in 1825.

This last author, shrewdly believing that the solution of

the mystery was to be found in the archives of the French government during the reign of Louis XIV., obtained permission, during the reign of Louis XVIII., to examine these documents carefully. He found a continuous correspondence between Louvois, minister of Louis XIV., which proved that the prisoner, who had been a state and secret prisoner of France from May, 1679, until November, 1703, when he died in the Bastille, whose name was concealed, whose fate was instant death if he uttered a syllable which could disclose his identity, was Count Matthioli. The reason why so much and such long concealment was used must have been that Matthioli, however unworthy, was a minister plenipotentiary when he was seized; that the law of nations was greatly outraged by such an act, as an ambassador is supposed to represent his sovereign, personally as well as politically; that, there being no proof of his seizure and detention, it was easier to deny than justify; and that, denial once made, the "honor" of France required that it should be adhered to. King Louis, who did not shrink from crime, would have blushed at having committed the offence of being detected and exposed. Therefore, Matthioli was a prisoner under unusally severe discipline for nearly five and twenty years! Let us see what he had done to arouse such cruel enmity of the king of France.

Hercules Matthioli, born in Bologna in December, 1840, became secretary of state to Charles III., duke of Mantua, whose successor made him supernumerary senator, gave him the title of count, and placed great confidence in him. Matthioli, a venal man, consented to take part in a scheme devised by the Abbé d'Estrades, French ambassador at Venice in 1677, for allowing a French garrison into Casale, the capital of the Montferrat, and the key of Italy, as enabling its military occupants to invade Milan at will. Charles IV. of Mantua allowed his mother, an Austrian princess, wholly in the interests of the court of Spain, to govern his duchy; was dissatisfied with being thus reduced to a cipher, wanted money, and was supposed to be thus accessible. Matthioli represented himself as inimical to the Spanish interest, and desirous of entering into the service of France.

He was then in his 27th year, highly accomplished, clever, and had shown talents for public life. He entered into a secret agreement with d'Estrades, and introduced a French agent to the duke of Mantua, and was finally sent to Paris by the duke to close the compact speedily. Accordingly Matthioli made a treaty with King Louis, who gave him a secret audience, and presented him with a large sum of money and a valuable ring, that French troops should be received into Casale, that the duke of Mantua should command any French army sent into Italy (Louis had a design upon the duchy of Milan), and that when the treaty was executed, Louis should pay 100,000 crowns to the duke of Mantua. Having a valuable secret in his possession, Matthioli resolved to trade upon it. For a money payment he allowed the President Turki, one of the ministers of the court of Savoy, to make copies of all the documents he had brought with him from Paris. He did all he could to retard the admission of the French troops into Casale. At last, late in April, 1679, unable to delay any longer without causing suspicion, Matthioli reached Turin to make a final arrangement with d'Estrades. But the duchess of Savoy had shown d'Estrades the documents which Matthioli had sold to her minister, and therefore the full extent of Matthioli's treachery was disclosed. King Louis, thus betrayed and deceived, resolved to have full revenge on Matthioli, who was easily induced, by a promise of money, to cross the frontier and pass into France. He had no idea that he was detected, or even suspected, and easily fell into the trap. Catenat, the French commandant, who awaited him, vainly endeavored to obtain a confession as to the place where the original papers relating to Casale were concealed, and then arrested him, and conveyed him at once to the adjacent fortress of Pignerol, where state prisoners were sometimes detained. This was on May 2, 1679, and here it may be stated that, in 1681, Casale was given up by the duke of Mantua to a French garrison in terms of the treaty negotiated by Matthioli.

St. Mars, who began by treating his prisoner very civilly, mentions him by name in his letters to Louvois, but in a

short time called him Lestang. Matthioli prevaricated about the papers—perhaps he hoped to be speedily liberated, when he might make money of them. Finally, but not without great difficulty, (they had to threaten him with the torture,) Matthioli told where the documents could be found. A political intriguer to the last, he suggested a new plan for inducing the governor of Casale, simply through his (Matthioli's) influence, to admit a body of French troops, without the concurrence of the duke of Mantua. Thus having betrayed King Louis to Savoy, to Austria, and to Spain, he was willing to balance the account by betraying his own sovereign, who so much trusted him, to France! His proposal was not accepted. He had been a month in prison before he gave up the papers.

Matthioli anticipated only a short detention. He was speedily undeceived, as is shown in the whole official correspondence between Louvois and St. Mars, which M. Delort has given very fully in his book. The whole of this correspondence passed under the eye of Louis XIV., whose outraged personal feelings it completely exhibits. Louvois writes all through as if from royal dictation. From the moment of the arrest, St. Mars acted upon the strict instructions, repeatedly conveyed through Louvois, to conceal that such a prisoner was at Pignerol, to conceal his identity, and to prevent him from holding intercourse with any one but himself and the very few whom it was necessary to trust. During the first days of Matthioli's imprisonment he was waited upon by St. Mars himself. In a few days the Abbé d'Estrades contrived that Matthioli's servant should be sent to him, with the effects and papers he had left at Turin. St. Mars took a sure way of securing this man, for he was locked up like his master, and remained a prisoner for life, that he might wait upon Matthioli:—this was done to obviate the necessity of admitting any of the attendants of the prison into his presence.

St. Mars was repeatedly and strongly urged by Louvois, (*i. e.* by the king) not to treat the prisoner too kindly. Before he had been a fortnight in prison, Louvois wrote: "You will have sufficiently seen by my former letters that it is not the

intention of the king that the Sieur de Lestang should be well treated, nor that, except the absolute necessaries of life, you should give him anything that may tend to make him pass the time agreeably."

In almost every letter to St. Mars, for a long time after this, he was reminded of "the severity with which the individual named Lestang must be treated;" and commanded to keep Lestang "in severe confinement, and not to be allowed to see a physician, unless he were in absolute want of one." The result was the prisoner's mind broke down.

In January, 1680, St. Mars reported that, like a monk imprisoned at Pignerol, he had become "subject to fits of madness." He complained in this state, that he was "not treated as a man of his quality and the minister of a great prince ought to be;" declared that he conversed every day with God and his angels, and that he was the near relation of the king, to whom he wished to write to complain of the way in which he was treated. Louvois wrote in reply; "With regard to the Sieur de Lestang, I wonder at your patience, and that you should wait for an order to treat such a scoundrel as he deserves, when he is wanting in respect to you."

By this time Matthioli had become violent, using terrible menaces, and writing abusive sentences on the wall of his room with charcoal, insomuch that Blainvilliers, St. Mars' trusty and fitting lieutenant, was obliged to threaten him with personal chastisement. He asked for a priest to visit him, to whom he might confess. In a dungeon near him was another prisoner, a Jacobin monk, who, for some cause now unknown, was treated very rigorously. Matthioli was placed in the monk's room, and St. Mars, (7th September, 1680,) wrote to Louvois thus:—"Since you, sir, permitted me to put Matthioli with the Jacobin in the lower part of the tower, the aforesaid Matthioli remained for four or five days in the belief that the Jacobin was a man whom I had placed with him to watch his actions. Matthioli, who is almost as mad as the Jacobin, walked about with long strides, holding his cloak above his nose, crying out that he was not a dupe, but knew more than he would say. The Jacobin, who sat continually on his truckle-bed, with his

elbows resting on his knees, looked at him gravely without listening to him. The Signor Matthioli continued still in the persuasion that it was a spy that had been placed with him, until he was one day disabused by the Jacobin's getting down from his bed, stark naked, and setting himself to preach in a wild incoherent style. I and my lieutenants viewed all their pranks through a hole over the door." Matthioli's madness may have been assumed. Probably he became quiet and submissive, under fear of Blainvilliers' cudgel.

In April, 1681, St. Mars, who had only the command of the state prisoners, was offered the governorship of the fortress of Pignerol, was promoted to the government of Exiles, a strong fortress on the frontier of Piedmont, and desired him to take with him, from Pignerol to Exiles, only "the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower," namely, Matthioli and the monk. He received very minute instructions respecting the two prisoners, for their safe keeping, and to prevent their having any communication with other persons, including the soldiers who were on duty to guard and watch them. Late in the autumn of 1681, St. Mars removed his prisoners to Exiles, where they were kept with all the strictness and in all the seclusion required.

It appears that St. Mars, as well as his two prisoners, had bad health at Exiles. Early in 1686 the monk died, and Matthioli was very ill. St. Mars petitioned the king for a change of governorship. This was granted in January, 1687, by his appointment to the government of the islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat, on the coast of Provence, not far from Nice, and he was directed, as before, to take his prisoner with him. This was done by conveying him (to use St. Mars' own words) "in a chair covered with oil-cloth, into which there would enter a sufficiency of air, without its being possible for any one to see or speak to him during the journey—not even the soldiers whom I shall select to be near the chair." Effectually to prevent his being seen, the prisoner was made to wear a mask of black velvet, stiffened with whalebone. The padlock which fastened it at the back of his head was the only metal in the so-called iron mask. In his new prison, the rigorous rules long applied were not relaxed.

The prisoner's room had only one window, with iron bars, and looking out upon the sea. Sentinels, continually on guard, had orders to fire at all boats which approached too near. His valet, who died at St. Marguerite, was not replaced. Having remained eleven years at St. Marguerite, St. Mars was appointed governor of the Bastille, in the last days of 1697, and, as has already been related, took his prisoner thither in September, 1698, as previously described.

The state secret of Louis XIV. was well kept, until the French archives were put into the witness-box. In 1826 the Hon. George Agar Ellis, created Baron Dover in 1831 (the title is now extinct), published a volume, the title of which is given at the head of this article. It is: "The true history of the state prisoner, commonly called the Iron Mask, extracted from documents in the French archives." Most of these had previously appeared in M. Delort's work. They occupy 263 out of the 352 in Lord Dover's book, the narrative portion of which, though full of facts, is singularly dry. It may be doubted whether M. Maurice Topin, the prize-winner of the Academie Français, can supersede the evidence which establishes Matthioli (Sieur de Lestang, of Pignerol, and Signor Marchiale of the Bastille) as the Man with the Iron Mask.

The secret must have been known to others besides Catenet and St. Mars, Louis XIV. and Louvois. The duke of Orleans, who was regent of France after the death of Louis XIV., was in possession of it, and many attempts were unsuccessfully made to coax or surprise it out of him. Not even to Louis XV. did he disclose it until after that monarch had attained his majority. In turn, Louis refused to speak of it—always evading the subject. Even to the duke de Choiserel, his favorite minister, he refused to confide more than that all conjectures that had hitherto been broached were erroneous. To Madame de Pompadeur, who pressed him long and closely upon it, his utmost revelation was that he was "the minister of an Italian prince." This is stated in a work entitled "La Correspondence Interceptée," by M. Lewis Dutens, published in 1789, who said he received the information from the Duke de Choiserel himself, and by Mr.

Quintin Crawford in his "Mélanges d'historie et de littérature," published in 1809. Madame Campan declares in her memoirs that she had heard Louis XVI. tell Marie Antoinette that the Count de Mawrapas (who, both from his age and situation, was very likely to know the truth), had informed him that the Iron Mask was "a prisoner dangerous from his intriguing disposition, and a subject of the duke of Mantua."

Napoleon, according to the dutchess d'Abrantes, had a strong desire to penetrate the mystery, and had many inquiries made, but without effect. He desired Talleyrand to have the archives of the foreign office carefully examined, and was much disappointed when no light was thrown upon the secret. Las Casas reports, in his memoirs of Napoleon, that the conversation having turned, one day, at St. Helena, upon the Iron Mask, Napoleon stated that he was known to have been the twin brother of Louis XIV., and the elder of the two; that, on one occasion, a genealogist endeavored seriously to demonstrate to him (Napoleon) that he was a lineal descendant of the Iron Mask, and, consequently, the legitimate heir of Louis XIII. and Henry IV., in preference to Louis XIV. and all his issue; that the name of the jailor of Sainte Marguerite was M. de Bonpart, "a circumstance, to begin with, very singular;" that his jailor, it was asserted, was aware of the origin of his prisoner; that he had a daughter; that she and the prisoner, both young, saw each other and loved; that the governor having informed the court of this circumstance, it was decided to allow the unfortunate captive to seek in love and marriage an alleviation of his misery; that there was an entry of the marriage in the register of one of the parishes of Marseilles; and that the children born of this union were silently and secretly conveyed to Corsica, where the difference of language, chance, or perhaps intention had changed the name Bonpart to Bonaparte and Buonaparte, which has the same meaning, and is, in fact, the same thing. Such was the genealogist's ingenious story, which Napoleon, proud of his ancient Tuscan descent, could scarcely have believed. When he repeated it to Las Casas he added a circumstance which, at the time of the revolution, had been mentioned in favor of the Orleans branch. "It was

founded," he said, "on a document found in the Bastille, and surmised that Anne of Austria, who was brought to bed after twenty-three years of sterility, had been brought to bed of a girl; that Louis XIII., fearing she might have more children, had been induced to put away that girl, and substitute in her stead a boy, which was Louis XIV; that the following year, however, the queen had again been brought to bed, and this time really of a boy, which boy was Philip, the head of the house of Orleans, who thus turned out to be, with his descendants, the legitimate heir to the throne, whilst Louis XIV. and his issue were only intruders and usurpers." According to that story the Iron Mask was a girl!

Here, then, is what appears to be the true story of the Man with the Iron Mask. He had displeased, injured, and betrayed Louis XIV., the most relentless of absolute monarchs, who, to punish him, did not hesitate to violate the law of nations and the conventional courtesy which one sovereign usually extends to the political ministers of another. To conceal this breach of law, and to hold the victim in his continuous and cruel grasp, Louis took great precautions against discovery. The record, supported by the correspondence of Louvois, Catenat, and St. Mars, and variously corroborated, shows that Matthioli must have been the man arrested and put into prison at Pignerol, in May, 1679; transferred to Exiles in the autumn of 1681; lodged in a cell at St. Marguerite in April, 1687; removed to the Bastille in September, 1698; dying there in November, 1703, and interred under a false name. Concealment and mystery all through, and the same vigilant jailor (St. Mars) employed from first to last, in charge of this prisoner.

Some disappointment may arise from the comparative insignificance of Matthioli. Louis XIV. was a tyrant without mercy when he was offended. His interests had been betrayed by Matthioli's disclosure to the petty princes of Italy of his intrigues against that country. His *amour propre* had been deeply wounded. He had condescended to hold personal intercourse with Matthioli, had presented him with a valuable jewel as evidence of his favor, had given him a large sum of money to retain him in his service, and had been be-

trayed by him. The arrest was considered politically necessary, in the first instance, in order to get back the documents which would have shown the truth of Matthioli's disclosures. Afterwards the difficulty was what to do with him. If Matthioli had been liberated, what a story of outrage, discreditable to King Louis, he could have told! To punish him for the past and silence him through the future, he was morally annihiliated. Henceforth, the Italian was as if he were of the dead, and the longer he lived the more necessary was his suppression. His imprisonment, from which death alone released him, extended through nearly twenty-five years—a long period, even to one who participates in the struggles and successes, the joys and griefs, the business and pleasures of active life, but a weary, lingering, enervating and hopeless time to a solitary prisoner, of whose very existence the world was utterly ignorant.

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ART. VI.—1. *Vassar College and its Founder.* By BENSON J. LOSSING. 4to, pp. viii.—175. New York. 1867.

2. *Third Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Vassar College,* Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1867–8. New York. 1868.

3. *Communications to the Board of Trustees of Vassar College.* By its Founder. New York. 1869.

Some ill-natured person has remarked that a great college is as easily established in this country as a petroleum company. To this it is added that one institution as well as the other requires a certain amount of capital, but that the great thing to make it pay is puffery. It is no news to us, or to our readers, that there are many institutions in the United States called colleges which are unworthy of the name; but we confess that until lately we did not believe that charlatanism was carried to one-tenth the extent it is in this college business. Many colleges, seminaries and schools as we have visited in Europe and America; much as we have written on collegiate education during the last twenty years, our recent experience has surprised us more than we can find words to express.

We had indeed been often assured by educated men and women who had ample opportunities of forming an opinion on the subject, that Vassar College was a very different institution from what it was represented in certain publications. But we never make charges on mere hearsay. In this instance we were particularly cautious, because the generosity of its founder had strongly prepossessed us in favor of the college, before we knew anything of its character. While thus most unwilling to utter an unkind word, a lady friend presented us a copy of last year's catalogue. A glance at this seemed to confirm the charge that those having control of Vassar not only substituted *words* for *things*, but did all they could to make parents and guardians believe what they did not believe themselves.

Yet we confined ourselves to a few criticisms on the bombastic style of the catalogue; those who will turn to our article in last September number, entitled Our Colleges and Seminaries, Male and Female, can judge for themselves whether what we ridiculed, though in a good-humored spirit, did not deserve to be so treated. But some whom we have since found to be interested parties affected to think that we had done great injustice to Vassar; that there was no institution in America like it, &c. Upon the other hand, those who had no interest in the matter further than to prefer the genuine to the spurious, assured us that much as the catalogue amused us it was not half such a burlesque as the college itself. We had been thinking, for some time, of visiting the college; now we resolved to do so, as soon as we could find time, provided we were permitted on application.

Those who know us would need no explanatory remarks here, before being presented with the results; but it may be necessary to say to those who do not know us that far from our being opposed to female colleges, none would do more to encourage them; and that far from sneering at the female intellect, or seeking to depreciate it, none entertain a higher opinion of it. Nor is this any new feeling, or new faith, on our part; and were it different we should display lack of intelligence as well as of perception.

There have been great female educators in all ages. In most

of our discussions of the lives and works of illustrious men, ancient and modern, we have had occasion to see how much they were indebted to their mothers, their wives, or their sisters. The greatest philosophers, from Socrates and Pericles to Leibnitz, Locke and Newton, have gratefully testified how much of their knowledge and culture they owed woman. We need not go back as far as the time of Hypatia, the learned and accomplished daughter of Theon, to point out female instructors who rivalled the greatest men of their age as teachers of the most abstruse sciences.*

Even in the middle ages ladies were among the best professors in the colleges of Italy, which were then superior to all others; and those excellent women were as distinguished for their virtue and modesty as they were for their learning and educational talents. Nay, such is the effect of a superior education in purifying the mind, especially the female mind, that we find the fair pagan head of the famous Alexandrian school, (Hypatia,) scarcely less scrupulous in her moral conduct than the equally learned, beautiful and accomplished Maria Cajetana Agnesi, who, with the permission of Pope Benedict XIV., succeeded her father as professor of mathematics in the celebrated university of Bologna. This lady was not alone one of the ablest mathematical scholars of her time; she was also well versed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German and Spanish. During her leisure hours she found time to write essays on various subjects. In one she published in 1740, she undertook to prove "that the study of the liberal arts is not incompatible with the understanding of woman." But did all this make her vain or fond of display? a question which we cannot better answer than by remarking that she withdrew from the world at a comparatively early age, entering the monastery of the Blue Nuns at Milan, where she died January 9, 1799, at the age of eighty-one.†

We are aware that there are those who smile derisively at the idea of ladies knowing Latin and Greek, or either; yet

* Vide Sinesius ed. Petau. Menage, *Hist. Mul. philosop.*, p. 52.

† Paulo Frisi *Elogio storico di Mar-Gæt. Agnesi.* Bianca Milesi Majon, *Vita di Mar-Gæt. Agnesi.*

there were many such ladies long before we could boast any female colleges. Both the mother and wife of Bacon were familiar with both languages. The philosopher's mother translated a Latin work into English with fidelity and elegance; and in sending her version to the archbishop of Canterbury for his opinion, she accompanied it with an epistle in Greek, which the primate answered in the same language. That Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Jane Grey were well versed in the same languages is sufficiently known.

In illustration of what woman has done for science in our own time we need only mention the name of Caroline Lucretia Herschel. Few are aware of the part this excellent lady had in the well-earned fame of her illustrious brother, the late Sir William Herschel.

Without adding any more distinguished and honored names, though we might fill pages with them, we may ask, Why should not American ladies become as familiar with the classic languages and the sciences as the ladies of Italy, England, or any other country, if equal opportunities were afforded them? There is certainly no reason why they should not; and what is more, we have ourselves the honor of knowing several American ladies, who have as thorough a knowledge of the languages and sciences as any ladies we have ever met. In our visits to ladies' seminaries, academies, and schools in the United States, from time to time, we have witnessed as correct and elegant translating, and heard as intelligent replies to scientific questions, as we have in any male institutions of similar grades or pretentions. In some instances we have been most agreeably surprised at the elegant scholarship thus evinced by the young ladies; and our readers may remember that it has afforded us pleasure to record the fact, and to express the opinion that many a graduate of a first class male college could ill compete with those fair and modest American translators.*

The reader may infer from this whether we resolved to visit Vassar with any prejudices against female colleges, or with any disposition to disparage the capabilities of the female in-

* *Vide N. Q. R.*, No. xxxii.

tellect. On the contrary, although we are not in favor of what is called woman's rights, we made our decision in the full belief that there are many women capable of governing kingdoms and empires. We admit, however, that from what we had heard in this case we were reminded that Cardinal Mazarine once expressed the same opinion; but added, that there was always danger that they would allow themselves to be ruled by men who were not capable of governing a dozen of pullets. Further than this, however, we yet knew nothing of the matter from our own knowledge; we did not know whether the Vassar ladies belonged to the ruling class in any sense—we merely suspected that the Vassar men belonged to the pullet-governing genus. At all events, we addressed a note to Dr. Raymond, the male president of the college, inquiring whether there was any objection to our visiting the institution for the purpose of learning what we could of its system of instruction, standard of scholarship, &c. In due time we received a polite reply from the doctor granting us full permission, although it is but fair to say that we were told by friends in the city that it would have been better had we applied to the "lady principal," or to a certain gentleman residing in New York, to whom we shall have occasion to refer more particularly a little further on. This we regarded as merely a jest, but it was somewhat comically corroborated to us on our reaching Poughkeepsie. Happening to meet a gentleman who was just coming from the college, we inquired whether the president was home. "Yes, Dr. Raymond is there; but the real president is absent. Don't you know that Hannah W. Lyman is *High Cockalorum?*" This was said in the presence of several gentlemen, all of whom smiled, but at the same time nodded assent—the most serious of the party remarking, "That's so." What "high cockalorum" means we cannot pretend to say, but presume it is one of the *degrees* of Vassar. At all events, as we spent our time in coming so far we were determined to go the rest of the way. After a brisk drive of some twenty minutes or more we found ourselves in the immediate vicinity of Vassar College, without having had a glance of it before. This rather surprised us, as we had been led to suppose it was situated on an

eminence; whereas, in point of fact, the breeze, as well as the view, is more or less intercepted on all sides by hills, the aspect of which is not very inviting. If there be any sheet of water within sight on any side, or nearer than a mile or two, it escaped our notice. We make this remark because many suppose, as we had ourselves, that Vassar College is situated on the Hudson, or at least within view of that noble river. But although we saw no water our first impulse, in glancing at the lawn in front of the building, was to inquire of the driver whether there were not chills and fever in the neighborhood. The reply we received was not very satisfactory; still the place may be very healthy.

Probably some who have accompanied us thus far expect criticisms on all the professors, male and female; but if so, they will be disappointed. We distinctly disclaim all intention of saying an unkind, sneering, or disrespectful word of either male or female teacher that we happened to see on the occasion. All not only treated us politely, but evidently did what they could to render our visit as agreeable to ourselves as possible, and we trust that whatever may be our faults, to be uncivil or offensive to those who treat us civilly and kindly is not one of them. Dr. Raymond we had the pleasure of knowing several years ago, when he was principal of the Polytechnic Institute, at Brooklyn; and he has since lost none of the courtesy and urbanity which distinguished him in that position, and certainly gave us the impression of his being a gentleman of amiable disposition. Whether it be his example and influence that have made the other teachers, male and female, so polite and agreeable; whether they owe those good qualities to the superior wisdom of the "lady principal," or whether they brought them to the college with their other qualifications is not, we suppose, one of those points on which we are expected to inform our readers. Be this as it may, when we come to form an opinion of the work done at Vassar, then we must say, however reluctantly, that we have no admiration to bestow. We are not merely disappointed; notwithstanding the unfavorable reports we had heard, we are really astonished at the immense difference between the real Vassar College and the institution conjured up

by the puffers. There is no use in mincing the matter—alas! Vassar is no college; but a third-rate boarding school, or rather a boarding house, in which some lessons are thrown in with the board, as an inducement to customers. Not, indeed, but the buildings are abundantly large for a college; nay, more, they are well calculated for a college; but although architecture and upholstery are very good things, they require important additions in order to constitute a college.

But we beg leave to make a slight digression here. While waiting in the sitting-room to be introduced into the class-rooms our attention was called to a very handsome gilt, illustrated book that lay open on the table. This proved to be "Vassar College and its Founder, by Benson J. Lossing." Quite a fortunate discovery, thought we—there is scarcely any need in going any further; this will tell us all. But to our surprise, the first page we happened to glance at treats on *breweries*; turning over page after page we learn what an excellent thing ale is for making money and founding female colleges. Among the pictorial illustrations we have "Brewery on Vassar street." (p. 32.) "Brewery on the River," (p. 35.), etc. In short, in no other work have we seen so elaborate a glorification of brewing. "All day long," says our historian, "Mr. Vassar might have been seen *brewing at the dye-house*, or *going about the village with his ale*, or disposing of his 'grains,' as the barley was popularly called after it had served the purpose of brewing, while his *evenings until midnight were devoted to his customers in his 'saloon.'*" (p. 27.)

This, of course, was highly praiseworthy. A page or two farther on we are informed that "so promising of success was Mr. Vassar's ale and oyster business that he ventured to set up a domestic establishment in the spring of 1813, when he was not quite twenty-one years of age." (p. 29.) Growing more and more enthusiastic and appreciative as he proceeds, our author brings us to that happy time when a partnership was formed under the name of Vassar & Co., with an enterprising gentleman "*who had quaffed many a mug of ale at Vassar's rooms with great satisfaction.*" (p. 33.) All this glorification of ale brewing is interlarded with bacchanalian quotations from the poets; thus,

for example, we have four stanzas from Burns, "John Barleycorn," etc. (p. 19.) Surely, thought we, on reaching thus far, the young ladies of Vassar must rank ale-brewing amongst the noblest and most laudable of pursuits!

We do not mean to find any fault with Mr. Vassar for having made his money by brewing and selling ale; assuming that he did much mischief, rather than merit honor or glory by his mode of business, we think he has merited both by his generous *intentions* in contributing so much money towards the great cause of education. But a man brought up as Mr. Vassar was—who spent at least fifty years of his life as he did—could not be supposed to be a good judge of the fitness of those to whom he confided the great work of establishing a college. This difficulty becomes at once apparent. It may be that those men meant well like himself; but it is not all well meaning people who are capable of establishing a respectable school, not to mention a college. Had fame been the object of Mr. Vassar, then indeed he might have congratulated himself on having placed his half a million of dollars in the right hands; that is if puffing of the most extravagant and bombastic kind can be said to constitute fame. Let those who doubt this, first read "Vassar College and its Founder;" if, altogether independently of the part devoted to brewing, they ever read anything like it before in book form, their researches in that sort of literature have extended far beyond ours. It is not alone the great benefactor himself who is eulogized to the skies; the whole Vassar family, for generations past, are made partakers of the same immortality. Thus, in addition to what we are informed in the most approved Jenkins style, we are presented with portraits of James Vassar, Thomas Vassar, Ann Vassar, etc. All this, however, is but a small part of the glory. The curious in such matters must next visit Vassar College; here they will find Vassar portraits and busts wherever they turn, chaste specimens too of the fine arts! Then let them turn their attention to the newspapers, periodicals and pamphlets, and they will see that the most uncompromising enemies of "the liquor business," including divines, philosophers and temperance lecturers vie with each other in

demonstrating to the world their high admiration of the refining and elevating influence of Poughkeepsie ale brewing, especially on the female mind!

But we enter a recitation room; as we pass wearisomely from one to another we begin to feel like one who had gone into a grocery store to look for diamonds and emeralds. Not but the rooms are well furnished, neat, and, in general, comfortable; not but the young ladies are respectable. We have no fault to find with rooms, students, or professors; but we utterly failed to see anything to justify the representations of those having charge of Vassar. Our readers may judge whether they were the inferior classes of whose proficiency and attainments we were permitted to see specimens. Every one has heard of the rich *curriculum* of Vassar. As for Greek and Latin, they are but trifles in that institution; yet all the classical lore we were privileged to see was a translating exercise in Cæsar. We can truly say that more amusing efforts at translating we have never witnessed anywhere; only one student gave a correct rendering of a plain, flowing sentence; and we learned, on inquiry, that this young lady had studied the language elsewhere, and had but recently entered Vassar. If, on former occasions, we were surprised at the accuracy and elegance with which young ladies translated the most difficult of the Roman poets, at a private school, we were surprised, in the present instance, that such ludicrously incorrect translating could be witnessed by a visitor at an institution that aspires to be considered a college.

But the treatment received by Cæsar was a grave and instructive performance compared to the recitation in political economy. It was extremely difficult to listen to the manner in which some of the young ladies accounted for the production of certain kinds of wealth without relaxing into a smile. And of a kindred character was the recitation in natural philosophy. In both cases the students proposed some questions to their instructors, which were rather puzzling—in fact, such questions as innocent children sometimes propose to their parents, causing all who hear them to laugh at their quaint, whimsical character. There is this difference, however, that

while the children merely obey a natural impulse to gain information, or add to their limited stock of ideas, the young ladies at Vassar only want to show how smart they are.

We were also present at recitations in German and French; but these were of the ordinary character—that is, such as we see at boarding-schools of no very high pretensions. Certainly we have seen much better at very modest schools. Still we find no fault with them. Indeed, compared with the recitations in Latin, political economy, and natural philosophy, they seemed to us highly respectable; and yet, as already remarked, we have no reason to doubt the qualifications of any of the teachers or professors. All we know of the latter is that both ladies and gentlemen are polite and agreeable; what their attainments or abilities are we have made no effort to ascertain, but we are quite willing to take it for granted that they are of the proper standard. But, whatever may be the character of the intellectual pabulum furnished by Vassar, the physical pabulum is quite good. We can conscientiously recommend it to travellers as an eating house; for we had the honor of dining there with the most distinguished and interesting members of the faculty.

We trust we need not say that neither by word, nor jesture, did we express any censure from the time we entered the college until we left it. We withdrew with the most friendly feelings to all we met; nor have those feelings undergone any change since. We suspected all along that it was not the professors or teachers, male or female, that were to blame for the vast disproportion between what Vassar College is represented to be and what it really is; although to Dr. Raymond alone were all our inquiries directed. But some nine or ten days afterwards the whole affair assumes a new phase; at least, it assumed a phase which was new to us. Our office is visited again and again by no less important a personage than the Chairman of the executive committee. This, thought we, on receiving note after note, is very kind. One of the first opens as follows: "Mr.———, chairman of the executive committee of Vassar College, has called *three times* to see Dr. Sears in reference to advertising the college, &c."

This was all right enough. Sorry that our absence in the country for some days had caused the worthy chairman to be thus disappointed several times, we felt bound to call on him. As he was absent in turn, we wrote a line with pencil, expressing our regret, and left it with the servant for him. Next morning we receive a long letter, in which we are informed that our correspondent is one of the "national commissioners appointed to co-operate with the Department of the Interior on Indian affairs," also "state commissioner of public charities, &c., &c." To this information he adds, "If I fail to see you to-morrow you will please to consider 12 o'clock on Monday next the time appointed to meet you for making some arrangement about *noticing* or *advertising* Vassar College in your Review."

Now, at all events, we thought, we shall be raised out of poverty! Finally we have the honor of a shake hands at our office from the chairman of the executive committee. After we have expressed our sense of his great kindness in taking so much trouble, &c., he proceeds to dilate on the superiority of Vassar above all other institutions. Even a catalogue of all the high qualities on which he expatiated as peculiar to Vassar would occupy more space than we can spare at this moment. By this time we had learned perfectly how we should commence our article in order to satisfy our Indian commissioner and executive college chairman; it should be in some such key as,

"Vos, ô clarissima mundi lumina!"

But anxious as he is to impress us with this high idea of Vassar, he is still more anxious, if possible, to impress us with the worthlessness of other female institutions. From the latter part of his speech we begged leave to dissent; one of the expressions he uses in reply is: "There is as great a difference between them as there is between the Fifth Avenue Hotel and a boarding-house in the Bowery." EDITOR, (jestingly): "But, doctor, it is not altogether for eating that parents send their daughters to colleges or seminaries. It is not for its superior board, but for its high standard of education you would have Vassar celebrated?" CHAIRMAN: "That is very true; but you see people ask *why do we boast so much of the great Vassar grant*

*when we charge* $400 for each student—*as much as seminaries that have no grant.* We want to show that it is *for the good food and superior accommodations* we charge, and *not for the education*, which we give almost for nothing." EDITOR: "Then you set more value on your butcher, your grocer, and your cook, than you do on your learned professors, male and female, your philosophical apparatus, &c., &c.?" CHAIRMAN: "Well, you know that whatever they do in Germany and other places, Americans like to have their stomach well lined, let the learning and accomplishments go as they may," &c.

It may easily be understood that we did not wish to be too captious in such a case, especially when we saw that the worthy chairman himself evidently regarded the high scholarship of Vassar as something like Barnum's Feejee mermaid; and so we admitted that nobody ought to grudge paying a fair price for good food, honest pork and beans, potatoes, &c. This seemed to satisfy our good friend, who now took a pencil and a sheet of paper and commenced to write. When done he presented the document to us. As no such proposition had ever been made to us before, except by quack doctors—whose nostrums have never been permitted to sully even our advertising department, on any terms—we supposed the paper handed to us was the advertisement so often referred to; and we only hoped it would contain no brewery cuts; no extracts from "John Barleycorn," &c. But, on examination, it proved to be a form of "agreement" which we were required to sign. By this we should bind ourselves, *secundum legem*, to write and print a eulogy of a certain number of pages, embodying those "peculiar advantages" offered by Vassar; and furnish proof-sheets thereof to the said chairman, so that he might alter or amend the same, *ex cathedra*, before publication, as he thought proper. We were informed that if we only executed this paper we might make our own terms;* in short, that we should profit by the transaction in various ways. After paying us quite a handsome

* For this purpose the place for the amount is left blank for us to fill! We copy the following items verbatim, and ask the executive chairman to deny his hand writing if he can. "Advertising one page, per annum, $—— *including account of visit to the College and occasional notices.*" If this little bargain had only our signature to it we should have received no threatening letter!

sum, our good friend would have us get up the article in pamphlet form; for this, too, he would pay us our own price. Here he mentions several periodicals which he had rewarded in this liberal manner, including the "Princeton Review," which, we confess, we had supposed was too pious for that sort of work. But it seems the temptation was very strong; we are told that when persons wrote to inquire about the college, a copy of the puff article, duly credited to the "Review," was mailed with the prospectus; and by this means both Vassar College and the "Princeton Review" were served at the same time; the latter securing subscribers, and sometimes other little jobs, while the former secured students and fame!

Here we are reminded that our friend had intimated to us in an interrogative sort of way, at the beginning of our interview, that he had been informed we belonged to the Episcopal church; we assented, and it seemed to satisfy him that at least we must be a believer in St. Luther. Now we could understand how scrupulous the gentlemen is both in religion and ethics! We tell him we have no doubt that the National Review would be vastly benefited by his plan; but it is contrary to our rules, and we must beg leave to decline it.

He is quite skeptical when we assure him that we have never asked a dollar for any article published in our journal, that colleges and seminaries on which we write articles, instead of paying us more than ordinary business establishments, pay us *less* than those whose names have never been mentioned in our editorial pages, and that before himself no college officer, male or female, protestant or catholic, ever offered to pay us for any article or notice. To this we added that it was for the purpose of having an article on Vassar College we visited it, that we intended to have one accordingly; that we had no disposition to speak of it otherwise than fairly; that it was quite true we wished to be favored with a part of the advertising patronage of the institution, and that if he did not like to pay our regular terms, we would make a reduction, as we did to others under similar circumstances. It was then agreed that we should strike off a certain amount from our usual rate for the year, and furnish back numbers of the Review

to the chairman. When he was leaving we begged leave to remind him that we required a written order. His reply was a solemn pledge that we should have all the documents in our hands within eight days, including *the proof sheets of the new catalogue*, of which he had already *shown us a part*, in order to enable us to see how *much superior* it was in literary style, etc., to last year's catalogue, which we had taken the liberty of criticising. This we regarded as entirely satisfactory, and our friend left; but he soon returned, and remarked that he would be glad we would send him the back numbers without delay; at the same time he took another copy of our last number. We did not forget to do our part; we immediately sent twenty-two numbers of the Review to the residence of the chairman, as directed. Some three days afterwards we receive a letter from that gentleman, in which we are informed that it was "decided not to advertise in any Quarterly at present."

Two days later we receive another long letter, which concludes as follows: "You will confer a favor on the committee of the college library by informing me whether a full set of your Review can be bought, and at what price." This, we suppose, ought to soften our heart, but it is as hard as Pharaoh's. Our reply is that we could no longer have any confidence in his statements, and therefore begged to be excused from paying any attention to them. Some two or three days elapse after this, when we receive quite a heavy despatch, two large sheets of letter paper marked at the top, "copy." We find, on examination, that this is a formidable document. We may be mistaken, but it seems to us to smell very strongly of beer—the *cerevisia tenuis* of brewing chemists, vulgarly called *small beer*. Be this as it may, it is evidently intended to make us tremble. However, we get over the first sheet, and more than half of the second, without being much frightened; as for a little abuse we do not mind it—we have grown pretty well used to that. But when we come to the last page of the second sheet, we find ourselves—*horresco referens*—warned of our doom. Still to a certain extent our destiny is left in our own

hands. If we find no fault with Vassar, or its executive chairman, we may be permitted to live on another while, but if otherwise, we are warned that "*several Editors of leading* papers of this city (New York) *are waiting for an opportunity to present this matter to the public*," etc.* Will our "leading editors" take beer money for that sort of work? We have no doubt but some editors will, if they only get the right amount; but we deny that such are leading editors, except those leaders of the blind who lead into the ditch. For the rest we assure our "executive" friend that we were quite prepared for this sort of thing before we were aware that such a college officer as he was in existence. While witnessing the treatment received by Cæsar at Vassar, we mechanically turned over a leaf or two, and, remembering that the puffers are sometimes called the Gauls, we were particularly struck with the remark, in reference to the blundering, and not very brave or honest Litavicus, and his retainers who adhered to him in his disgrace with a perseverance worthy of a better cause—"*nefas more Gallorum est etiam in extrema fortuna deserere patronos*;" † which being freely translated means that among the Gauls it was considered impious to abandon their patrons even in the most desperate extremities. The "leading editors" (puffers) may therefore be ready to go to work at once, but we would advise them to get the beer money in advance!

It is not to gratify any personal feeling that we have stated these facts. The loss of so much of our time—nearly a whole week—when we had not a moment to spare from our desk, not to mention twenty-three numbers of our Review—as a consequence of our not permitting ourselves to be bribed in the most shameful manner to praise false pretensions and imposture, and to slander true scholarship and genuine worth—has not in the least ruffled our temper. First, we give our impressions of

* It is a singular coincidence that a little more than five years ago we received exactly such a threat as this from an individual calling himself Dr. J. Walter Scott, and representing himself as president of the faculty of the "New York Medical University." The "leading editors" were to have gone to work for him too. So they have lately, it will be remembered, though in a somewhat different way from what he pretended. But how much he frightened us the curious reader may learn by turning to our number for March, 1864. Art., "*Our Quack Doctors and their Performances.*"

† *De Bell. Gal.*, l. vii., c. 40.

Vassar College as it is; then we give our experience of the *modus operandi* by which it is sought to create the impression that it is superior to all other institutions; and we leave the public to draw its own conclusions.

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ART. VII.—1. *The Poetical Works of Henry Kirke White, with an account of his life.* By ROBERT SOUTHEY. Philadelphia.

2. *Chambers' Cyclopedia of English Literature.* 2 vols., 8vo. Boston.

PERHAPS few things seem more strange than the extraordinary intellectual ability which certain precociously developed individuals exhibit. It is contrary to the ordinary course of nature, and therefore, like other uncommon things, it attracts our especial attention. But no mind, however great, can acquire knowledge without experience; and no person can produce great thoughts without something to make thoughts of; in other words, without the facts of nature to work up into something adapted to the experience of an intellectual, moral and religious being. It is a well-settled fact in mental science that the poetic talent is as much inherent in the constitution of the human mind as the mathematical or the oratorical, and, perhaps, even more so; but the world has never known a great poet, a great mathematician, or a great orator without great intellectual powers. We therefore conclude that a poet, in order to be great, must not only have a good development of that talent which is peculiar to poets, but he must, at the same time, possess great intellectual powers; for it is the intellect that produces the thoughts, the moral and religious sentiments give them their tone, and the poetic talent enables the writer to give them to the world in that form of composition known as poetry.

It has been supposed by some that the natural poet needs no education to enable him to write good poetry. *A priori* reasoning teaches us that more than native ability is needed;

but if more is required to show that the poet, as well as the philosopher, needs educating, it is found in the fact that there is no instance on record where an individual either secured or deserved any considerable permanent distinction by his poetical productions, unless he had previously stored his mind well with various kinds of knowledge. In short, he must be educated. The genius for poetry has sometimes made its appearance in individuals of little or no education, in the ordinary sense of the word, but it never could attain even mediocre proportions in so unfruitful a soil. It is not altogether improbable that this mistaken notion, that a poet does not need the benefit of an education, or that in some cases he is actually injured by it, has prevented some from exerting themselves in the cultivation of their mental powers to that extent which they otherwise might have done.

No charge of this nature, however, can be brought against Henry Kirke White, for few persons have labored harder than he to store his mind with useful knowledge. Henry Kirke White was born in Nottingham, England, March 21st, 1785. He was the second son of John and Mary White, the maiden name of the latter being Neville, and of a respectable family. John White was a butcher by trade, and, we should judge, better adapted to that business than to superintending the education of a precocious boy who possessed an instinctive love for knowledge.

From the age of three to five Henry learned to read at a school taught by Mrs. Garrington, a lady who had the good sense to perceive his extraordinary capacity, and who spoke of it with confidence, as respected his future success in the world of letters. In his poem on childhood, Henry describes her in the following affectionate terms:

"In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule;
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean.
Her neatly broider'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.

Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies:
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unwonted place.

At a very early age he became much attached to his books; so much so that reading was a passion which took almost complete possession of his mind. It was with much reluctance, however, that he first went to school.

"Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,
While I was first to school reluctant borne."

When he was about seven he would steal into the kitchen to teach the servant to read and write, and it was some time before it was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed. Probably his first composition was a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which he gave to this servant to read, being ashamed to show it to his mother. We are not informed as to what were the merits of this early production, but we may be allowed to conclude that it was chiefly remarkable for the command of language which the writer exhibited, rather than for the ideas which it contained. We cannot expect a mind, uneducated, however precocious and powerful in itself, to produce so great thoughts as an active great mind when educated. The greatest productions in literature, science, and art, are from persons whose minds have not matured young, and who have, seemingly, grasped all their knowledge at once; but rather from those whose minds have expanded slowly and have acquired knowledge gradually, and which has been well digested, and at all times ready for use. Even if the human mind could acquire a great amount of knowledge at once, including facts and principles, it could not be used to much advantage till it was classified, and the bearing of each fact and principle upon all the others distinctly perceived and understood. Thus it is that our precocious poets can write poetry which charms us from the depth of feeling exhibited, but their great thoughts only keep pace with their study and understanding of nature. But early productions frequently give indications of future greatness in the world of thought; and we hence usually judge a young writer mainly by what his efforts foreshadow.

At about the age of six Henry was placed under the tuition of the Rev. John Blanchard, who then taught the best school in Nottingham. Here he learned writing, arithmetic, and French. One day when he was about eleven years of age, he wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of twelve or fourteen; and the master said that he never before knew *them* to write so well, and he could not help expressing his astonishment at the comparative excellence of Henry's. It must have been a great advantage to Henry to be at so good a school, and it was so considered by his friends. Mrs. White had not yet overcome her husband's intention of bringing up Henry to his own business; and by an arrangement which took up much of his time, and interfered to a considerable extent with his studies, he was required to carry the butcher's basket one day in the week besides his leisure time from school on other days. At length some difference arose between Mr. Blanchard and Mr. White, and the result was Henry's removal from school.

Henry evidently had the misfortune of not being fully comprehended at Mr. Blanchard's school, for when one of the ushers came to receive the money due for tuition, he took occasion to inform Mrs. White what an incorrigible son she had, and that it was impossible to do much with him. This information made his friends uneasy, and they felt quite dispirited about him. Fortunately, however, they did not rely wholly on this report; for they soon placed him under the care of a Mr. Shipley, who was not long in discovering that he was a boy of keen perception, and fine talents. He hastened to inform Henry's parents of the truth in relation to him, and thus to relieve the anxiety and suspicions of his friends.

The truth is, he felt the confinement and the ordinary routine of the schoolroom to be irksome, and he thought they were unnecessary. We may remark, in passing, that this period in the life of Henry Kirke White reminds us of Irving's early school days, when he used to watch the bobolink, and think that bird so happy while he was suffering the tortures of confinement in the schoolroom. Henry seems to have discovered what nature had done for him, and at the

same time that his teachers were complaining of his obtuseness and incorrigibility, he was writing satires upon them. These pieces were shown only to his particular friends. In a manuscript volume he had enumerated several of them in the table of contents, but he cut out the leaves containing the poems. He termed them "School Lampoons." One written at the age of thirteen has been preserved. His confinement in school, one pleasant morning in spring, was the cause of it.

"The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now calls forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark, with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light:
While, wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

"But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There on the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

About this period, by the advice of several friends, his mother was induced to open a ladies' boarding and day school in Nottingham, her eldest daughter having previously been a teacher in one for some time. She succeeded beyond her expectations, and Henry's home-comforts were, in consequence, materially increased; but his parents were still unable to give him that education which his talents deserved.

It was now determined to devote him to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place; and at the age of fourteen he was placed in a stocking loom, with the view of getting him, at some future time, into a hosier's warehouse. He was extremely unhappy in this situation. His family, however, were not in circumstances to do anything better for him at that time. His mother seemed to realize the unsuitableness of the employment, but it was not till after a year of *misapplication*, as his brother termed it, that he was placed in a situation rather more congenial to his nature.

But Henry Kirke White is not the only boy that has been placed in a situation to which he was not adapted. Parents and friends do not always take a wise course with children that they would be glad to place in such a situation as would lead them to prosperity in life. Children usually have a choice as to what trade or profession, one or the other, they follow in life: and this choice is dictated by nature—growing out of the superior development of this or that group of the faculties of the mind. We should, therefore, observe what nature would seem to indicate in relation to this matter before we finally decide.

Henry wished to be in some business in which his mind could find more employment, and for one in his pecuniary circumstances the law seemed to be more practicable than any other of the learned professions. His excellent mother, at all times taking a more rational and correct view of his case than his father, favored those plans which she considered the best; and, accordingly, she made every possible effort to effect his wishes, while his father, on the contrary, was decidedly opposed to them. At length, however, after overcoming a variety of obstacles, he was fixed in the office of Messrs. Coldham & Enfield, attorneys and town-clerks of Nottingham. As no premium could be given with him he was engaged to serve two years before he was articled; so that, though he entered the office when he was fifteen, he was not articled till he was seventeen—at the beginning of 1802.

On thus entering the law his employers recommended him to obtain some knowledge of Latin. He had no time for the study but the leisure moments which were left in an attorney's office in extensive practice. These moments, however, to one who is disposed to use them, amount to a good deal of time in the course of a year. He received some instruction in the rudiments of this language from a person by the name of Cormick, then residing in Nottingham under an assumed name. It is not known that he received any other assistance; yet in the course of ten months he was able to read Horace with tolerable facility, besides making some progress in Greek, a language which he indeed began before the other.

To gain time he used to employ his mind in declining the Greek nouns and other words in going to and from the office. The habit which he thus contracted of employing his mind in study in this way, he continued to follow in all his walks, to the end of his life.

Having now the law and Latin and Greek to study, "he became," says Southey, "almost estranged from his family: even at his meals he would be reading, and his evenings were entirely devoted to intellectual improvement." He had a little room given him, which he called his study. This he described in a letter written in Hudibrastic verse. To avoid a loss of time he refused to sup with his family, and his milk supper was taken up to him.

In these severe and unremitting labors the law was his first study, and the papers on this subject, which he left, showed such industry that it was considered strange by those who examined the remains of his literary labors, how he found time for the study of anything else. Greek and Latin next claimed his attention; and, besides these, he found time to obtain a tolerable knowledge of Italian, and some acquaintance with the Spanish and the Portuguese. Besides his knowledge of the languages mentioned, he acquired a respectable knowledge of chemistry, and found time to study astronomy and electricity. He gave some attention to drawing, and it was thought that he could have excelled in it had he given his mind to the subject. He could play by ear on the pianoforte, composing the base as he proceeded. But he checked his love for music, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had considerable mechanical skill, and fitted up his study with his own hands.

The success of all this mental labor must be sought in a vigorous constitution, which, if attended to with care, would have prolonged his life to old age, a great love of study, and his great amount of night labor, which he has thus described in his poem on Time:

"————————For me the day
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of steadfast application, but which leave
No deep, improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's; let it pass!

The night's my own ; they cannot steal my night !
When evening lights her folding star on high,
I live and breathe, and, in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,
Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imps her wing for heaven.
Hence do I love the sober-suited maid ;
Hence night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme,
And she shall aid me *now* to magnify
The night of ages,—*now* when the pale ray
Of starlight penetrates the studious gloom,
And, at my window seated, while mankind
Are locked in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze,
Of stillness blow, while in her saddest stole,
*Thought*, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
Assumes her wonted sway."

Mental labor does not exhaust all alike. Observation shows us that the person who possesses by nature a mental temperament can endure much more study, other things being equal, than he who is otherwise constituted.

It was Henry's wish from early years to become a member of a literary society at that time existing in Nottingham. After repeated applications and failures, he finally succeeded, by the influence of his friends, in being admitted. There were six professors in the society, and upon the first vacancy Henry, then in his fifteenth year, was appointed to the chair of literature. The first subject upon which he lectured was *Genius*. He considered the subject for one day and then spoke to the society extemporaneously. His lecture was two hours and three quarters in length. His hearers, so far from being wearied, passed a unaminous resolution of thanks to the speaker. This must have been a great success for Henry, since the society was organized for the promotion and diffusion of knowledge, and respectable enough to possess a good philosophical apparatus. He wished to qualify himself to be a good speaker as well as sound lawyer. Henry was not yet dissatisfied with his adopted profession, but he began to have higher aspirations, and to look toward the university, but perhaps without a reasonable hope that he would ever attain its important advantages. A magazine called the " Monthly Preceptor," was at this time published, and themes were proposed in it for boys and girls. Henry

was successful in several instances. At the age of fifteen he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace, and the next year he gained a pair of twelve-inch globes for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburg. He determined to try for it one evening while at tea, and at supper he read to the family his composition. The editors allowed him seven pages in the magazine for his performance, though they had originally limited the allowance of space to three. These were high honors to Henry as testifying to his ability, and they served to encourage him to try further his powers of composition. From a letter written soon afterwards, it was discovered that many of his pieces in prose and verse gained admission into the various magazines of the day. "In prosaic composition," he said, "I never had one article refused; in poetic, many." This doubtless was owing to the greater difficulty of writing good poetry, and the greater amount of time, an element which he could not well spare, necessary for correcting that kind of composition. All these efforts were really steps toward the university. Henry now became a correspondent of the Monthly Mirror. "Magazines are of great service," says Southey, "to those who are learning to write; they are fishing-boats, which the buccaneers of literature do not condescend to sink, burn and destroy. Young poets may safely try their strength in them; and that they should try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desirable." Henry's rapid improvement was now as remarkable as his unwearied industry. The pieces which had been rewarded in the "Juvenile Preceptor" might have been rivalled by many boys; but what he produced a year afterwards, few men could equal. Those which appeared in the Monthly Mirror attracted some notice, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Lofft, and Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work, who was himself a lover of English literature, and who possessed one of the most copious collections of English poetry in existence. The encouragement of these two gentlemen induced Henry, about the close of the year 1802, to prepare a small volume of poems for publication. He hoped by the sale of this little work to obtain, either directly from

the profits of it, or from the notice which it might excite, the means to prosecute his studies at a university.

Henry had been somewhat skeptically inclined in regard to Christian revelation; but various influences changed his views, and he now felt a deeper interest in the opposite view, and hoped by his college studies to fit himself for holy orders. He was still, however, attached to the law, and had hoped to be admitted to the bar at some future day. But owing to a deafness to which he had always been subject, and which rather increased with his years than diminished, he felt it to be necessary to adopt some other profession in which so much was not dependent on his sense of hearing.

He was advised to obtain, if possible, some patroness for his book, whose rank in life and notoriety in the literary world, might be of service to him. The countess of Derby was applied to, but she refused, upon the ground that it was her invariable rule never to accept such a compliment. She sent a two-pound note, however, as her subscription to the work. He next applied to the dutchess of Devonshire. After much trouble and delay Henry's brother, Neville, succeeded in obtaining an audience, and the dutchess permitted the work to be dedicated to her. In due course of time the work appeared with her name on the title-page, "and a copy was transmitted to her in due form, and in its due morocco livery, of which no notice was ever taken." Henry sent his volume to each of the reviews then existing, and accompanied it with a letter in which he stated what his disadvantages had been, and what were the hopes which he wished to realize from the publication. We cannot forbear quoting the following paragraph from the preface. The volume consisted of one principal poem, "Clifton Grove," and several smaller ones. The first was written when he was in his sixteenth year, and the others were, some of them, "the productions of a very early age." "Such are the poems," he says, "towards which I entreat the lenity of the public. The critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the

iron mace of criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen, and remembering that, may he forbear from crushing, by too much rigor, the painted butterfly whose transient colors may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement."

Henry was disappointed, as, perhaps, many another has been. He doubtless expected that reviewers would say all the good things about his poems and leave the other untold, but he miscalculated; human nature too frequently exerts itself to demolish rather than build up or encourage. The old adage, that he who has struggled against obstacles till they are overcome, can find plenty to assist him; but he who but just sets out, or who is unable to ascend the hill alone, finds enough to keep him down. The "Monthly Review" for February, 1804, contained a criticism so severe and so contemptuous that it nearly dethroned Henry's reason for a short time. He wrote to the editor and complained of the cruelty with which he had been treated. His letter called out another article in the next number of the Review, with the object of softening somewhat what had been said in the former number.

Fortunately for Henry, his poems and his circumstances attracted the attention of the poet Southey. "I was indignant," says the latter, "at the injustice of this pretended criticism, and having accidentally seen the letter which he had written to the reviewers, understood the whole cruelty of their injustice." This induced him to write to Henry to encourage him. Southey's kindness revived Henry's spirits, and he replied, a part of his letter being as follows:

"I dare not say all I feel respecting your opinion of my little volume. The extreme acrimony with which the Monthly Review (of all the most important,) treated me, threw me into a state of stupefaction; I regarded all that had passed as a dream, and I thought I had been deluding myself into an idea of possessing poetic genius, when in fact I had only the longing, without the *afflatus*. I mustered resolution enough, however, to write spiritedly to them; their answer in the ensuing number was a tacit acknowledgment that they had been somewhat too unsparing in their correction. It was a poor attempt to salve over a wound wantonly and most ungenerously inflicted. Still I was damped, because I knew the work was very respectable;

and therefore could not, I concluded, give a criticism *grossly* deficient in equity—the more especially, as I knew of no sort of inducement to extraordinary severity. Your letter, however, has revived me, and I again venture to hope that I may still produce something which will survive me."

This review of Henry's volume, which was, perhaps, intended to crush his hopes, was the principal occasion for bringing his poetic remains to light, and which, in consequence, have been a source of much pleasure to many a reader.

As we have before mentioned, Henry was at one time skeptically inclined, but becoming satisfied that the doctrines of Christianity as set forth in the New Testament are true, he resolved to learn the law, and devote his whole life to the promulgation of the religious opinions which he had formed. Like many others who allow their religious sentiments to control them when their reason ought, he was determined, against the advice and arguments of his friends, to follow this new course. To accomplish all this, it was necessary to place himself in one of the universities. Many obstacles must be overcome. The better half of the term for which he was articled had now been served; his entrance and continuance in the law had been a great expense to his family; and to leave so lucrative a profession for one that afforded only uncertain means of obtaining a decent competency, seemed to his friends the height of folly. "This determination cost his poor mother many tears; but determined he was, and that by the best and purest motives." However pure our motives may be, we must remember that our mental and physical constitutions are adapted to this world, and the circumstances which control us should be the first to which we should attend. We think that no one is in duty bound, under any circumstances, to labor solely for the good of others, to the neglect of himself. Indeed, if he sets out in life with any such idea, sooner or later nature will teach him that he must seek another basis, in which himself is included. The world works upon the plan of looking first at home and then abroad, and the dictates of nature cannot be all wrong.

Henry never failed to find friends. His employers, Mr.

Coldham and Mr. Enfield, listened to his plans and consented to give him the remainder of his term, though it had now become quite profitable to them, as soon as there was any reasonable prospect of his getting through the university. Mr. Dashwood, a clergyman who then resided in Nottingham, exerted himself in his favor. A friend of his residing at Queen's College, Cambridge, spoke of Henry to one of the fellows of St. John's, and that gentleman, after hearing about his talents and piety, spared no pains to obtain for him an adequate support.

As soon as these facts became known to his employers they gave Henry a month's leave of absence for the advantage of continuous study and recreation, for which his health now required. He chose for his resort the village of Wilford, near Clifton woods, the subject of the principal poem in his volume. In this village his mother procured lodgings for him; and he spent his month very pleasantly. Soon after its expiration, however, intelligence arrived that the plans which had been formed in his behalf entirely failed. He went immediately to his mother and said, "All my hopes of getting to the university are now blasted; in preparing myself for it, I have lost time in my profession; I have much ground to get up; and as I am determined not to be a mediocre attorney, I must endeavor to recover what I have lost."

He now applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He allowed himself no time for relaxation and little only for his meals, and a mere trifle for sleep. How much he needed some knowledge of the laws of health! He would read till one, two, and three o'clock in the mornings; then throw himself on the bed, but to rise again to his studies at five at the call of a *larum*, which he had attached to an old Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he took no time for sleep, not lying down at all. His good mother, who dreaded the consequences of such health-destroying application, was unable by entreaties, tears, or commands, to check this desperate course of study. Though controlled by the purest motives, as he supposed, his object in the future prevented him from heeding the good advice of a mother that was his best friend, and to whom he was in-

debted, directly or indirectly, for the advantages which had been afforded him, and whose counsel would probably have conducted him safely through that trying period of his life—his passage through the university—and saved him from filling a premature grave. Nothing can be gained by a violation of those laws by which nature controls our physical existence. Henry's mother found it necessary at one time to go every night into his room at a suitable hour for him to retire, to put out his candle; but here he eluded her vigilance by hiding his light in a cupboard as soon as he heard her coming up stairs, and throwing himself into bed and feigning sleep till she had left the room, and all was quiet, when he would again rise and resume his studies. "The night," he says, "has been everything to me; and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night-images are, as they judge, so ridiculously predominant in my verses."

Human nature cannot endure everything. His health soon sunk, as we should expect, under those habits of unrelenting study; he became pale and thin, and at length had a severe fit of sickness. From some cause death much too frequently seemed to stare him in the face, for many of his poems have frequent reference to the grave and another world. Soon after his recovery he wrote some beautiful lines in the church-yard of his favorite village. He says,

"Here would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavors vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance did Gray
Frequent, as with a vagrant muse he wanton'd.
Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harrass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death."

His friends were of opinion that he never completely recovered from the shock which his constitution thus received. He thought himself in danger of consumption, but he did not seem to realize that his mind was in danger from his diseased and over-taxed body. His hopes of entering the university were again renewed, and these had a beneficial influence on his bodily health. He was now induced to go to Cambridge. He found other friends to exert themselves in his favor, and after some time the means were provided, the facts in relation to which we need not detail, for sustaining him while pursuing his studies at the university. All things being finally arranged he quitted his employers in October, 1804. From the testimony of Mr. Enfield it would appear that Henry conducted himself, while in their employ, much to their satisfaction. "I have great pleasure," he says, "in paying this tribute to his memory, of expressing the knowledge which was afforded me during the period of his connection with Mr. Coldham and myself, of his diligent application, his ardor for study, and his virtuous and amiable disposition. He very soon discovered an unusual aptness in comprehending the routine of business, and great ability and rapidity in the execution of everything which was intrusted to him. His diligence and punctual attendance were unremitted, and his services became extremely valuable a considerable time before he left us. He seemed to me to have no relish for the ordinary pleasures and dissipations of young men; his mind was perpetually employed either in the business of his profession or in private study."

He was advised to *degrade* for a year, and he accordingly placed himself under a Rev. Mr. Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire, and there, again, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends, he pursued his unrelenting course of study, and a second illness was the consequence. When he was recovering he was prevailed upon to relax his studies, to ride on horseback, and drink some wine; but he could not long afford this, and relaxation he would not take when he did not feel the imminent necessity for it. At this time he frequently studied fourteen hours a day. These habits enabled him in twelve months to make great progress, and when he went to Cam-

bridge he was, at once, as much distinguished for his classical knowledge as for his ability. During his first term one of the university scholarships became vacant, and Henry was advised to offer himself as a candidate. "He passed the whole time in preparing himself for this, reading for college subjects in bed, or, as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all." Again his health failed, and, as misfortunes never come single-handed, the general college examination came on, and he was utterly unprepared to meet it, believing that a failure here would have ruined his prospects for ever. He had two weeks to read up what others had been a whole term reading. Again he exerted himself beyond his strength and his disorder returned. He went to his tutor with tears in his eyes and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Calton, his tutor, thought his success here of so much importance that he advised him to hold out if possible. Powerful stimulants were given him to sustain his strength, and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price of these honors. He said that were he to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished under-graduate, after the senate-house examination, he would represent her as concealing a death's-head under a mask of beauty.

After this examination he went to London instead of seeking a place of retirement where he could find what he so much needed, rest. In all his subsequent studies at the university he still pursued the same course in relation to his continued application. His rapid progress at the expense of health, and life, finally attracted general attention. Every university honor was thought to be within his reach. These encouragements were his death-warrant. They stimulated him to greater exertions, if possible. While writing to his mother and brothers that he was better, his letters to his most intimate friend, Mr. Maddock, tell a very different story. We have always regretted, since we first read Henry's life, that he was so unfaithful to that truest friend, his mother, the best of all, to whom he ought always to have been true. But he did it for the best, without doubt, hoping that he would recover.

He declined the mastership of the free school in Nottingham lest it might have frustrated his intentions with regard to the ministry. His college provided him with a tutor during vacation, which should have been wholly devoted to relaxation. Again his strength failed, and he went to London; and when he returned to college he was worn out. His disorder increased rapidly. His brother Neville came to see him, but he was delirious, and he knew him only for a few moments. He sunk into a stupor; and on Sunday, October, 19th, 1806, his spirit passed to a higher state of existence. Such is genius unguided by wisdom.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Parliamentary Reports.* 1868-9.

The spectacle of Mr. Disraeli governing England was to Earl Russell what the prosperity of the wicked was to King David—a grievous puzzle. The political game in England had made the one and consigned the other to the limbo of the house of lords, where he had little else to do, after proposing the royal commission to inquire into the condition of the state church of Ireland, than to look on in deprecating wonder.

Mr. Disraeli's cabinet included Earl Mayo, Lord Stanley, Lord Cairns, Mr. Hardy, Sir Stafford Northcote, and others; and in his speech, in private meeting of his adherents, on the afternoon of the 5th March, 1868, he alluded to the leading questions of the moment, which would occupy his administration, as being the Scotch and Irish reform bills, and the great problem of Ireland generally. On the evening of the same day, Mr. Disraeli met the house of commons for the first time as chief of the ministry. Oratorically his first speech as prime minister of England was not the best specimen of his powers—it hung fire at times, and the practised tactician and easy victor in so many fights was positively nervous, as he laid his hands upon the laurel, and heard a sweet, if trembling, voice salute him, *imperator*. The ex-journalist, the man whom the commons once refused to hear, was, indeed, reaping a proud revenge when he not immodestly named himself the head of the English cabinet, the successor of Chatham, Canning, Peel and Derby!

But the right to take that glorious place was one thing, and the might to keep it was another. After an eulogy upon his predecessor, Lord Derby—graceful, emotional and appropriate—Mr. Disraeli announced a "truly liberal policy," as the one he would adopt. He trusted that the agitations in Ireland would soon disappear; he regretted the continued suspension of the *habeas corpus* there, and, exhorting the house to proceed with circumspection, appointed an early day as the one when the secretary for Ireland would enunciate the intentions of the new government in relation to that country. The immediate difficulties of the incoming administration, which was in large minority (60 to 70), in the commons, were the Irish land-tenure system and the Irish Protestant Church establishment. "During the greater part of the 17th century," says the Count Cavour, in his memoirs, "the Irish were placed in a state of slavery worse than the negroes of the Antilles," which is reliable and disinterested testimony. But since the 17th century, from 1728 to 1825, the population trebled.* Within a generation wonders had been done for Ireland, and, according even to Mr. Lowe, a partisan of disestablishment, the progress of Ireland, in some respects, had been a rapid one. Though inadequately represented in parliament, her taxation was lighter than that of England, and she received large assistance from the public funds. Mr. Bright, too, conceded the comparative prosperity of Ireland, and so did Mr. Gladstone, though from their seats in parliament both expressed their sorrow that it co-existed with disloyalty. Ireland and the Irish had improved in houses, food, clothing, wages, means of employment, relief from certain great burdens, order and security of life, and, above all, in education. The local government was administered chiefly by Irishmen. The lord lieutenant is habitually an Irish resident. Lord Mayo, the Irish secretary, was an Irishman; the lord chancellor, the lord chief justice, the master of the rolls,

* In 1710 the spinners and weavers, mostly peasants, exported about 1,600,000 yards of linen goods; in 1818 the quantity was 56,000,000 yards In 1720 the amount of general exports was about £1,200,000; in 1820 that amount was £7,100,000. From 1781 to 1800 the gross exports amounted to £69,600,000, and from 1802 to 1820 to £103,600,000.—Moreau's *Statistical Ireland*, London, 1827.

the twelve judges of the common law courts, were all Irishmen—a large proportion of these dignitaries were Roman catholics, and the police were exclusively Irish.

Improved in these material respects, as well as in mental culture, was, perhaps, precisely why the Irish wanted new land arrangements, more suited to their advanced condition, as well as entire religious equality. Several millions of British subjects, amounting to about one-sixth of the population of Great Britain, thoroughly organized, and ruled by an intelligent, patriotic clergy to whom they were devoted, claimed an abolition of the Episcopal church; this "badge of conquest," this endowment of the few rich and disendowment of the many poor, which had lasted from the days of Lord Cecil to those of Lord Derby.

With the census of 1861 as a guide, we find, in fact, the number of episcopalians in Ireland would not exceed 600,000 or 700,000,* though double that number was the one oftener alluded to. Out of every 100 persons, 78 are Roman catholics, 12 are episcopalians, 9 are presbyterians, and one is an odd one; and the 12 who receive state aid are the richest part of the community. The church of these 12 is established and endowed, and for these 700,000 worshippers there are 2 archbishops and 12 bishops, 1,510 beneficed clergy, and 622 curates—about three times as many as any one can pretend necessary—and a net revenue approximating to 450,000 pounds sterling.† The queen is at the head of the Irish church, and the bishops sit in the house of lords by rotation. The service has its ecclesiastical courts, maintained at the public expense, for deciding questions among the churchmen, and the income devoted to the establishment is equal to the interest upon 10 or 12 millions of pounds, whilst the church of four and a half millions of Irish catholics is supported by the voluntary system altogether. As a religious institution, as an engine for

* 693,357 unknown, faith included.

† If catholic France had that ratio in her clergy, she would have 500 bishops, 75,000 *curés*, and a yearly budget of 576 millions of francs.—Prince de Joinville in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May, 1868.—Before the Revolution, France had 136 archbishops and bishops and 44,000 *curés;* in 1828 she had 85 cardinals, archbishops and bishops, and about 25,000 *curés* and *desservans*.—Moreau's *Almanach du clergé*.

converting catholics, the Anglican church has proved a failure, which figures show, though, when created by the advisers of Queen Elizabeth, it was doubtless believed that the whole Irish people were about to become protestants. But the effect of the pressure of the establishment upon an antagonistic population would seem to have been to intensify their veneration for an ecclesiastical government, in preference to the civil one, which they hated, because of the church it forced upon them. As a political institution, then, the protestant church was likewise a failure, and in 1835 an attempt was made to disendow it, which miscarried, owing to a change of ministry.* Ever since the Act of Union sixty odd years ago, the connection of England with Ireland has been a succession of storms and heart-burnings, and the episcopal ritual had formerly to be defended by the sword. For the scaffold, and tales of riot and carnage, are among the records in the past history of the Anglican church among the Irish.

The suspension of the *habeas corpus* in Ireland had been four times renewed—its suspension was now entering its fourth year—each time more significant than the last of aggravated discontent. The barracks throughout the land were filled with troops, the constabulary alone amounted to 13,000 men, and, armed and drilled, they were practised in military duty. A fleet was riding in Cork harbor, gun-boats, never seen there before, were on Irish rivers, according to an Irish member, all of which explained the few cases of outbreak and the total absence of bloodshed among a people really so disaffected. And, admitting improvements during a quarter of a century—from 1841 to 1866—when the extent of cultivated land from 13 became 15½ millions of acres, and the value of live stock, estimated 19 millions in 1841, rose to 50 millions of pounds sterling in 1866, and when there was an increase of general deposits in the public banks, from £12,900,000 to £19,200,000 in 1867;† yet, quite recently, from 1859 to 1867, there was a falling off in the extent of land cultivated, and in the number of horses and cattle, if the

* Lord John Russell's motion passed in the house by 33 votes.

† *Report of Secretary for Ireland*, laid before parliament in 1868.

member from Cork was to be relied upon. Certain it was that farmers at the mercy of landlords would not put their money into lands, as parliamentary laws, by permitting the multiplication of small holdings (each conferring a vote) to enhance the market value of the estate, failed at the same time to give to the agricultural occupiers security of tenure, and the assurance that they would enjoy the fruits of their own industry and improvement upon their farms. The Devon commssion, which was simply an inquiry made, twenty-four years ago, as to the relations between landlord and tenant, had virtually pledged the government to relieve the Irish agriculturist, but to the present time that pledge remains unredeemed. Minor towns in the interior, it was reported, were sinking into decay; despair filled the minds of small traders and shopkeepers, who saw little hope but in emigration, and spite of an augmentation in the average prosperity of the island, and even of the growing intelligence there, a sluggish animosity to British rule was visibly increasing, if not yet menacing; and the land question was considered by many as at the root of the Fenian conspiracy.

Mr. Disraeli's government, through Lord Mayo, on the 10th March, submitted a purpose to bring before the commons the following week, a bill to regulate and improve the condition of land tenure; but touching the Irish church establishment, as a commission of inquiry, at the instance of Earl Russell himself, was at the time sitting, Lord Mayo deprecated any immediate legislation thereupon, whilst to offset the Irish state universities, Trinity College and the Queen's University, the government of Mr. Disraeli would advise Her Majesty to grant a charter to a Roman catholic university in the same way that it had been done to the queen's universities.

With the publication of the ministerial programme, it was felt that Earl Mayo had not reached the bottom of the difficulty by a great deal. Government policy on the church question was apparently inaction; on the land question it was procrastination; and concerning education, and the proposition to charter a catholic ministry, it was regarded by some to be retrogression. The second night's debate upon

the subject, seemed to bring more into light a capricious listlessness on the part of the house of commons, which had overapplauded Mr. Lowe and deliberately snubbed Mr. Mill, the one who was moderate, and the other who was extreme, in a projected panacea for the ills of Ireland. Besides these two, Lord Clinton, Messrs. Maguire, Horsman, and others, had depicted in their speeches the injustice of the land tenure and church systems, and Earl Mayo and Mr. Hardy, of Mr. Disraeli's cabinet, had admitted the necessity of remedy and change. The premier had, in 1844, termed the Irish establishment the *alien* church, and Lord Stanley was quoted as having asked, with something of despair, at a late Bristol banquet, "what was to be done with it?" "I regard this tenth part of the rent of Ireland as public property," had exclaimed Mr. Lowe, not a hasty nor a superficial man, in speaking of the Irish church and its revenues.

"I believe the government to be trustees of that property, coming, as it does, from Irish land and labor, for the benefit of the Irish people at large; and I believe that property scandalously misappropriated when applied exclusively to the support of the religion of only twelve persons out of each hundred. It is not merely the shocking neglect, it is not merely the disgrace to us in the eyes of foreign countries, but it is more the existence of the last relict of the iniquitous past of Ireland which I deplore."

These opinions from adverse sides could not be scattered for want of base, and the conclusion from them was active legislation and abolition of the state church. Yet there seemed now, as had always seemed before, to be something in the thought of legislating for Ireland which daunted the hardiest statesman. Earl Russell himself, when in power, was as inert as any of his predecessors, and the supineness of the present parliament was such that it looked as though nothing but a determined expression of opinion outside the walls could induce the government, or the legislature, to begin the work so needful to be done.

On the evening of the third debate, however, Mr. Bright's speech produced a certain animation. The government policy of treating the woes of Ireland, he called, in quoting Addison, "advertising pills to cure an earthquake." He had his pet

theory to correct the land tenure system,* but promptly turned to the church, which he affirmed to underlie every other Irish question of the day. The notion of chartering a catholic university he called unstatesmanlike, and believed that such a sop would have no more effect in appeasing the Irish people than had the increase of the grant to Maynooth, by Sir Robert Peel, twenty years before, which the speaker had voted against, convinced that such was not the true path to the tranquilization of the Irish catholics. "You have a church to disestablish," said Mr. Bright, "you have a *regium donum*† to be withdrawn, you have an act making a grant to Maynooth,‡ which act must be repealed."

There had been several partial settlements of the Irish church trouble from the Irish Act of 1793, which conferred the elective franchise upon catholics, with the Irish Fisheries Act of 1819, down to the Catholic Relief Bill, carried by Mr. Peel in 1829,‖ which last removed the civil disabilities of the catholics. Besides Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Tests Act before 1830, the reduction of Irish bishoprics in 1833, the act of 1838 for the commutation of tithes at a reduced rate, the enlarged grant to Maynooth of 1845, the extensive modifications in the national schools in favor of Roman catholics were all, within a space of forty years, intended as concessions and as armistices, but all had, apparently, left the real evil fast by the roots. The Irish landed interest, on the one side, and the English church interest, on the other, furnished what might be called two monstrous rows of dogshores, for

* More proprietors, Mr. Bright desired; an intermediate class, a sort of *bourgeoisie* of the small holders—some 500,000 to 600,000—between the great land holders and the present land lords, to be raised up by government's advancing money to them at a fixed rate of 3½ per cent. The tenant refunding 5 per cent. per annum, in thirty-five years would own his farm, and enjoy in the meantime a fixity of tenure. The ideas of Mr. Bright will probably figure more at length in the future land tenure bill of the Gladstone government, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone's emphatic denial, on the 30th of April last, that the president of the board of trade represented the opinion of the cabinet on that question.

† £45,000 a year granted by government to Irish Presbyterians.

‡ Irish catholic college for the education of priests. This act (of 1795,) was a grant of £8,000 a year to Maynooth college.

‖ Mr. Peel's Act raising government subsidy from eight to twenty-five thousand pounds.

staying the Irish Anglical establishment on a condemned basis, the props and stays being the different measures just adverted to.

With a fresh consciousness of these facts, at this stage of parliamentary proceedings public opinion at the clubs and elsewhere seemed, at last, to be pricked, and, if sluggish before, it now suddenly marked out that impetuous course which characterized a subsequent development of the Irish church movement. The drift, it was soon perceptible, must bear along, not only parliament, but the ministry as well, otherwise it would be left to an incoming and reformed house of commons, under a liberal ministry, to settle questions which the conservative cabinet appeared unwilling to face. Disestablishment and disendowment, pure and simple, were scored as articles of faith almost beyond argument, and, with this magically quickened fervor, that caution previously evinced by politicians, in approaching Irish matters, had passed away completely, and had scarcely left a trace behind.

Such being the temper, and such the tendency of the situation, on the fourth night of the debate, Mr. Gladstone boldly announced that the Irish question had attained a crisis, the imperative gravity of which, he insisted, the government had overlooked. The defection of Ireland by emigration, the repeated suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and the invasion of England by fenianism, betokened, according to the orator, the existence of some great unsatisfied necessity among the Celtic subjects of the realm. He advocated a just land law, to secure to the tenant his property in his own improvements, and, congratulating the House on the rapid advance of public opinion, proclaimed his conviction *that the Irish church, as a state church, must cease to exist*, thereby assuming, beyond cavil, the leadership of the opposition—a position which, up to the present moment, many doubted his accepting.

Mr. Disraeli replied, that he was indeed an unfortunate minister, to reach office just as a controversy, which had lasted for seven hundred years,* arrived at its culminating point.

* Even before the day of the Norman conquestor, Brian Boroimhé the "Irish conqueror," in the first part of the 15th centuary, united his countrymen and resisted all foreign government.—*Plowden's Ireland.*

The elements of the crisis, which Mr. Gladstone had discovered, were fenianism, which was active, and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* in Ireland, which, at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone himself, had already taken place, before the Derby cabinet came into power. Emigration, Mr. Disraeli contended, was less than during the ministry of Lord John Russell, yet Mr. Gladstone, when on the treasury bench, had recognized it to be an element of a crisis. The premier further alluded to the rapid "education" of Mr. Gladstone, who, when in office, had always vindicated the Irish establishment, which he now so fiercely attacked. Mr. Disraeli freely admitted that the Irish church was not in the most perfect condition, etc.

But the statements and sarcasms of the prime minister were futile. His great rival had no choice. From all sections of his followers, from old whigs, dissenters, radicals, and philosophers, came one cry, and Mr. Gladstone had to march at their head, or abdicate all claim to lead in the commons. He spoke out, and, the travail of hesitation over, like the cat in the adage, he had resolved to risk wetting his feet rather than forego the tempting things within sight across the stream. If he had freed himself abruptly from the trammels of early association, his tardy conversion was none the less complete. If he had voted against Lord John Russell's motion for disendowment in 1835, and had summarily refused to entertain that of Mr. Dillwyn in 1865, he now fully committed himself to the anti-church policy. There still remained, it is true, his brilliant essay, *State in its relation to the Church*. Gladstone must answer Gladstone, and the fastidious might sneeringly demand of an authority, whose argument on both sides was the most perfect extant, whether his present position neutralized his essay, or *vice versa?* "A state church is the natural buttress of monarchy as opposed to democracy," had been the old whig device assumed by members of the liberal party. What now had thrown so sudden a light upon the colossal turpitude of the Irish establishment? What impelled Mr. Gladstone, in 1868, to abandon a course, up to 1865, undeviating, upon this Irish church question?

To a great extent the answer to these queries is furnished by the fact, that everywhere throughout western Europe the principle of equality of church with state had, of late years, been attacked and often overthrown. In France and Italy the supremacy of the catholic church, and the authority of the pope, had been qualified and subordinated to the civil power, and the spirit actuating these changes had gained England, and was showing itself in swift onset upon the temporalities of the Irish establishment—far more abhorrent to the Irish catholic than was catholic autocracy to Frenchmen or Italians. Fenianism, in its influence upon parliament, had something to do with Mr. Gladstone's new bearing; not in a fear of rebels and outrages was that influence revealed, so much as in a lively apprehension of the passive, if not friendly, countenance which these met, tending to aggravate the Irish case, already depicted as so desperate. Englishmen began to ask themselves how they would feel if the tithe-rent charges they paid were devoted to the support of the Roman catholic worship? and at once they now understood Irish impatience, if they did not extend an overt sympathy to that people. And what, too, helped Mr. Gladstone's manifestation was the weakness of the government he confronted, who were without a majority in the house of commons as without a policy before it. His final enunciation of conviction then placed the result as not only possible but desirable before the eyes of the country.

Difficulties assuredly there were. There was, and is, much of the abstract idea of state and church indigenous in the English mind. It regards the Union as an arrangement which clothes the authority of the state with the highest sanctions and sentiments, and renders the church, in its purest and kindest sense, political—raising the government from the mere purpose of a national police establishment, and securing a standard of religious toleration. Endowment was the natural method of carrying out that idea, which requires an independent institution to serve as a stay for the people alike against fanaticism and incredulity.

But the will and conscience of England were nevertheless

aroused, and the serried attitude of the liberal party, guided by Mr. Gladstone, with the watchwords of disestablishment and disendowment, was henceforth enthusiastic and decided. It was the party of progress and "pulling down," against the party of resistance and "levelling up." Of the former the banner was "sectarian equality," and of the latter the motto was "our church in danger." The cheers that had greeted Mr. Disraeli, when he told his followers that endowments were sacred things, and that he would uphold them, were the same cheers that greeted him of yore, when he told the squires that he would get them back protection and keep away reform. Mr. Gladstone had pointed out the true doctrine of sectarian equality; he wished to disendow all creeds alike, in contradistinction to any new endowments, as proposed by Mr. Disraeli, and to place the Roman catholic priesthood in Ireland on the same footing of worldly independence with the Anglican clergy. The church in England is the church *of* England, but the church in Ireland was not the church *of* Ireland, and the Anglican experiment, which, by force and usurpation, had lasted three hundred years, had, in a popular view, proven itself more than enough for the patience of any people.

On the 23d of March, 1868, Mr. Gladstone brought forward his resolutions.* The first of these sets forth, that the Irish church establishment shall be demolished; the second is a necessary sequel to the first—no new interests should be created, and the third is the complement of the second. Her Majesty, as the head of the state, is the dispenser of vast ecclesiastical gifts, and the third resolution was intended, in some sort, to restrict the royal prerogative.

* These resolutions were: *First*, That in the opinion of this House it is necessary that the established church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment; due regard being had to all personal interests and to all individual rights of property. *Second*, That, subject to the foregoing considerations, it is expedient to prevent the creation of new personal interests by the exercise of any public patronage, and to confine the operations of the ecclesiastical commission of Ireland to objects of immediate necessity or involving individual rights pending the final decision of Parliament. *Third*, That a humble address be presented to her Majesty, humbly to pray, with a view to the purpose aforesaid, her Majesty would be graciously pleased to place at the disposal of parliament her interest in the temporalities of the archbishoprics, bishoprics, and other ecclesiastical dignities and benefices in Ireland and in the custody thereof.—*Parliamentary Reports*, 1868.

Mr. Gladstone was bound to provoke, and without delay, the parliamentary struggle. Though briefly stated, the undertaking covered and proposed by his resolutions was, indeed, the greatest task parliament had attempted since the revolution of 1688—a revolution occasioned by the attempt of James II. to favor catholicity, and to banish the protestant service. The episcopal religion, it was expressly stipulated at the time of the union of England and Ireland, should be the state church of both countries, and the responsibility of levelling the Irish church, and of destroying so large an element in that union, was such that the existing house of commons might well have flinched from the magnitude of the prospect before it, especially as that assembly did not represent the elective body which (in virtue of the new reform act) had lately been called into existence.

Lord Plunket himself had declared the protestant establishment so amalgamated with British institutions that its overthrow would involve the overthrow of the state. Nothing could save the Scotch kirk, the Irish establishment once brought low, the Welsh church would be attacked in turn, and, finally, the church of England would be harrassed, and oftener and oftener, until it went also by the board—was the plea and prayer for a pause earnestly offered by many a shocked episcopalian. Counting upon a hesitation in parliament, which proved to be none, three days before the time appointed for the consideration of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, Lord Stanley made his amendment to the same,* the object of which was pronounced to be a postponement of discussion of the main issue, and to secure a prolongation of power by the ministry, whose course, according to its opponents, showed how far below the gravity of the subject and a just appreciation of the pressing need of relief to Ireland, it really was, though others rejoined that since the tithes commutation act, the Roman catholic peasantry contributed but insignificantly

* That this House, while admitting that considerable modifications in the temporalities of the United Church of Ireland may, after pending inquiry, appear to be expedient, is of opinion that any proposition tending to the disestablishment or the disendowment of the church, ought to be reserved for the decision of a new Parliament.—*Parliamentary Reports*, 1868.

to the tithe-rent charge, which, in reality, fell upon the land owners, and one tenth only of it was paid by the Catholics.*

The tithes were dues to the state, and the real question was: Is the property of which the Irish church is the recipient employed in the best way for the whole Irish people?

On the 30th March, Mr. Gladstone, in due course, asked the house to signify, by a vote upon his resolutions, that the last hour of the Irish church had come. He affirmed that when Mr. Pitt framed the Act of Union, far from wishing to preserve the church of Ireland as a privilege and monopoly to the protestants, he sought only to effect a religious equality, which was likewise the object of the resolutions. He then alluded to a plan of disendowment, etc., and stated that the balance of assets, after discharging all equitable claims upon the establishment, would be an Irish fund for the benefit of all Ireland. He pointed out that his resolutions resembled the amendment of Lord Stanley in so far that the details of the measure were to devolve upon a new parliament. But it was manifestly proper to prevent a fresh growth of vested interests during the discussion of disestablishment, upon which, as a principle, the present house was competent to declare, and that declaration was what he wished should be registered by a vote. Lord Stanley, in supporting his amendment to Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, qualified these as vague and covering no plan.

Lord Cranbourne (ultra conservative) upheld the principle of church and state. Peace was what was wanted in Ireland, he said, and by abolishing the Irish church, the house provoked enmity on the part of the influential one million and a half protestants, without any proof that they secured the good will of the catholics. He finished by a memorable and scathing personal attack on Mr. Disraeli.

A determination that Mr. Gladstone's resolutions should not

* The tithe-rent charge is, in fact, a national inheritance reserved for public uses, from a date far older than the ancestry of any existing landlord.—*Times*, March 16, 1868. In letting a farm liable for tithes, the rent asked of the tenant was reduced by the amount of tithes that he paid. Or, when a catholic purchased an estate charged with tithes, he paid so much the less for the property.—*Parliamentary Commentaries*, Lord Hamilton.

simply serve to eject the tory ministry, but should be the basis of real legislation for Ireland, was, now, perhaps, indicated by the consolidating strength of the opposition, which had continued to increase in unity and preponderance. No capital reason for maintaining the "standing reproach to English legislation" had so far been adduced. If Lord Stanley had pointed out ambiguity in Mr. Gladstone's intentions, Lord Cranbourne's speech was morally and materially damaging to Mr. Disraeli, and, under a compound impulse, difficult to dissect, the house accepted, as incumbent upon it, to record a conviction as to the establishment in Ireland. A reformed house of commons, elected with the question duly before the voters, was to meet in the spring, and to it could be deputed the ratifying of the declaration of its predecessor, or of devising the means to accomplish it, and it was simply of party importance who conducted the affairs of the government in the mean time. It may prove interesting to hurriedly sketch, at this juncture, the exceptional position occupied by Mr. Disraeli—one calculated, possibly, to excite a certain interest from its hostile intimacy with the Irish church movement, or as serving as an illustration of that inexhaustible resource and dexterity, so characteristic of the great tory captain, when facing defeat, or caught in a *mauvaise passe*.

Succeeding Earl Derby in virtue only of his unrivalled talents for the post, as leader in a cabinet which half disdained him, and which itself existed by sufferance, since it did not command a majority in the house, Mr. Disraeli suddenly found himself confronted with that bugbear of administrations for centuries past, the Irish church. "Like a thief in the night," had he styled the coming of Mr. Gladstone. Not only was an abolition measure sure, at any time, of a popular support, within and without the house, but it was one particularly well devised to effect the disruption of the never too harmonious tory ministry. Mr. Hardy, the home secretary, was ultra conservative; Lord Stanley, if not an unyielding churchman from inheritance, was vulnerable and perplexed, as Lord Cairns was uncertain, and the premier, of all those on the treasury benches, seemed to be the only one properly "educated" for the emergency. Of

conservatives outside the cabinet, so potent a speaker as Lord Cranbourne, and so respected an authority as Gen. Peel, the one abused the tory chief for his liberality, whilst the other preached pre-Adamite consistency. Opposed to Mr. Disraeli, in coalition with the liberals, the first time since the death of Viscount Palmerston, were the Cobden school and the philosophers. Mr. Bright, who had sneered at Lord Clarendon as incompetent and untrustworthy, was working with him; Mr. Lowe, who had scoffed at the "irresolution, the haste and lack of judgment" of Mr. Gladstone, was following his lead, and Mr. Mill, whose pamphlet * on the Irish land system had been ridiculed by Lord Russell and Mr. Lowe, was now theirs. In newspapers and pamphlets the conservative leader had been soundly rated. The noted letters of Prof. Goldwin Smith, which appeared in the Manchester Guardian, and were rebuked by the Times, and even by the Spectator, for their intemperate personality, though the last mentioned journal had itself compared the premier to Lucifer in its columns, and the rancorous onslaught by a champion of the philosophers, which appeared in the Saturday Review, and other damaging abuse, served to foment popular prejudice against one whose position prevented his answering similar attacks. Keen and earnest adversaries were Earl Russell, who stigmatized Mr. Disraeli's tactics † as deceptive; Lord Cranbourne, who, through jealousy of his party superior, derided him as fickle and unsafe; Mr. Bright, who hammered at him; Mr. Lowe, who was facetious about him; Mr. Mill, who was impetuous and unpitying for him, and Mr. Gladstone, who would have cut his throat sooner than permit an epigram to pop from it—now finally set, who was crowding, ponderous and grave.

And who had Mr. Disraeli to marshal against this brilliant phalanx of coalesced parliamentary talent. In the absence of real aid from Mr. Hardy, who was out of his reach, as he was beyond the question; from Lord Stanley, who had been elo-

* Mr. Mill's "dismissal of the Irish landlords' motion," Mr. Gladstone repudiated in his speech in Parliament of the 30th April last.

† His lordship's various pamplets are here referred to rather than his speeches in the House of Lords.

quently repudiated by his colleague, the home secretary; from Lord Cairns, who was too biassed as Earl Mayo was too tame, and from others who were palpably defective, Mr. Disraeli seemed to stand, though surrounded, yet alone. Experienced and self-reliant, all this did not appear to daunt him. Public sentiment at the clubs, where it had not cried out adversely, at best was lukewarm, as for a while was the clergy. The liberals had, in some sort, sprung a trap upon him, and the house, to his practised eye, was hopelessly lost to him from the third night's debate. The whole drear certainty of his short lease of hard-earned power was open before the chief minister, as he rose, on the night of the 3d of April, to retort or reply, over the heads of the broken reeds that his friends had proved to be. Quiet, sarcastic and profound, one after the other of those who had assailed him was taken up, guaged and put down in turn, until he reached the solid and absorbing points of the debate, and, in mere respect of daring and skilful oratory, few could read his speech in that sitting, and, understanding the circumstances, not feel one little thrill of admiration for this single brain struggling with a dozen, no matter how unreasonable might be the dogma, its owner and the politician attempted to maintain.

Mr. Gladstone made a few masterly observations, contented to demolish the oratorical edifice of his opponent by a wave of his hand and in pronouncing the studied reasoning of the premier to be the effects of a heated imagination, which sufficed the house as convincing, in its then mood, and they divided on Lord Stanley's amendment with a majority of 60 against the government. The proposition that the House should go into committee on the subject of the Irish church, that Mr. Gladstone might submit his resolutions, was next carried by a majority of 56.

A great but easy victory for the anti-church party was the one just referred to, but it was followed by a confirmation, stronger still, on the 30th April, 1868, when the first of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions was put to vote. The House, in committee, shortly divided on the first resolution of Mr. Gladstone, adopting it by a majority of 65 against the

government, which decision was, therefore, firmer than ever by five votes. The ministry, not regarding this vote as equivalent to one of a want of confidence, did not resign, but tendered its resignation to the queen, who refused to accept it, stating that she should dissolve parliament so soon as the state of the public business would permit. Sharp, acrimonious, and menacing were the speeches of some members, disappointed at Mr. Disraeli's retaining office, but no vote of want of confidence was passed, and Mr. Gladstone's resolutions were adopted by the commons.

They were, however, lost in the house of lords on the 29th June, by an adverse majority of 95 on the suspensory bill, into which they had been merged. The session was closed the last of July, and on the 11th November parliament was dissolved. A new parliament was elected during the autumn, with a liberal majority of 105, a significant expression of public opinion since Messrs. Disraeli and Gladstone had gone to the country on the Irish question.

The new parliament was summoned for the 10th December, before which time Mr. Disraeli had resigned. The first assembly, with Mr. Gladstone as premier, took place the 16th February, 1869, and on the 1st March following he introduced his Irish Church bill.

This bill repeats the two objects: 1st, to sever the union between church and state in Ireland, called disestablishment; 2d, to empower the state to seize the property of the church, called disendowment. Once it became the law, the Irish bishops would cease to sit in the house of lords; the privileges of precedence which the officers of the church, from the bishop to the curate, enjoy, would be abated; the ecclesiastical courts would have no further functions, and the laws of the church, instead of being imperial statutes, would degenerate into the rules of a voluntary church body. The measure further defined that all the property of the establishment, nearly 1,500 churches, parsonages, glebes, lands, tithe rentcharges, etc., would be vested in a board of commissioners, provided for in the bill, and such property would remain subject to the life interests of existing incumbents. It was as-

sumed by the projectors of the bill that before a certain date, which was fixed as January, 1871, the clergy and laity of the established church would have constructed an organization from among themselves to administer the episcopal church of the future, a sort of governing body. On the 1st of January, 1871, then, the clergy of the Anglical church would cease to be state functionaries, and disestablishment completed, there would remain disendowment. The gross revenue of the church was nearly £700,000 a year; but the capital itself was to be dealt with—a sum of about £16,000,000. All state grants would be resumed by the state for subsequent distribution in Ireland. Private endowments, that is gifts from private sources since 1660,* were to be handed over to the governing body, as well as the churches, and glebe lands,† and houses. The computation being that a residue of some £7,000,000 to £8,000,000 sterling would remain in the coffers of government to be disposed of, Mr. Gladstone proposed to devote the larger portion of the income of that capital invested to the support of lunatic and other asylums in Ireland.

The preceeding is an abridged synopsis of the government Irish church measure. We have seen that Mr. Disraeli's scheme of pacifying the admitted religious grievances of Ireland by a "levelling up" system—which meant endowment of catholic, protestant, prelacy and presbyterianism indiscriminately—found little favor in the commons, though it was felt that with religious equality sectarian feuds would come to an end. Mr. Gladstone's disendowment project was denounced in turn, by its adversaries, as being spoliation of the Irish church, of property which had been given to it for ecclesiastical purposes. That six-sevenths of the glebe lands had come from protestant sources, and that the greater part of the church pro-

* An epoch subsequent to the settlement of Cromwell's confiscations of catholic property in Ireland.

† By the Commissioners' Report of 1833, the glebe lands consist of about 133,000 acres, of which 111,000 lie in the protestant parish of Armagh, some of which were portions set apart in the time of James I., (1603–1625,) for the maintenance of a resident clergy. At the time of the Reformation, (1541,) the glebe lands and tithes taken from the monasteries were frequently given and sold to laymen, in whose possession they still are.

perty had been granted to it long after the Reformation,* was the reply vouchsafed to those who were vehement in asserting the rights of catholics to lands and holdings of which they had been plundered in ages past. It was maintained that what the Irish catholics were clamoring for, was not simply the land in protestant possession, but a complete separation from England and a republican nationality—disestablishment, even followed by disendowment, as a concession to Irish discontent would be futile, and the argument of abolitionists, drawn from expediency, fell to the ground.

On the evening of the 23d March the bill of Mr. Gladstone, was passed by a majority of 118, to a second reading, which secures the measure in the commons, and, with certain modifications in the details, the law resulting. In November preceding the English nation had voted emphatically in favor of the abolition of the Irish church as a principle, and the representatives of the nation now sanctioned the specific policy of Gladstone, Bright and the government.

In about six weeks from the date of its introduction this gigantic and far reaching problem of the Irish church, so fraught with vital import to the country, had been undertaken and (by the division which decided the acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's resolution, on the 30th April, 1868,) virtually disposed of; not, indeed—at all events down to that epoch—with the careful investigation and calm progress befitting the examination of one of the fundamental canons of English government, but rather with what seemed to be a fevered haste on the part of the commons, to ignore a manual which had ruled it for years. The conversion of the Times newspaper and that of Mr. Gladstone—with whom vulgar power was not the sole incentive—were but mildly illustrative of the zeal that appeared suddenly to possess, not only parliament, but the nation, to disavow traditional policy in the shortest possible time. The infatuation—for whatever result was to be reached, all such precipitate repudiations of the natural precepts of generations proceed from infatuation—had likewise gained the conserva-

* Henry VIII, in accepting the Reformation, in 1541, suppressed the catholic monasteries and confiscated property in Ireland, much of which was, however, rendered by Elizabeth twenty years later.—Wakefield's *Ireland.*

tive ranks. Members of Mr. Disraeli's cabinet were affected by it, and their normal power of resistance was, in a measure, paralyzed. Had Mr. Gladstone's arguments been of the poorest and Mr. Disraeli's invariably of the best, judging from the spirit that soon obtained at the clubs and with the public, and which invaded parliament, the result was a foregone conclusion. Before whig or tory leader had begun his serious pleading—on the night of the third debate, without the tongue of bell—the knell of the establishment had sounded.

During those fierce and bitter wars of words that followed, even the crown itself did not escape indirect reproach, when suspected of heeding the advice of some one outside the ministry (Earl Derby) who would temporize or delay. Impatience marked the prevailing enthusiasm, as did rudeness the speech of wranglers in debate. The "general invective" of Mr. Bright, described by commentators as more like the fury of an enraged woman than the calm scorn of the legislator, and Mr. Gladstone's "ineffably silly strictures" upon the "unparalleled language" of the first minister (Mr. Disraeli), were met by the last named with an "angry challenge" to the member from Birmingham to be precise, and a recommendation to the opposition leader to examine parliamentary records more carefully.

Upon the meeting of the new parliament, in February last, however, the immense preponderance of the ministry, and the moral certainty of an easy passage, to the statute book, of the propositions of Mr. Gladstone, secured greater deliberation and a wiser scrutiny of their details, with an amenity in discussion that before had been often wanting. Political ambition and personal strife were less conspicuous in the foreground of debate. To Mr. Bright was generally ascribed the chief features of the bill brought in by the ministry.* His vast reformatory doctrines, so captivating to the popular mind, do indeed assert themselves upon the face of it. With the member for Birmingham, who had never concealed his dislike even for the church of England as an establishment, were Mr. Mill, the great positivist, who publicly supported, at the hustings, the

* The draft of it, in fact, is to be found in a recent letter of his to Sir John Grey.

claims to a seat of an avowed atheist,* Mr. Lowe, who contemned history and veneration, and Mr. Gladstone, who, so late as 1865, had by voice and pen strenuously vindicated the church of Ireland—as chief framers of or converts to this important measure. From the inception of the church debate it was plain that circumstances favored any levelling theory. The "Fenian scare" was deemed to require a striking relief, and that long-maturing conviction, of wrongs done in Ireland, in the thoughts of many Englishmen, suddenly ripened to a faith in action and signal reparation. A startled and widespread belief had grown that only extreme men and extreme measures were fitted for the work and hour.

For with unbiased investigation of the latter day history of the Irish church, its more recent inclination to liberality, as a religious institution, the little animosity expressed towards it by the chief Irish agitators and republicans, protestant and catholic, and the few solid reasons advanced for its destruction which had not been urged generations back—this, and recalling that the Fenian fright was at its apex at the time, and recognizing that absolute respect for state and church allowed by even Mr. Bright to be an English and popular tenet—all taken together, we are convinced that the cool conscience of moderate and conservative England inspired the resolutions and concocted Mr. Gladstone's bill.

The destruction of the Irish church will effect much good. More good, doubtless, would have been done had the establishment been levelled a hundred years ago. With deliberation in the discussion now taking place, and in criticising the various provisions of the bill, the law generated from them may be a temperate statute, and in keeping in its nature with the process by which its principles were first adopted.†

* Mr. Mill lost his own seat last November, but he was reputed to have taken an active part in drafting the resolutions which preceeded and germanted the bill.

† Since the above was written the House of Lords has agreeably surprised many by passing the bill to a second reading by a large majority. This may be regarded as sealing the doom of what has been aptly called the Casper Hauser of modern institutions. Those aware of the monstrous injustice done to the catholic Irish by forcing them to support this church in splendor, out of their poverty, for the benefit of the wealthy; or rather for the purpose of furnishing a bribing fund for purchasing the loyalty of the rich and keeping the poor in subjection to England—can hardly wonder that for more than a

## NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

### SCIENCE.

*Les Mammifères.* Par LOUIS FIGURIER. Ouvrage Illustré de 276 Vignettes dessignées pour la plupart d' après l'animal vivant, par Boncourt, Lalaisse, etc.* 8 vo., pp. 596. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette & Cie. 1869.

The world is beginning to recognize the fact that there is a romance of natural science as well as of history. Scientific facts are no longer looked upon as necessarily dry and uninteresting to the general reader; they are found to be instinct with life and beauty, and worthy of study even from a purely artistic point of view. Poetry no longer ignores scientific discoveries even in what were formerly considered the least interesting departments. Tennyson, one of the most studious and deep-thinking poets of the age, often enriches his pages with images and allusions drawn from the discoveries of contemporary science. When our poets become what Dr. Johnson declared in his *Rasselas*, that they should be, well versed in physical science, and know how to use such truths poetically, they will be more pleasing as well as more instructive than the majority are at present.

Among the French people are many who know how to make physical science attractive, or rather to present scientific truths so that they shall have their legitimate effect, which will always be to combine pleasure with instruction. The author of the volume before us is one of the most successful laborers in this field. "Les Mammifères" is one of a series of volumes, which has done much to popularize zoological science. It is scientific, and at the same time differs greatly from merely technical works. It is, at once, a complete manual for the student of this branch of zoology, and a most attractive volume for the general reader.

The class of mammifers, or *mammalia*, the last and most important of

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century it has been found necessary to maintain an army of 20,000 men in Ireland for the sole purpose of mounting guard on this church, to protect it from the just vengeance of the masses who could regard it only as a badge of conquest—or an insulting remnant of those iniquitous penal laws, which have excited the scorn and elicited the condemnation of every true statesman and philanthropist of modern times.

We are aware that this statement will seem an exaggeration to many; it will seem still more incredible that twenty thousand troops, with bayonets fixed and cannons planted, would not have been sufficient for the purpose, had the people not been restrained by their priests; yet we can testify, as an eye witness, as one brought up in that church, who has never belonged to any other, that such is really the fact: we can also testify that while the priests exerted themselves most vigorously to save the parsons and their empty churches they were called "surpliced ruffians" by some of the very parties who have lately taken such an active part in demolishing the obnoxious institution, chiefly on the ground that no people on earth could be expected to be content or loyal while at once insulted and oppressed by so monstrous an incubus! ED.

* We are indebted to Mr. F. W. Christern, foreign bookseller, Broadway, for the use of the French works reviewed in this department.

the *vertebrata*, bring us up to the final blending of the brute with the human race. The indications of the several orders are often so imperfectly marked that it is not always easy to distinguish precisely between them. "Natura non facit saltus," said Linnaeus, and through the quadrumanes animals approach so nearly to man that it is not easy to accurately define the limits between us and what we call the brute creation, except by denying to the latter the possession of reason, which it is by no means certain that we have a right to do. The author of this volume attributes to the elephant qualities which we are quite sure many men do not possess:

"Il comprehend la justice, cést-á-dire, qu'il rend le bien pour le bien, et le mal gour le mal." (p. 96).

If every human being would render good for good, and evil only for evil, the world would certainly be better than it is at present. We are not certain that mere intelligence will lead to the conclusion that man is in all respects the highest type of the animal kingdom, differing not in kind but only in degree. Geological researches seem to demonstrate that the animal has developed from the vegetable, and that man is only a step in the progression of the former. The Darwinian theory may be imperfect and erroneous, but it is not absurd. Possibly we shall yet learn that the doctrine of transmigration of souls had a foundation in truth. Life is reproduced in varied and ever-progressive forms, and, if matter, why not also mind and soul?

We have space only to glance at a few of the interesting revelations in this volume. The whale, the largest of the class *cetacea*, and the greatest of contemporary animals, is treated at the length which his importance demands. We are told that whales are often found twenty metres in length, and weighing seventy tons. If they stood on end some of them would out-top one of the towers of Notre Dame. One has been found over thirty-five metres in length, and weighing over one hundred tons. The whale is not, as is vulgarly believed, merely an uncouth mass, remarkable only for its size, but has an organization which when intelligently considered, is found to present features of considerable beauty, and especially of fitness for its purposes. Its scent and hearing are of great acuteness, and enable it to detect odors and to perceive even slight sounds at a great distance. It has been claimed that the whale never sleeps, from the necessity of coming often to the surface to breathe, but our author declares that, "If the whale sleeps, which is certain, its alternating movements are made during slumbers, necessitated by the need of respiration, and are therefore automatic, like the movements of respiration." (p. 35.)

We had marked some interesting passages relating to the narwhal, another animal of the order *cetacea;* also some of a class *amphibia*, especially the walrus and seal. We are obliged to pass over these, however, for want of space, and will turn to the order *pachydermata*, to con-

sider the largest of land animals, the elephant. The great longevity of this animal has often been spoken of. "In its savage state," says our author, "the elephant of the Indies attains the age of two hundred years, but in captivity he generally does not live longer than one hundred and twenty years," (p. 105). It has been claimed that the elephant cannot lie down, and is obliged to sleep standing, but M. Figurier, tells us that elephants, like horses, can sleep standing, but that ordinarily they sleep lying on the side like most quadrupeds (p. 98). Many interesting anecdotes, showing the wonderful sagacity of the elephant, are given, as also accounts of the methods of capturing and killing these animals. Other *pachyderma*, the rhinocerous and hippopotamus, are graphically treated. We should be glad to give some of the author's accounts of *ruminata* and *carnivora*, with descriptions of lion hunts, etc., did space permit. The engravings in the work are creditable specimens of art, and much superior to the illustrations generally found in English or American scientific publications.

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*Address Delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at the Chicago meeting, August*, 1868. By FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD, LL. D., President of the Association in 1866, member of the National Academy of Sciences, associate member of the American Academy, etc., etc. Pamphlet, pp. 101. Salem, Mass. Essex Institute Press. 1869.

If there are any that take particular interest in the progress of science who have not read this address, we are sure they will thank us for calling their attention to it. Some months since an edition of it was issued by the Messrs. Appleton, but they took so little pains with it, knowing that "the million" are rather indifferent to scientific investigations, that the number who saw their pamphlet is comparatively few. That now before us is a reprint from their scanty edition, which we are glad has been rendered necessary by a much better demand than they had anticipated.

Our readers are aware that what are called the physical and mental sciences have been making such strides of late that they threaten to absorb almost all the intellectual activity of our time. Spiritual, or moral, science, on the contrary, seems comparatively apathetic. Those who believe in the trinal nature of our being—that its components are physical, mental and moral, and that the latter is the most important, being indeed the one deathless principal, have reason to be dismayed at the disproportionate activity exhibited in the interest of the two former. They see that the present tendency of philosophical speculation is to crush or ignore the spiritual element altogether; that indeed the present fashion in science is extremely realistic and material. If there is any

fault here, it is chargeable to the advocates of moral science. They have not been so active as they should be in advancing the important interests confided to their charge. It is their duty to reconcile scientific facts with their teachings, or their teachings to the facts, and not, because the two seem to them irreconcileable, to deny or ignore the facts of science altogether. If they cannot succeed in reconciling these facts with their positions, it shows either that their theology is erroneous, or that they are unfit for their places as public teachers.

It is pleasant to see that now and then there is a man who is sufficiently thoughtful and liberal to dare to grasp these questions, and, while admitting all indisputable scientific facts, to see the possibility and to attempt the work of reconciling them with religious dogmas. Such a man is the author of this address.

The pamphlet before us contains a resumé of the recent discoveries in science, followed by a fearless and able discussion of some of the philosophic speculations of the day. There is no attempt to ignore truth because it appears irreconcileable with received tenets, and no special pleading by way of avoiding what cannot be met, and which the author dare not admit for fear that it may demolish some favorite system. Dr. Barnard has the courage to believe that truth must have a free course; he insists upon bringing to the same level all parts of the truth, that the whole may appear in its due proportions. Considering what science has done and how scientific discoveries have been received, and how their importance is frequently ignored, the Dr. says:

"There are a thousand truths, and applications of truths, which, in the day of their novelty, fastened universal attention; but which, having become familiar, and having added to the permanent treasury of knowledge, have at length almost ceased to be remembered as the gifts of science to civilization. Who, for instance, that now uses the electric telegraph, thinks of the slow process of evolution by which, in the hands of Oersted and Ampère and Arago and Henry, the laws of electro-dynamics were gradually unfolded? or of the happy sagacity by which, in the laboratories of Daniell and Grove and Bunsen, the powerful and persistent electro-motors now in universal use were conceived and perfected? or recognizes the fact that but for the combined results of all these labors, this wonderful instrument of communication could have had no existence? Or who that pauses for a moment before the show window of a print-shop in any one of our great cities, and inspect curiously the latest photograph of the pyramids of Egypt, the mountain gorges of California, the glaciers of the polar seas, or the ruins of Mexico or Peru, remembers, if he ever knew, the weary and disappointing toils, protracted through years, by which Daguerre and Talbot and Niepce de St. Victor succeeded at last in permanently fixing the fleeting images of the camera?" (p. 59.)

The recent investigations in astronomy have produced very satisfactory results. An extract will give an idea of the interesting nature of some of these discoveries:

"A very curious question has been agitating the astronomical world for more than a year past, in regard to the asserted disappearance of the lunar crater Linnæus. This crater was described by Mädler as very large, being not less than six miles across, and also as very deep. In the latter part of 1866, it was announced by Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, that it had entirely disappeared and had been replaced by what he described as a whitish spot. Subsequently, within this spot and at its centre, it was further asserted that there appeared a minute, dark point, seen independently by Schmidt at Athens, Secchi at Rome, and Lyman at New Haven, indicating the

formation of a new crater; and this had apparently grown larger and gradually changed its place. If these observations, which seem as yet to be received by many with reserve, should be confirmed, quite a new interest will be given to that study of the physical aspects of our satellite." (p. 64)

We have not space to follow the doctor as we would gladly do, in his accounts of the important discoveries made in geology, archæology, chemistry and other sciences. His discussion of the tendencies of modern philosophic speculation, in connection with science, seems to us the most important part of the address. Here the author enters the lists fearlessly, in opposition to some of the most renowned philosophical champions of the day. Regarding the positions which he combats, the following extract will give an idea:

"If the law of conservatism of force is therefore to be extended to mental phenomena, the immortality of the soul can no longer be maintained. On this hypothesis indeed man has no soul. Life is but a momentary phenomenon, a carnal condition of matter, to be classed with combustion, incandescence, sound, odor, anything most accidental and evanescent. More than this, the living being, while his brief consciousness endures, is the mere sport of forces foreign to himself." (p. 92.)

Yet again Dr. Barnard is not afraid of truth, however distasteful to his feelings or opposed to his preconceived opinions it may be:

"The business of the philosopher is to follow the trace of truth wherever it may lead. He must not suffer feeling, or preference, or prepossession, or predjudice, for a moment to bias his judgment. If the law of the conservatism of force, rightly interpreted, conducts us of necessity to materialism, we must accept the conclusion, however humiliating we may find it to our pride, or however ruinous to our hopes. To my mind no such necessity exists." (p. 92.)

We have read the doctor's arguments and statements with much pleasure, and not a little profit, and commend to those who wish to get a clear conception of the tendencies of modern thought to carefully peruse his Address.

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## ETHICS.

*The Dance of Modern Society.* By W. C. WILKINSON. 16mo., pp. 77. New York: Oakley, Mason & Co. 1869.

We had hoped that the days of puritanism—the modern phariseeism—were passed, that self-righteous judgments of the acts and motives of society had given place to a refined charity. New England, the *dernier resort* and home, in modern times, of this asceticism, seems, after vigorous struggles, to have emancipated herself from the thrall; her chief literary men—Hawthorne, Longfellow and Holmes—have

painted puritanism in its true colors as a warning to coming times, and a frightful recollection of the past. Recognizing what of honest motive and self-sacrificing devotion to supposed duty there was in this social and religious phenomenon, all who are imbued with any of the true spirit of enlightenment have seen and felt that there could be no real progress while such ideas prevailed; that in attempting to set up a standard of morals directly in conflict with human nature there is more likelihood of crushing out the good in us than of eradicating the evil; that to destroy the weeds in our social garden the best way is not to run through it the ploughshare of destruction, burying flowers and briars together, but that a careful cultivation of the good will in time produce the desired result, as the bad will gradually disappear from an uncongenial soil.

We are still occasionally reminded, by such publications as that before us, that the old age of fanaticism is not altogether done away with, notwithstanding all that has been done to enlighten human kind, from the days of witch burning to the present. There are still, it would seem, believers in the total depravity of human nature—men who think it a sufficient condemnation of any act or custom that it is a pleasure, conscientiously regarding all human inclinations as wiles of Satan, and denouncing damnation upon all who have not the same faith as themselves in infinite wrath and unquenchable brimstone. The world is burdened with too many of this sort of people. What is really very strange is, that almost universally those self-righteous beings who take such pleasure

> "In falling out with that or this,
> And finding somewhat still amiss,"

are pretended followers and advocates of a religion of love, apparently totally unaware that "dealing damnation round the land" is not the mission of a reformer whose creed recognizes love as the fulfillment of all law.

The author of this treatise congratulates himself on being the first vigorously to take up the cudgels in opposition to modern dancing, which he considers one of the greatest social evils of our day. This

> "Warder on the walls of death"

doubtless exults in the thought that he is the first to discover and decry an attack of the enemy of mankind so important as the dance. Hear him:

> "I appear as an advocate, and I shall not attempt to avoid the vehemence of advocacy. I volunteer my office on behalf of several imperilled interests, all of them valuable, and one, at least, vital. It is the cause at once of health, of economy, of the social nature, of intellectual improvement, of morality, that I defend. I undertake to implead the dance in their joint behoof as the common and equal enemy of them all." (p. 6.)

It is astonishing that this great cause, in which *everything* is at stake, had not before found an advocate worthy of it. Where are our divines

and our philanthropists, that they have so long left this all-important work to be at last discovered and undertaken by our author? He alone, it would seem, has been sent expressly to show up and denounce this source of all evil. The early apostles and fathers had no conception of the immense importance of the subject; they preached against comparatively trivial sins, neglecting this diabolical evil, the root of all others! As to what our author treats of he does not intend to leave us in doubt.

"My readers need none of them be at any loss as to just what I mean. I mean the dance as it flourishes in the most proper and reputable circles to-day." (p. 23.)

If our "most proper and reputable circles" are so vile, there is certainly need enough of reform, and of a voice like this to cry in the wilderness. Our author discusses the dance in its relations to health, to economy, to social tendencies, to intellectual improvement, and to morals and religion. In all these respects it is highly objectionable, as he proves conclusively, at least to his own satisfaction. As the moral and religious aspects of the question are by far the most important we will confine our attention to them. Here is the bill of indictment:

"The dance, then, to say it at once, and plainly, is an immoral amusement—immoral, I mean, in itself. Of course I am not now traversing the statement with which I set out, that dancing in itself is perfectly innocent." (p. 57.)

He confesses that there is an apparent contradiction here, but he proceeds to explain his position, and to show that dancing is innocent, but the dance is immoral; that is, "in a single word, dancing is one thing, and the dance is another!" (p. 58). He admits that dancing may be perfectly harmless under certain conditions, for instance:

"I should have no objection in the world to a dance in which the only participants were children, too young to be *conscious of sex*, and necessarily *incapable of any pleasure in it*, except that of *associated and rythmical motion*." (p. 58.)

"I should have no objection to a dance in which the participants were exclusively males, of whatever age, or to one in which the participants were exclusively females, of whatever age." (p. 59.)

It is the "consciousness of sex," it seems, that makes the dance objectionable, and to be conscious of sex is, according to our author, a great sin. He would permit "brothers and sisters of one household, and the parents and grandparents" to join in the dance. He would, however, exclude "neighbor's children, intimate friends and cousins of every degree." (p. 59.) Yet even in this parlor dancing, as usually practised, there is danger. Neighbors may drop in, and cannot politely be prevented from joining in the dance, and thus the members of the happy family will surely be inveigled to destruction!

"I will not trust myself to speak of this further. My indignation waxes hotter than can well be controlled. I even seem to myself to have contracted some soil from having merely described truthfully what thousands of fellow-Christians, *ignorant of themselves*, practise without swallowing a qualm." (p. 68.)

It is well to stop when one allows his emotions to reach such a point. We beg leave to express a doubt as to its being indignation that so moves our author, considering the evident tendency of his imaginings. "Shall there be no more cakes and ale because you are virtuous?" or shall men and women be prohibited from indulging in what is to them an innocent amusement because you cannot make it so? Shall those who can engage in the dance without having any corrupting emotions aroused be debarred from it because you cannot? Shall a "consciousness of sex" be condemned because you cannot prevent it from degenerating into gross sensuality? We are sorry for our would-be reformer, and regard him as a fit subject for missionary labor.

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*Lettres d'un Libre-Penseur à un Curé de Village.* Par LEON RICHER, Deuxième Série. 12 mo., pp. 333. Paris: à la Grande Librairie. 1869.

Free-thinking in France has few more daring, and at the same time conscientious, representatives than the author of this volume. The success of the first series of the "Lettres à un Curé," has induced the writer to give the public a second instalment of his liberal opinions upon church and state. The discussions provoked by the former work seem to have stimulated him to take a still bolder and more advanced position, if that were possible. He says in his preface:

"Je continuerai de *ravager les consciences*, sans qu'un seul athelete de la foi m'ait barré le passage." (p. XVI.)

Both catholic and protestant religious systems are criticised as in opposition to progress. There is a freedom in his handling of these topics, which shows that neither the church nor the empire is so determined upon repressing free speech in France as many would have us believe.

The style of the work is concise and vigorous. There is something in it indicative of the discontented reformer; but generally it is calm and logical. The author tells his readers plainly what he thinks is demanded by modern civilization as respects religious systems. Thus, for example, he declares that the people of France are abandoning catholicism, and are menaced by atheism, and he thinks that in this situation it is necessary that they shall adopt a new creed, conformable to the needs and aspirations of modern society.

"Religious as well as political institutions are *pure forms*. They represent, at a given moment, the general idea of a nation. But when the idea changes, it is essential that the representative form shall be modified" (p. 13).

Our churches, the author alleges, do not improve; they are wedded to old ideas in their present attitude. In this condition of things "*L'action individuelle* est pour le moment, je crois, notre unique ressource." (p. 19.) A congress of free-thinkers has been proposed, to

settle some of the chief questions involved in the effort at religious emancipation, but for this, our author tells us, there is lacking one little thing—liberty. Perhaps it is well; we fear that if the free-thinkers had their way they would be satisfied with no religion. Yet M. Richer is by no means an atheist, nor is he altogether a positivist, although he believes that science is more sacred than theology. While religious men hold that religion is divine and science human, he maintains that science is divine; that in religious systems there is much that is human, but in science nothing. Here is one of his propositions:

"Toute affirmation de l'ordre philosophique ou religieux qui est expressément contredite par la science,—est *fausse*." (p. 29.)

Protestanism he finds little less objectionable than catholicism; "Le protestantisme n'est plus le protestantisme." (p. 313.) That is, the position upon which Luther and Calvin based their attempts at reformation—the right of all men to make conscience their sole guide—is denied by their followers. The principle of catholicism, according to M. Richer, is the immutability of dogma and the inscrutability of matters of faith; but he thinks that protestantism is not less spiritually intolerant respecting what it regards as essential dogmas. Neither permits any individual freedom of opinion in what each chooses to regard as essential points of faith. But if any man, or sect, or synod, has a right to dictate what shall be a person's belief to any extent, there is no saying where this dictation shall end. In this respect, indeed, the catholic doctrine is more rational than the protestant; the latter claims the right to independent opinions, yet denies to the individual the privilege of disbelieving what are considered the orthodox tenets of sects.

We believe that protestants and catholics may be benefitted by carefully weighing the arguments presented in this volume in favor of absolute religious toleration. We do not regard the work as an attack upon religion, nor upon any sect in particular, but as an appeal for freedom and progress.

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## BELLES LETTRES.

*Les Fleurs du Mal.* Par CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, Précédés d'une Notice par Théophile Gautier. 12 mo. pp. 410. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, 1862.

Théophile Gautier, one of the finest literary artists of the day, prefaces this edition of Baudelaire's poems with a loving notice of his friend, the author, giving many interesting personal reminiscences and an appreciative criticism of his writings. Baudelaire, as Gautier confesses, modeled his poetic style, to a considerable extent, after that of Edgar A. Poe, many of whose works he translated into French. He is not altogether a Poe, however, in his verse—we think he is something

more. There is in both the same love of beauty, as a purely intellectual thing, with an almost entire absence of moral qualities—almost a soulless beauty; there is the same love of the weird and *bizarre;* to some extent the same cynicism. Yet Baudelaire has more sympathy with humanity than Poe, and more natural feeling. The poetic philosophy of both is well expressed in the "Hymn à la Beauté" in this volume.

"Viens-tu du ciel profond ou sours-tu de l'abîme,
O Beauté? Ton regard infernal et divin,
Verse confusément le bienfait et le crime,
Et l'on peut pour cela te comparer au vin.

* * * * *

"De Satan ou de Dieu, qu'importe? Ange ou Sirène,
Qu'importe, si tu rends,—fée aux yeux de velours,
Rhythme, parfum, lueur, ô mon unique reine!
L'univers moins hideux et les instants moins lourds?" (p. 116-17.)

Baudelaire is very daring, and treats of things generally considered sacred from an entirely independent point of view. In "Les Litanies de Satan" he indicates that there is something to admire even in this much-denounced personage, because the accounts we have of him attribute to him much grandeur, and many elements of beauty:

"O toi, le plus savant et le plus beau des Anges,
Dieu trahi par le sort et privé de louanges,
O Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère!" (p. 332.)

The style of Baudelaire is not what is called classic; it is richer and contains more imagination and exuberance of fancy. It is not so simple and natural as that of Béranger; it is apt at first to impress one as obscure, and, to some extent, morbid. He is a fine costumer, and when we fully comprehend his pictures, they are apt to linger in our memory, distinct and ineffaceable. The first piece in this collection, "Benediction," is almost satanic in its indications of the course over which a love of beauty, as the author understood it, leads its votaries. "Le Serpent qui Danse" is another weird and fantastic piece of fancy:

"Que j'aime voir, chère indolente,
De ton corps si beau,
Comme une étoile vacillante,
Miroiter—la peau!" (p. 125.)

He has always a fine sense of physical beauty, and a sense sometimes almost spiritual, as in "Le Parfum."

"Lecteur, as-tu quelquefois respiré
Avec ivresse et lente gourmandise
Ce grain d'encens qui remplit une église,
Ou d'un sachet le musc invétéré?" (p. 141.)

Nature, for herself, our poet seems to care little about; when he pictures her at all he surrounds her with fantastic shapes from the realm of his weird imagination. Yet there is occasionally a natural melody of which

one of the sweetest is the "Harmonie du Soir." There is a beautifully versified Latin poem, in the measure of the *Dies Iræ*, entitled "Franciscæ meæ Laudes:"

"Novis te cantabo chordis
O nouvelletum quod ludis
In solitudine cordis,
Esto sertis implicata,
O fœmina delicata,
Per quam solvuntur peccata." (p. 181.)

There are a series of poems under the general heading of "Le Vin," showing the effects of intoxication upon different individuals and in a variety of circumstances, as "L'Ame du Vin," "Le Vin des Chiffoniers," "Le Vin d'Assassin," etc. Death also is treated of in various aspects and conditions, as "La Mort des Amants," "La Mort des Pauvres," and "La Mort des Artistes."

Baudelaire is a poet worthy of the study of any literary artist. He does not deserve a high rank as an original poet, but is a pleasing one in his department.

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*The Brownville Papers; being memorials of the Brownville Athletic Club.* Edited by Moses Coit Tyler, professor of English Literature in Michigan University. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

In the days of its founder, who was a man of education and taste, the imprint of this house was at least presumptive evidence of creditable literature. We are sorry to observe that this day seems to have passed, and that what claims to be the representative house of the "modern Athens" is quite as likely to issue catch-penny works as its less pretentious rivals in more vulgar cities. The name of a college professor is apt to give the general reader an impression of profundity, and elevation above ordinary criticism, but we are compelled to say, for truth's sake, to those who have this idea that it is too frequently without warrant. Those who think that the name of a professor of English literature in a western "university" on the title-page of a book is sufficient assurance of respectability in the contents, have something to learn. The great west is too great in area, and too large for its age, to have all its needs supplied satisfactorily at once. Alas! we know of quacks in science who have obtained "state" positions, and the merest smatterers who have succeeded in getting "chairs" in colleges. We know nothing of Professor Tyler's abilities as a teacher; we hope, and are willing to believe, that they are good. But while he may be a man of great attainments in learning, for aught we know, this book is certainly not a fortunate vindication of his taste in English literature.

Among the manias of the day, "physical culture" has attained a marked prominence. It has become a passion with certain persons who

seem to think an appearance of strength and vigor, even physical, is as good as the reality—that to talk of what suggests energy is as good as to have genuine mental stamina. Taking advantage of the popular notion, a number of persons have conquered fame—or what passes for such among us—and secured considerable fortunes, with Indian clubs, dumb bells, and other calisthenic weapons. The fancy has even invaded the pulpit, and we hear much of "muscular Christianity," as the highest development of the doctrine of the non-resistent Galilean yet known. We are not called upon at this time to comment upon gymnastic theology, but we protest most earnestly against athletic literature of the sort displayed in this volume. Light or heavy gymnastics, calisthenics, movement and lifting cures, etc., may be good things, and we are certainly in favor of proper physical training; but if this is a favorable specimen of its literature, we should prefer that its glories should remain unheralded and unsung, except in advertisements of rival systems and in "treatises" of quack doctors.

The papers here collected into a volume were originally prepared for the "Herald of Health," a publication devoted to the dissemination of certain rather peculiar views of medical science; it had been better, we think, had they been allowed to sleep in the pages of the periodical for which they were written. The work is prefaced with a number of quotations from Bacon, Seneca, Emerson, *et al.* It gives an account of the endeavors made to found a gymnasium in a New England village, the arguments *pro* and *con* of those interested, and the workings of the institution. It contains much heavy argument on the subject of physical culture, but most of it is designed to be facetious. There are abundant specimens of the Yankee dialect, which, with certain writers, is of itself presumed to answer for humor, though it is really the most uncouth and humorless speech existing. There are stale jokes rehashed as original, and we find much slang, which is designed to pass for wit. A specimen or two out of pages that might be quoted will answer:

"If this odd genius were not so extremely odd a genius; if he were what Mr. A. Ward calls an 'ornary cuss,' I would not take the trouble of another attempt to draw him out of his shell." (p. 17.)

"What event in the life of clubs or of men can be of greater importance, or of more precarious fortune, than getting born? Well, since I last wrote, our club has had that experience. It has actually been and gone and got born! It *is*." (p. 85.)

We hope these are not specimens of the sort of English taught in Michigan University. Much of the volume is in verse—some intended to be humorous, some serious. First for a dash of wit:

"Alas! what did my courage break,
And all my proud ambition shake,
And tempt me learning to forsake?
It was—ah me! the stomach-ache!" (p. 97.)

Is not that brilliant? Is it not worthy of a western university professor? Oh, shade of Ticknor! Compare it with Mr. Field's own "poetry."

It must be admitted there is some resemblance; and then be it remembered that a "fellow-feeling" sometimes makes even publishers "wondrous kind!" Our author's lyrical effusions are equally remarkable. For example, take the opening stanza of "The Song of the Gymnasts."

> "Now gymnasts strong, *lift* we *high* a song
> For our art and its triumphs glorious,
> That leads the van for the health of man,
> And is over ills victorious." (Ib.)

It must be an uncommonly strong gymnast who could "lift" such a song to its extraordinary height of sublimity. The clergy get some fearful hits from the club of our gymnastic professor, *e. g.*:

> "So now many a parson by greenbacks well hired
> From the Gospel's high message of happiness swerves;
> And with toil, and with prayer, and with tea-parties tired,
> Drones away at such gospel as can be inspired
> By bad air, soda-biscuit, and worry-worn nerves." (p. 173.)

There is quite a long *satirical* poem, entitled "Appollo and the Merchant of Athens," (the Modern Athens, we presume), of which two or three specimens, selected nearly at random, will serve:

> "The fact is, friend, my gov., old daddy Jove,
> Moping with Juno round the kitchen stove,
> Doles out his greenbacks with a mean attention
> To rules it would disgust his son to mention." (p. 174.)
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "I need a doctor?—yes, the one whose pills
> Would cure me of—so many unpaid bills." (p. 175.)
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "Excuse me. sir, but waiving common rule,
> I would just state that you are one —— fool!" (p. 178.)

The publishers of this book should give Prof. Tyler a commission to write a volume of verse to keep up their reputation of being the original fountain of Castalia in America. The author has appended to his work a carefully prepared index, doubtless to facilitate the labors of students in referring to choice specimens of English literature in the volume.

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*Stories in Verse.* By HENRY ABBEY. 16mo., pp. 128. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co., Publishers. 1869.

We do not remember to have met the name of Mr. Abbey before in literature; if this is his first effort, we cheerfully concede that he has no reason to be ashamed of it. He gives his book a modest title, and does not bring forward his own personality in his verse as a subject in which the public are presumed to be interested. His stories are well constructed, and two or three of them exhibit considerable inventive power. The first story, "Blanche," reminds us somewhat of Tenny-

son's "Maud;" it has originality, but in some of its parts comes very near being an imitation. For instance the stanzas headed "A Rival," (pp. 22–23,) will remind those acquainted with "Maud" of something very similar in that poem. "Karagme, an African," and "The Strong Spider," have some striking points. There are some passages in the volume of which any amateur might be proud.

"Violets! violets! violets!
Children of sun and of dew,
*Flakes of the blue of the sky,*
There is somebody calling to you
Who seems to be longing to die." (p. 2.)

"Each day he worked upon the cotton-field,
*And every bell he picked had thought in it.*" (p. 29.)

"Now through the mighty pulses of the land
Throbbed the dark blood of war; and Sumter's guns
Were the first heart-beats of a better day." (p. 45.)

Sometimes he catches a beautiful thought, and seems loth to let it go, but stamps its image repeatedly upon his paper in varied forms.

"Syringa, naught your odor tells,
Or whispers that I cannot hear;
Speak out, and tell me where she dwells,
In perfume accents, loud and clear." (p. 4.)

"Among the breeze-rung lily bells." (p. 5.)

The foundation of this thought is borrowed from Horace Smith's lines:

"Each flowing bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume in the passing air."

Yet we by no means accuse our author of plagiarism; he has merely borrowed a beautiful idea, as he has a perfect right to do, and has used it as an illustration under modified forms. The germ of the same idea may be found in Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," where he says:

"Music is delicate, faint, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense."

But the same fancy might be traced to Euripides or Eschylus, for modern literature is mostly a reproduction of old thoughts under new forms. Whether an author borrows intentionally, or merely happens to catch the same thought that has been captured by some preceding writer, matters little if the idea is in itself beautiful. Mr. Abbey seems to have a fine sense of the delicate charm of odors, as his pleasing stanzas entitled "Heliotrope" (p. 25,) testify.

The verse in this volume is generally smooth, and sometimes musical. Yet there are some awkward lines, as

"There was a soft, Madonna look about her eyes" (p. 95;)
"There comes no premonition now to show to me" (p. 111;)

which, being Alexandrices in the ordinary decasyllabic blank verse, are blemishes, probably the result of carelessness. In

"Among the books that I had bought myself,
I found the Bible, this to peruse
I soon essayed," (p. 117,)

the second line is wretched; none of it is poetry. Our author too frequently permits his verse to degenerate into commonplace or something worse.

> "So men are, they do not vary much, the level of mankind,
> What one lacks the next possesses; there are faults enough in all." (p. 68)
> "I said that few could exculpate the past." (p. 85.)
> "Most human calculations end in loss,
> And every one who has a plan devised,
> Is like a foolish walker on a rope." (p. 102.)

We point out these faults for the author's benefit, hoping that he will be more careful in future if he extends his literary labors. On the whole we think his errors more than compensated by what there is really praiseworthy in the volume. The author seems to be a careful student, a clear thinker, and a conscientious literary artist. In a day which produces so much of absolute rubbish, and among a generation which has lately gone into raptures over Mr. Morris's "Jason" and "Earthly Paradise," we think that an honest word of encouragement should not be withheld from Mr. Abbey.

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*Aspects of Humanity, brokenly mirrored in the Ever-Swelling Currents of Human Speech.* 12mo., pp. 55. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

This is intended to be a profound philosophical treatise in verse, a method of treatment which we imagine no real poet would adopt for such a subject, even had he not read what De Quincy says of the absurdity of "reasoning in verse." Philosophic poetry has become quite common of late, brought into notice and importance by the names of a few who have gained some distinction as philosophers, though they are not poets. It was said long ago, and has been repeated by Shelley and others, that nothing should be said in verse which can be equally well expressed in prose. Certainly, profound philosophy, and especially metaphysical speculation, can be much better expressed in prose then in verse. We do not hesitate to say that verse which is merely philosophic is not poetry at all—nor, in saying this, have we forgotten Pope's "Essay on Man." We believe that all lovers of poetry have as great a horror of merely didactic verse as Shelley expressed.

The verse in this work comprises not half the bulk of the volume. We have a long preface, in which the author's philosophy is explained. Then there is an appendix, in which an effort is made to fortify the verse-utterances by quotations from biblical writers, divines, philosophers and poets. If an array of distinguished names and quotations from acknowledged authorities could suffice for the purpose, our author would take high rank among poets. But he tells us that the object of these quotations is "to corroborate the import of some particular passages, as

well as to facilitate their comprehension, and to secure the whole from the imputation of novelty."* There is certainly need enough for aid to "facilitate the comprehension" of the passages referred to; and the author has effectually succeeded in securing his work from the "imputation of novelty," or originalty—in matter at least. We are told of this work in the preface, that "its character and import may be styled, essentially and predominantly, theological." (p. 7.) The nature of these speculations, which the author himself declares are not new, may *perhaps* be inferred from the following extract:

"In the chain of simultaneus phenomena which are engaged in and constitute any instance of that intercourse between the human soul and the material world, which is exhibited in the processes which we call perception, on the one hand, and conscious action on the other, it must be obvious that any separate link of either process, except the extremely external, or impersonal, and the extremely internal, or personal, may be contemplated in two opposite aspects, from two contrary directions. Whilst the wholly external thing, or fact is, in the language of metaphysics, pure *object*, and the precipient or acting soul pure *subject*, the intervening links—that is, the modification of the organ of sense, or of conscious motion, that of the cerebral centres, and also (it is assumed) that of the precipient or acting soul itself—may be contemplated either as *objective* or *subjective* phenomena, according as they are viewed from without, analytically and as separate facts, or from within, in their natural synthesis, as necessary parts of a single whole." (p. 10.)

We hope our readers find this statement luminous. If so, perhaps they will be prepared to examine the poem for a versified exposition of the philosophy of which this purports to be an explanation. We have heard of a man so willing to be convinced that he would listen to any pious, godly person who would undertake to demonstrate that two and two make five; those who find good sense and poetry in the above will doubtless be willing to read the verses in which this metaphysical system is more fully set forth. There might be a pertinent inquiry as to the necessity of versifying what has been so clearly stated in prose, and by able writers whose thoughts our author confesses he has borrowed. But if he disclaims originality in matter, he certainly deserves credit for it in his poetic style. Read and be convinced:

"For so the *aqueous aid* descends,
No mere facility,
Imbued with food of subtle form
And sheer fertility,
*Extract persistent*, sages say,
Of living things of old,
By transit through the nether clay
In vernal growths *ensouled*,
And garnered, as they fleet away,
Within the harvest's gold." (p. 21.)

The "aqueous aid" and "extract persistent," our readers must be informed, refer to the rain. Could the "aqueous aid" speak it would doubtless complain, like Mrs. Quickly, that it was never called so before. For original and startling expressions our author is at least equal to Shakspeare. For example:

"In *complex fusion confluent.*

* Preface, p. 12.

* * * *

Thus FANCY robes with timely grace,
Each earnest mental toil;
Her modes unkempt have vital place,
To lure and not beguile." (p. 23.)

Another specimen of versified wisdom will, we hope, suffice:

"Association, sympathy—
These chiefly give true zest:
And similar its history,
However else confessed." (p. 25.)

We have been puzzled to guess what manner of man it may be who can write and publish such a book as this. He is not at least a juvenile versifier, though he must be very inexperienced. We do not doubt that he is honest, and believes that he can be of service to the world by putting the thoughts contained in this volume into verse. His prose and his philosophic researches show that he has talents which, were they rightly directed, might be made serviceable. Had we not believed this we should not have taken the trouble to notice the volume. We consider it one of the strangest "aspects of humanity" that a person of any cultivation should have undertaken such a work. The author has evidently a mania for metaphysical speculation. We think it likely that his taste has been corrupted and his ambition fired by the reading of certain modern philosophers and would-be poets, who have gained some fame by their performances. He is not over-confident of the result of his experiment, however, for he declines, at present, to give the world his name. Believing him to be honest, to be youthful, and to have been led astray by older malefactors, whose productions have been highly eulogized by the society of mutual admiration to which they happened to belong, we dismiss him with the earnest and really friendly advice to "sin no more."

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## BIOGRAPHY.

*Portraits de Femmes Françaises du* XVIII. *et du* XIX. *Siecle.* Par IMBERT DE SAINT-AMAND. Paris: F. Amgot, Libraire-Editeur. 1869.

This is a very interesting volume, giving biographical notices and criticisms of character of several of the most noted women of modern France. There are more celebrities among women in France than in any other country, whether it is because ladies there have more claims to distinction than elsewhere, or because the gallantry of the men more readily concedes to them a place among notabilities. Yet in France one hears much less than in England or America about "woman's rights."

Those whose portraits are here given are nearly all creditable speci-

mens of French women and distinguished ladies. The list includes the Marchioness de Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, the Princess de Lamballe, Charlotte Corday, the Marchioness de Montagu, the Empress Josephine, and others. The portraits are all graphic, though generally the accounts in this volume do not add much to our knowledge of the characters treated. Of Madame de Pompadour we have an account differing in some respects from our preconceived notions of that remarkable woman. We are told that she comprehended her position:

"Madame de Pompadour avait de l'intelligence et de l'esprit, c'est dire qu'elle ne pouvait se méprendre sur la vraie nature de son rôle, et que si adulée qu'elle fût, elle sentait à chaque pas combien sa position était fausse." (p. 52.)

Of Louis XV. it is interesting to be informed that "Chose bien à observer, Louis XV. avait de la religion à sa manière," (p. 61). If this king had religion in his manner, it is doubtless safe to say that it did not penetrate below the surface. We might, perhaps, doubt the acuteness of the observer who discovered this cloak of piety.

We have a graphic picture of the "Trois Femmes de la Revolution," the Princess de Lamballe, Charlotte Corday, and the Marchioness de Montagu. One was a voluntary victim to her love for Maria Antoinette, the second sacrificed her life to save France from tyranny, the third, less remarkable, but scarcely less worthy, spent her latter years in exile and poverty. Of the Princess de Lamballe, one of the loveliest characters of that bloody period, and one whose fate has excited a great amount of well-bestowed sympathy, we are told:

"Entre le charactère et le visage de Madame de Lamballe il y avait une harmonie complète Le Prince de Ligne la jugeait en un mot: Elle est aussi bonne que jolié, disait il. * * Tout son esprit était dans son coeur." (p. 141).

Charlotte Corday appears in some respects a more heroic character, yet she does not so greatly excite our sympathy. She ranks in heroism with Joan of Arc, but does not receive the world's approval like the more womanly characters of whom history now and then takes account, who suffer without inflicting wrong. The author of this volume does not approve the assassination of Marat. He declares sententiously, "Un coup de poignard est une usurpation," (p. 147).

The account of the Empress Josephine is one of the most interesting studies in the volume. We have been told of late, by some one, that the widow of Beauharnais courted Bonaparte in a very coquettish fashion; in short, to use a fashionable colloquialism, "set her cap for him." As to the exact nature of this courtship we doubt if history will ever inform us beyond peradventure, nor do we believe that it is necessary to the happiness of mankind or for the guidance of future lovers that it should do so, though from the discussions of certain French writers one might think that few subjects could be of more importance. We have here a bit of generalizing wisdom on the subject of love, and a

particular declaration respecting the relations of Napoleon and Josephine:

"Il est rare que deux êtres humains s'aiment d'un egal amour; la balance penche toujours d'un côté on d'un autre. Dans le début du marriage de Napoleon, c'est assurément de son côté qu'est la plus grande somme de tendresse." (p. 254.)

This declaration is fortified by extracts from Napoleon's letters to Josephine, and by circumstances claimed to be of undoubted historical accuracy. The sketch of the Marchioness de Lafayette is very interesting, and will be read by Americans with pleasure. The book is a valuable contribution to literature; and furnishes interesting studies of female characters.

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## HISTORY.

*Histoire Générale de la Musique depuis les Temps les plus Anciens jusqu'à nos Jours.* Par F. J. FETIS. Tome Premier. 8vo., pp. 527. Paris: Librairie de Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et Cie. 1869.

M. Fètis, who is "Maitre de Chapelle de Roi des Belges," and director of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels, some time ago published a "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens et Bibliographie Générale de la Musique." This work has been recognized as one of the most valuable of its kind extant. He has undertaken to prepare a complete history of music, of which this volume is the first instalment. What proportions it will finally reach the author does not inform us, but considering the ground traversed in this volume we judge that it will be a quite extensive as well as very learned work.

Following several distinguished modern *savants*, as Renan, Grimm, and Max Müller, our author takes the ground that song and language were spontaneous and instinctive revelations to humanity. He goes farther, however, than other philologists, and gives it as his opinion that "modulation of vocal sounds, based upon the accentuation of language, comprised, in the earliest times, whatever was most expressive and most intelligible in the articulation of words, because the intonations of the voice, always analagous to sentiments and the passionate movements of the soul, would naturally be understood before every other element of communication." (p. 2.)

Who was the inventor of music, would be an absurd question, yet our author entertains it so far as to point out the impossibility of answering it, and showing that spontaneous production in music preceded, by a great length of time, historical tradition.

"Par la même raison, on n'a pas à se demander si le chant des oiseaux ou des bruits naturels n'en ont pas fourni le modèle. Bizarre anomalie d'un poète matérialiste, Lucrèce méconnait la noble origine de l'art lorsqu' il dit en vers harmonieux, &c." (p. 4.)

He then gives a French translation of the lines of Lucretius:

"At liquidas avium voces imitarier ore
Ante fuit multo, quam laevis carmina cantu
Concelebrare homines possent, auresque juvare, &c." *

Europeans and their descendants show the greatest aptitude for music. Savage races have the physiological conformation necessary to perceive the sensation of sound and to understand the difference in intonations, but their sentimental and intellectual operations are confined within too narrow limits by reason of their inferior cerebral conformation to enable them to attain excellence in music. They remember sounds, and have the faculty of reproducing them by the voice in singing as well as in speaking, but always imperfectly. Hence it happens that their tones always consist of a limited number of known sounds, which are rarely raised above the *quarter*, and this, with the sterility of their imaginations, causes the striking monotony observable in all the musical compositions of savage nations. Their songs are seldom modified, and have probably been the same from age to age, because progress is impossible with them. We have an instructive account of music and musical instruments among savage tribes, in Africa and with the Chinese. Among the Malay, or yellow races, the arrangement of notes to the scale is such that the semi-tones are never employed. The Chinese in theory give the octave twelve semi-tones, yet

"Il n'existe pas un air, pas une phrase de mélodie, où l'on trouve l'emploi des deux demi-tons de la gamme européene, *mi-fa* et *si-ut*, dans toute la musique de la Chine, ainsi que dans celles des autres peuples de la race jaune." (p. 57.)

The history of music seems to be a valuable aid in settling some important anthropological questions. For instance, there might be a question regarding the guarantees for the identity of the peoples who are claimed as offshoots of the white race. Leibnitz and Klaproth claimed that affinity of languages is the only test. Others have declared that proofs are furnished by analogy of conformation, physical and moral, similarity of fundamental ideas upon which repose the forms of religion, and historical traditions. M. Fétis claims that another fact not less important goes to show the identity of this race and the affiliation of all the peoples which have issued from it. This is "the agreements which exist in the conceptions of musical systems among these nations, agreements not less definite than those of language, and which are the basis of the history of that art in all its determinations and deductions." (p. 130.) Regarding the condition of musical art among the nations of Europe in barbarous times we have this interesting statement.

"Further than this, we should form an entirely false opinion regarding the first aggregations of sounds which the history of harmony presents, if we should be persuaded that they have any correspondence with what is designated by that name in modern music. If the fact of the

* *De Rerum Natura*, lib v.

simultaneous association of sounds is worthy of our whole attention, because of the country and the age which produce it, it is by its originality that it merits our interest, for the aggregations in themselves, and, above all, their strange successions, torture the ear. This circumstance, barbarous like the time which produced it, does not constitute an art; but in the course of time, the thought from which it proceeds is seen to become the basis of a real art of harmony; it is that thought which appears to belong to the descendants of the Scythians." (p. 164.)

A considerable portion of this volume is devoted to Hebrew music, whose history presents many difficulties. "There remains of the Hebrew people," we are told, "only a sacred book, a country barren of monuments, and individuals scattered over the face of the earth without political ties, and speaking different languages." (p. 869.) A discussion of the term *selah*, found in the Old Testament, is quite interesting. A number of authorities are cited, all of whom differ in their theories respecting the use of the word. A learned German regards *selah* as an expression of jubilation equivalent to *hallelujah;* another supposes it equivalent to the Italian *da capo*, signifying that the strain is to be repeated from the beginning. The Jewish doctor David Kimchi believed that *selah* was a sign for an elevation of the voice. Others have regarded it as a direction for the instruments; still others as a musical rest. La Borde declared it to have the same signification as the Italian *smorzando*, &c. After collecting all these specimens our author declares:

"All these efforts to discover the true signification of the word *selah*, so many suppositions lightly hazarded, so much serious labor of philologists justly celebrated, have resulted, as has been seen, only in uncertainty." (p. 409).

The volume is embellished with engravings of musical instruments and with specimens of music, both of which add much to its attractiveness and value. We consider it an important contribution to musical science.

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## HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND.

Just as we close the last sheet of our present issue we are deeply pained to hear of the sudden and untimely death of Mr. Henry Jarvis Raymond, chief editor of the New York Times. Under different circumstances it would have afforded us a melancholy pleasure to give our impressions in full—enlivened, perhaps, by some personal reminiscences—of the useful and honorable career of Mr. Raymond. As it is, we are compelled to confine ourselves to the briefest and most hurried expression of our sorrow, reserving for a future day the more elaborate tribute of friendship and esteem to departed worth.

Mr. Raymond was for many years one of the leading journalists of this city, and he was acknowledged, even by his most jealous rivals, to be a credit to the editorial profession. His influence upon the newspaper literature of the country was very considerable, and it was exclusively salutary. He had received a classical training in his youth, and its re-

fining effect was always perceptible both in his character and his writings. He united dignity with suavity, firmness with moderation. From his position he was almost necessarily engaged to a considerable extent in political contests; but he never sank the man in the partisan.

In conflicts induced by newspaper rivalry, the gentleman always controlled the expressions of the journalist. Possessed of a vigorous and clear intellect, his opponents ever found him an adversary who elicited their best powers; yet all were constrained to respect him for his candor, fairness, and courtesy. He was a fluent and graceful public speaker; his manner was unassuming, and his style, though chiefly conversational, was generally brilliant and forcible. But what was better than elegance of diction or logical acumen, every one felt that his utterances proceeded from honest conviction.

In private life Mr. Raymond was unobtrusive, but eminently sociable; while his conversation, though devoid of the slightest tinge of affectation, showed the effect of classical culture, and habits of earnest thought. With intimate acquaintances he was always frank and agreeable, and the impression left by personal intercourse with him was that he was worthy of all confidence and respect.

Time seemed scarcely to have commenced the work of undermining Mr. Raymond's physical constitution, while his intellectual faculties appeared to be in full vigor. But the strong man was compelled to obey the unexpected summons of the destroyer, affording another sad illustration of the feebleness of man's mortal part, even when it seems most vigorous and enduring—

"Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula."

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## APPENDIX.

*Insurance Reports* and other documents issued during the quarter ending June 16, 1869.

An ancient Brahmin has defined that portion of the public on which the charlatans and sharpers have to depend for their success as, a ruminating animal that is both deaf and blind, and almost entirely destitute of the faculty of memory, but is endowed with a faith sufficient to remove, at least a certain kind of mountains. And yet, the philosopher tells us, it is a peculiar faith—a faith not in truth but in falsehood. This is not very complimentary to the public. Perhaps the public has offended our Brahmin, and he is actuated by malice. But is his charge true? If it is it must be admitted, on reflection, that the motive which prompted him to make it is a matter of only secondary consideration.

Most persons have heard of the individual who, on being placed in the dock on the charge of robbing his neighbor's hen-roost, fancied he had fully vindicated himself when he told the judge, with an air of in-

jured innocence, that there would not have been a word about the whole affair, only that he refused to share the hens with the person now swearing against him! The judge informed him that it was unfortunate, if true, that the witness was so greedy and vindictive, but that this did not make the crime of plundering the roost anything the less reprehensible or disgraceful; nor should it lessen the punishment.'

Unfortunately the hen man is not the only malefactor who is ready to cry out "spite," "malice," &c., when his operations are denounced; it is, perhaps, still more unfortunate that it is not alone the Hindoo public that is deaf, blind and destitute of memory, and whose faith is in the shadow rather than the substance. It is very unpleasant to say that no people in the world are more easily imposed upon than our own, but the worst of it is that it is true. Nowhere else does quackery flourish as it does with us. Who can deny that the illiterate, ignorant quack has in general a hundred patients for every one who applies to the educated, skillful physician. It is true that the latter also sometimes gets as many patients as he can well attend to, but this is the exception, not the rule. What the physician gains by long years of study and research, and the skillful application of the knowledge thus acquired, the quack gains without either study or research, by impudence and false representation.

That thousands of our people are annually put to death by the quack doctors is beyond question; but it is equally true that thousands of our people are annually robbed by quack insurers. In one department as well as the other there are men who thoroughly understand their duties and are as thoroughly honest. Indeed, it rarely happens that those who fully study their profession are otherwise than honest; in nine cases out of ten it is those that are too lazy to study that betake themselves to cheating. It is almost needless to say that this class have no love for any profession for its own sake, and that they choose, not what they think themselves best qualified for, but what will afford them most opportunity to cheat. There is no profession that affords such ample opportunities of imposing on public credulity as that of life insurance, and accordingly it is overburdened by sharpers. This ought to be no news to the public by this time, were it not that the definition of the Brahmin is but too true, since it has been demonstrated in a thousand forms, and in the most public manner, that the lowest class of "gift enterprises" are honest and reliable institutions compared to certain insurance companies.

Yet we do not agree with those who say that the profession or business of insurance is disgraced by this means. It would be quite as logical and reasonable to say that the medical profession is disgraced because there are ignorant, unprincipled persons who call themselves doctors, and pretend to cure all manner of diseases. But what intelligent or sensible man esteems the educated, skillful physician any-

thing the less on this account? Nay, does he not value his services all the more? For the same reasons, the qualified, faithful physician never feels offended when quackery is denounced; those who are offended betray their own spuriousness by the very fact; they show that although they may have happened to get a good name among a certain class, it was not legitimately earned!

If the memory of the public were not quite as bad as the Hindoo philosopher represented, it would be needless for us to show at this time, in order to be just, that there are true underwriters as well as true physicians. We yield to none in our confidence in some physicians whom it is our privilege to know; there is no money we would pay more cheerfully than the fee of such. We would not hesitate to pay them three times as much as we would those of doubtful reputation, if, indeed, we would have the services of the latter at any price. And we have just the same feelings in regard to different classes of underwriters. To some we would pay our money with as much confidence in its safety as if we were depositing it in the National Park Bank. We should feel that what we put in the latter would as surely go to our widow, if we died to-morrow, as if we had given a check for the amount; and yet we could not have more confidence in our bank-book than in the policy of an insurance company which we know to be of the right stamp. That there are not many such is but too true; probably not more than a dozen out of a hundred and fifty. In general we regard the new brood now springing up like *fungi*, with suspicion, and we think it will be found in due time that we are right; many will discover the fact when it is too late.

But this is no reason why all that are young should be condemned. Youth, by itself, should excite no prejudice; if the parentage and associations are good, we should rather be prepossessed in favor of youth; and that there are youth of this character among our insurance companies, though in a very small ratio, we do not merely admit in general terms; we mean to record some of their names before we close, not doubting but in their case also we shall be able to remind our readers seven years hence, should we live so long, that although we make no pretensions to the prophetic gift, we have made some predictions which time has fully verified.

We have never pretended, however, to be infallible; on the contrary, we are always willing to admit that there are a thousand things of which we are ignorant. Accordingly, we have sometimes made mistakes, but never have done so in a single instance without making the *amende honorable*, as soon as we discovered we had done injustice to any one. Thus, for example, before we had the pleasure of being acquainted with the management of the Knickerbocker Life, we had been led to form an erroneous opinion of it; but we soon found that those from whom we had obtained our information were interested parties, who could not forgive the Knickerbocker officers for possessing qualities and qualifica-

tions which they lacked themselves, namely, superior intelligence, politeness, urbanity, good humor, etc., etc. In short, we were led to believe in this manner that the president of the Knickerbocker was rude sulky, etc.

It so happened just then that somebody knocked down Winston, of the Mutual Life, in his own office, for his offensive rudeness. Supposing that the information we had received from the secretary and president of another company was correct, it was quite natural that in commenting on the little mishap of Winston we remarked that something similar might occur at the Knickerbocker office. But we soon found that we might as justly have compared Lord Chesterfield to Tom Hyer, or Yankee Sullivan. The gentleman to whom we unintentionally did this injustice has never said one word to us on the subject, directly or indirectly; we have never known him to allude to the circumstance. This shows more on his part than we feel disposed to say, for we do not like what has even the semblance of flattery. It is not strange that the parties who thus misinformed us could never forgive the slightest criticism on themselves. This has ever been the characteristic of a small, base mind, whereas the opposite is the characteristic of an enlarged and generous mind. Yet we must not blame them too much; it is but their nature,

> "Born too low to reach to things sublime,
> 'Tis rather their misfortune than their crime!"

The student of history need not be reminded of a certain sovereign, of the Dagobert species, who, in his brutal rage, had the hand that penned a criticism on him, which was but too just, chopped off on the block with the hatchet. The same student will doubtless remember the course of the celebrated Cardinal Mazarin, who wielded the power of the greatest monarch of his time. A poor, obscure scholar, named Quellet, wrote a satire on the cardinal in the Latin language. The cardinal could have immured him in a dungeon for ever; but instead of doing him the least injury, he made him comfortable for life. As soon as he read the criticism he sent for the author, who thought his doom was sealed. The cardinal asked him mildly how he had offended him; Quellet, thus reassured, replied frankly that he had slighted him in bestowing his patronage. The cardinal made ample amends for this; and from that forth he had no friend more warmly attached to him than Quellet. Mr. Lyman never offered to make us any "amends," nor have we ever asked him. The truth is, that he had no amends to make; that was our part, since it was we who wronged him, though without intending to do so. We make this remark only because it is so much the habit at the present day to ascribe the good as well as the bad to unworthy motives. We need only add on this subject, that even Mazarin was not more successful in contributing to the greatness and glory of France, than Lyman has been, with the aid of his well chosen, able

assistants, in placing the Knickerbocker in a position which excites the jealousy even of its most honorable and energetic rivals.

Our readers are aware that the New York Life is one of the very few companies whose character we mistook at the outset. No good could arise from our mentioning here the circumstances which led us to form a very favorable opinion of it. Suffice it to observe, that such was our impression of it once that we were very unwilling to believe it would be guilty of conduct sometimes attributed to it by its policy-holders. Even now it may be entirely worthy of all the long eulogies which it receives in certain journals, although it is said that those eulogies are prepared in its own office by a person whose exclusive business it is to do that sort of work. We have, however, one little "notice" now before us which was evidently not got up in that way; and we think our readers will hardly differ with us on this point when they read the following:

"THE IRON CLAD IN INSURANCE.—A gentleman of Alabama, who had been insured in the New York Life, and had paid his premiums regularly during a period of twelve years before our civil conflict, applied in the course of the summer after the war was over, to Mr. Morris Franklin, president of the company, for a renewal of his policy. That official blandly informed him that if, in addition to paying up all back premiums due, he would take an oath that he had *never aided or abetted the rebellion*, the policy would be renewed, not otherwise. As the applicant had been engaged on the Confederate side, this was impossible, and consequently the aggregate payments of twelve years were swamped. Incredulous people will stare when they hear of this little incident, but we are prepared to furnish names and dates for those who are curious in such matters, and if additional cases, almost identical, are desired, we can furnish them on short notice."

This we cut from the "Baltimore Underwriter," a journal devoted exclusively to insurance; but, very unlike the insurance papers in general, it is conducted by a man of education and talent, and we think we may add that he evidently combines courage and energy with those qualifications. We beg leave, however, to say a word in defence of Mr. Franklin. It is not our old friend, the president of that institution, who is to blame for the iron clad policy, and general back-slidings of the New York Life. As long as he had his own way, the company was well managed; but we verily believe that Beers and Banta would bring any company into discredit. And after both these gentlemen give their advice in turn, then comes the advice of the "chief director," Mr. Appleton. What this gentleman's advice is will doubtless be estimated at its proper value, at least by those whom he has honored by publishing their books without being requested to do so.

We were just about to conclude, on reading the above paragraph, and one or two others, that the "Underwriter" is remarkably well informed on insurance matters, when, turning to another column, we see some statements which convince us that at least in one instance it has been grossly misinformed, doubtless by some parties who wished to create a sensation, without caring much whether they make use of facts or fiction for that purpose.

If the writer of the article alluded to wanted to warn the malefac-

tors of Hartford, and at the same time point a moral which would be useful nearer home, he had plenty of material to work upon without doing injustice to any one. He need not have gone beyond the Connecticut Mutual, or the accident concerns of Batterson & Co. By exhibiting the *modus operandi* of either of these he might secure—at least he would *deserve*—the blessings of many a widow and orphan. Had he proceeded to say that although the New York Life has been committing some awkward blunders lately, not to call those things by a worse name, it is a highly honorable, faith-inspiring company, even taking Appleton and all into account, compared to the Hartford establishments just mentioned.

But when he permits himself to condemn the Phœnix Mutual Life of that city we are reminded of those mischievous wags who occasionally run about town crying, "Stewart has failed," "the custom-house disappeared last night," etc. For our own part, we should be quite as ready to believe either of these events, or any other similar event, however improbable, as to believe that there is anything in the Phœnix Mutual or its management which the widow or the orphan has the least reason to fear; and we are convinced that this is the feeling of every unprejudiced person who is acquainted with the real character of the company.

Nay, the quiet, unostentatious manner in which the Phœnix perseveres in its good work, reminds us at this moment of some excellent thoughts we have found in a pamphlet recently issued by the New England Mutual Life. We always expect something exemplary from this source, and we are never disappointed. More than once we have warned our readers against those miracle-working companies which pretend that they combine the advantages of all other financial institutions, including savings banks, etc., and as often we have shown that honest and honorable companies distinctly disclaim any such pretensions. No company has spoken more plainly on this subject than the New England Mutual Life; and in the pamphlet now before us it renews its honest warning both to the public and to its agents. We copy a brief extract as a specimen:

"Life Insurance is sufficiently commended by the merits which it has, *without claiming those which it has not.* It is in no just sense a contract on speculation, and yet it is often confounded with enterprises which are subject to the hazards of ordinary business. Hence the concurrent clamor about "dividends," as though the natural laws which underlie the system were subject to the will of the directors of a company, and as though a man insures his life as a means of income *while living*, rather than as a protection to his family in case of his death." (p. 27.)

The writer shows at the same time that if established companies only promise what is legitimate and fair—all that those insured have a right to expect—there is no reason why they should not be able to meet their engagements, except it be their own fault. Thus, after remarking that the amount insured in this country cannot be less than *fifteen hundred millions*, he proceeds to say:

"But an important inquiry here suggests itself how is it possible for any private corporation

to carry obligations of such enormous magnitude? It is easily answered. We know that Life Insurance has been reduced to a science of the nicest subtlety; that the chances of living and dying have been put to the wisest and most unerring mathematical tests; that gifted men have wrought it into a system. And what do we find? That (speaking of American experience) during a period of twenty-five years, embracing years of war and fatal epidemics, the funds reserved by the companies in this country to meet their liabilities, has never been less than ten times as large as any demand that could arise from ordinary mortality."

All this we cheerfully admit, but need we say that it applies only to honest companies, that mean what they say, and make no false representations? and we have already remarked how very few this class are. But it is well they should be known, and we think that persons who are desirous to distinguish the good from the bad, the legitimate from the illegitimate, those who promise everything and scarcely give anything which they can keep, and those whose word is their bond, would be considerably aided in drawing their conclusions by a careful perusal of the insurance appendix in our last (March) number. They would also wonder why there are so many quibblers and sharpers since none succeed better in the long run than those who are most strictly honest. In proof of this we will add to the good examples already given such companies as the Security Life, the Equitable Life, the Manhattan Life, the Continental Life (New York), the National Life (New York), the Charter Oak Life, the Ætna Life, &c., &c.

What all these are we have shown from official reports and from the good they have done. What scores of a different class are, what they pretend to do, what they really do, and what they fail to do, we have also shown again and again. Lately the daily papers have taken up the subject, and have fully verified statements which we made seven years ago. In a recent number of the New York Daily Times we have read a very good article on the subject. The writer sarcastically affects to believe that all the quack insurers belong to the rural districts, to the far west, or the far south, and that all New York, Boston, Hartford, and even Philadelphia companies must necessarily be sound and good. This was nearly as good a piece of irony as that in which the priests of Baal are called upon to cry aloud to their god, since he must be asleep and should be awaked. A recent number of the New York World pursues a similar course. The World is still more trenchant in its sarcasm than the Times, for the former pretends to believe that we have no bad companies nearer than England! As we happen to have the World article before us, we copy as follows:

"Life assurance companies in England are not now regarded with that complacent satisfaction which their widely heralded "advantages" would seem to deserve. While of comparatively recent origin, it is to be noted that a large number of companies have been wound up, or have ceased to do business. Under the Registration acts of 1844 and 1862, many companies were registered; of these there are but now 84 in existence, and 188 *have been wound up, not in every case to the satisfaction of the investors.* A curious table is published in a London evening paper which gives returns of the nominal capital, that subscribed for, and that paid up of some of the English companies. The disproportion existing *between the nominal capital* and *that paid up is positively startling.* Even in the case of companies that received some share of confidence, it

is to be observed that little more than *one-tenth of the nominal capital* has been paid up. And, in not a few cases, *not a single shilling has been paid up*. Thus, in the case of the Bristol and London Company, $2,000,000 is returned as the nominal capital, and *nil* as *the paid up capital*. For investors in insurance companies, we presume a new legal maxim, *caveat investor*, may be tolerated."

Of course no such occurrences take place in the United States! All our insurers are honest and honorable men. They may fail in several other kinds of business, and be unable to pay their board or their washerwomen; but as soon as they turn their attention to insurance they are above suspicion. If any one pretends to suspect them, he must be actuated by some diabolical motive or other; if he is a journalist, it is as clear as daylight that it is because they would not advertise!

But let us suppose, for a moment, that it is only the English companies that do the swindling part of the insurance business, when did we cease to imitate our English cousins in any business whatever? Assuming that our insurance high priests of the Morgan Eadie and Batterson stamp have ceased to present the English quacks as the best models; assuming that they now confine all their admiration to the native species, what then? How many English companies of a doubtful character are operating at this moment in all our principal cities depending for success on "natives" possessed of the *Crowwell* faculty? Will some of those insurance editors, who never attack but the weak, be good enough to enlighten us on some of these points?

None who know us need be informed that we have no prejudice against any nationality whatever; we certainly have none against England or the English. But we cannot close our eyes to the fact that our good cousins send their inferior insurance policies to the Yankee market, as they send their inferior crockery, their inferior calico, their inferior beer, &c. It is for this reason, and no other, that we advise our people to deal with American companies of known stability and integrity, rather than with any quasi royal or imperial concerns. We would have our good people understand that a cut of a crown, a king, or queen on an insurance policy does not add five cents to its value. So far as we are aware, the Security Life has no cut on its policy; but we confess we should prefer it to the policy of any "royal" or "imperial" concern that has yet opened a policy shop on this side of the Atlantic.

But if some of our people must have a picture in their policy, why not something "racy of the soil;" such, for example, as that of the good old Knickerbocker, that of the honest Indian in the Manhattan, that of the bird that can soar even from its ashes in the Phœnix Mutual, that of the brave and patriotic soldier in the Continental, &c. If some must, however, have a king on their policy, let him be the king of the forest in the

Charter Oak Life.* We are not aware that the National Life of New York has any cut in its policy except it be that of the American Eagle, but we should have as much confidence in it when duly signed and countersigned, as if it were emblazoned in the most approved *Crowwell* style with a crown, lion, unicorn, union jack, &c., &c.

Referring to the noble bird which appropriately serves as our national emblem, reminds us that the Provident Life and Investment company of Chicago, having become disgusted with the tricks practised in the accident business, has entirely metamorphosed itself and entered the field of honorable competition, exclusively as a life company, under the title of the Eagle Life. For the gratification of those who wish to see honest perseverance overcome the most serious and discouraging obstacles, we extract the following passage from a paper which is evidently well informed on the subject:

"The Eagle starts out on an entirely new tack, the old accident business having been disposed of to the Travelers of Hartford some time ago. The company is doing a legitimate life business, chiefly on the endowment plan, and wholly, we believe, on the plan of allowing seven per cent. interest on premiums paid, which must be popular. We learn they are already doing a large business. The Eagle has deposited with the state treasurer at Springfield, the amount of the net value of its policies in force, for the better security of its policy holders, something no other western company has done, Mr. Charles Holland, the secretary, is a man of purpose and power, and for the first time in his life has an unobstructed track. There is no reason why the Eagle should not move forward, and do a large and lucrative business, and we certainly wish the company well. Mr. F. M. Hawes, the actuary, has had large experience as a practical life underwriter, and is an accession of great value to the working force."

Our readers will remember that we took a lively interest in the history of the Provident Life and Investment. Our attention was first attracted to it by our acquaintance with the character of its secretary. Knowing Mr. Holland as a literary gentleman of considerable ability, and the author of at least one interesting novel, and seeing that his company was attacked by Batterson and his retainers, we made it our business to obtain all the information we could as to the merits of the case. The result was that we were convinced that Holland and his colleagues were treated pretty much as we were ourselves by the same party. It seems there is something in the accident branch of insurance that has a very demoralizing effect. Perhaps we should excuse the depravity of Batterson and his two concerns on this ground; be this as it may, we think, we should congratulate our friend Holland on having so manfully and successfully resisted the contamination.

Another gentleman, to whom similar congratulations are due, is Mr. E. C. Fisher, president of the Anchor Life, of this city. He, too, withdrew from the accident branch some six or eight months since, and established the Anchor; we use the term "established" deliberately,

* When preparing our March insurance article, the annual report of the Charter Oak had not reached us. We could not therefore say, as we can now, that its assets amounted to more than $6,000,000, and that its annual income had risen to nearly half a million, after having paid $2,000,000 for losses, and $2,000,000 more in dividends.

for we have every reason to believe that it may already be regarded as a permanent institution.

Having sketched in our last some specimens of the new brood of companies, and shown what miracles they are to perform, if the public have only faith enough to encourage them, we think it proper to place on record an exception or two. The Commonwealth Life may be regarded as an offshoot of the Continental. This fact, by itself, would be a strong recommendation; it would at least be presumptive evidence of intelligence, energy, and integrity. But the president of the new company would inspire confidence in those who know him, altogether independently of so honorable a prestige. Mr. Pierpont is one of the very few whom we call gentlemen; he is a man of education and culture, as well as an experienced and accomplished underwriter. And it is sufficient to say of his secretary, that it is he who lately occupied the important position of actuary in the Continental Life. As it is not our habit to be lavish of words in giving our opinion of any company, good or bad, suffice it to add to this, that we have no doubt the Commonwealth will prove worthy of the parent stem.

The Empire Mutual Life claims the same parentage, and we hope it will prove equally worthy of it and creditable to itself. Mr. G. Hilton Scribner, its president, occupied until lately the position of vice-president in the Continental. There is no vacancy there now, however. Mr. Scribner has been succeeded by Mr. M. B. Wynkoop, of the well known printing house of Wynkoop & Hallenbeck. We are convinced that the directors could not have made a more judicious selection. Mr. W. is not merely one of the best and most intelligent of the master printers of New York; he is perfectly familiar with insurance; and we can testify, after an almost daily intercourse with him of nearly seven years—during which we had the satisfaction of having this journal printed by him—that he has a most excellent temper and most agreeable manners; things which it will be admitted are not altogether superfluous in an insurance office.

We had intended to devote at least a page or two, to an examination of the miracles which are to be performed by certain new companies, if they can only sell their charms fast enough, but we presume they will excuse us until the weather gets somewhat cooler. In the meantime we would say to all whom it may concern, that the miracles of the present day are rarely genuine—the insurance miracles never!

The present high temperature reminds us but too forcibly of the necessity of fire insurance—so forcibly, indeed, that we can only congratulate ourselves, and those having equal confidence in honesty, fair dealing and intelligence, that the three companies which insure all the worldly goods we possess, were never in a more prosperous condition than they are at this moment, namely, the Security, the Washington and the Hope.

THE

# NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. *History of the Byzantine Empire from DCCXVI. to MLVII.* By GEORGE FINLAY, honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature. London. 1853.

2. *Fasti Romani. The Civil and Literary Chronology of Rome and Constantinople, from the death of Augustus to the death of Justin II.* By HENRY FYNES CLINTON. London. 1845.

3. *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. With notes by the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. 12 vols. London. 1838.

4. *Geschichte der bilderstürmenden Kaiser des oströmischen Reichs mit einer Übersicht der Geschichte der frühern Regenter desselben.* VON FRIEDRICH CHRISTOPH SCHLOSSER. Frankfurt am Main. 1812.

5. *Histoire du Bas Empire.* LEBEAU.

6. *Histoire de l'hérésie des Iconoclastes.* MAIMBOURG.

7. *De Byzantinarum rerum Scripteribus Græcis.* HAUKINS.

In many respects the history of those extensive, fertile and beautiful regions lying between the Euphrates and the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, the Black Sea and the Balkan mountains, is the most interesting and instructive of all histories. In those regions arose the civilization of Greece, with its paganism, its architecture, sculpture and liter-

ature, its commerce and its military power. In them originated that noble language, so musical, so flexible, yet withal so majestic, in which the gospels and the epistles were written, and in which Paul and John preached and taught. In them arose Christianity, and there the earliest Christian churches were founded. And if we bring the long retrospect down to later times, we shall find Mohammedanism rising and flourishing there, and, like the deadly upas tree, blasting those fair scenes, and reducing them to their present degraded condition.

The subject is too extensive and complicated to be properly treated in the limited space of an article in a review. Even Gibbon's voluminous and elaborate work did not exhaust it. Since his time much has been added to our stock of information respecting it by subsequent investigators. These recent discoveries form, in themselves, a rich field of study. We intend, however, to confine our attention to the history of that portion of the regions above mentioned, which constitute the Byzantine Empire, properly so called. This will exclude the western Roman empire and the provinces of Syria, Egypt and Armenia, except in so far as a notice of them may be incidentally necessary. Careful study of this portion of history will elucidate much that is instructive as well as interesting; but it will also reveal—if any such revelation were needed—to what depths of depravity the human heart can fall. It would almost seem that the Creator had ordained that the most powerful contrasts should be manifested side by side on the same scenes. Thus the pure teaching of Christ and his apostles was coëval with the the infamies of the Roman emperors and the rulers of Judea. The asceticism of the eastern monks was the antithesis of the profligacy of the surrounding population. The patriotism of the hardy mountain tribes of Albania, Bulgaria and Armenia, shone forth by the side of the slavishness and effeminacy of the Greeks. The fiery zeal of the Saracens struck terror into the souls of the degenerate successors of Alexander and Constantine, and the dismayed inhabitants of Constantinople twice beheld their walls assailed by these fearless enthusiasts.

The phrase "Byzantine Empire" requires definition. If we consider it as equivalent to the eastern Roman empire, we must study the history of the period which elapsed between the partition of the Roman empire by Theodosius between his sons, Honorius and Arcadius, A. D. 395, and the final subjugation of Constantinople by the Turks, A. D. 1453—a lapse of 1058 years. This is what Gibbon has done; though with regard to the Western empire, he has continued its history until the year 1500. If we exclude the period during which the emperors of Roman descent held sway, and commence the history at the beginning of the reign of Leo the Isaurian, A. D. 716, and terminate it with the accession of Isaac Comnenus in 1057, a period of only three hundred and forty-one years, but during which the Greek emperors consolidated their despotism and restored the empire to its former splendor and military glory, then we confine ourselves solely to the consideration of the history of the purely native dynasties and princes, and omit the most interesting portion of all, viz., the reigns of the Comneni, the capture of Constantinople by the Latins, and the establishment of their brief but brilliant sway, the re-establishment of the Greek empire by the great families of Ducas, Angelus, and Palœologus, the wars with the Turks, and the final succumbing of the empire to their victorious arms. This is what Mr. Finlay has done in his work above mentioned; but we disagree with him entirely as to the propriety of thus limiting the duration of the Byzantine empire.

The history seems to us to divide itself naturally into four parts or periods, as follows:—I. The Roman empire: from the subjugation of Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, and Egypt, to the division of it into eastern and western by the Emperor Theodosius I., A. D. 395, when we take leave for a while of Italy and the west. II. The Eastern, or Roman Byzantine empire: from the accession of Arcadius, A. D. 395, to the taking of Constantinople by the Latins, A. D. 1204. III. The Latin Byzantine empire: from the last mentioned event until the expulsion of the Latins, A. D. 1261. IV. The Greek Byzantine empire: from the expulsion of the Latins to the taking of Constan-

tinople by the Turks, A. D. 1453. We stop here, though we might add a fifth period, for the Turkish Byzantine empire: from 1453 to the present day. It results from this division of the subject that either the history is all Byzantine, or that there is none purely Byzantine. We shall therefore follow the example of Gibbon, and consider the leading features of the annals of this once famous empire from the days of Arcadius to those of Constantine Palœologus, the last of the Greek emperors; and we shall use the term "Byzantine" in this extended sense; it is, moreover, a convenient one, saves circumlocution, and is understood by the world, generally, to signify the empire of which Constantinople was the capital.

More than a thousand years of active, stirring life in the most fertile regions of the world, with capacious harbors on a seaboard of nearly five thousand miles, a central situation among the nations, a dense population, an equable climate, and almost every conceivable source of wealth! And what was the result? An amount of human suffering fearful to contemplate; the most thorough moral degradation, and the transfer of those fine regions to a fierce race of soldiers, incapable of developing their resources or of doing more than deriving a bare subsistence from them! Compare these regions as they are now with what they were in the days of Augustus Cæsar. Where then were flourishing cities are now ruins! where there were fields covered with every species of fruit, grain and cattle, and teeming with an industrious and wealthy population, are now vast desert tracts, half cultivated land, and a thinly scattered, squalid, downtrodden race of peasants and wandering herdsmen, ignorant, and ferocious in their bigotry. The once splendid Christian shrines of Antioch, Ephesus and Smyrna, have disappeared along with Christianity, and the scowling Mussulman is lord of all. No trace of the ancient Greek civilization remains. The Byzantine empire did not bequeath to the world a rich literature as Rome and Greece did, and as some modern European nations will do when they fall. With the exception of the Code, the Pandects, and the Institutes of Justinian, no work of extraordinary merit issued from the

Greeks of that empire, although a long succession of theologians and historians maintained the semblance of a literature. No great poem, history, romance, or treatise, relieves the monotony of their productions. They added but little to the world's stock of knowledge. The invention of the compound known as "Greek fire" is one of the few advances in science to which they can lay claim; but it is questionable, whether the idea of even that was not borrowed from the Chinese. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, the physical sciences, made no progress under the Byzantine emperors; and thus we are spared the sorrow of mourning over their fall. The retrospect is a dreary one, and we will turn from what they were not to what they were. Poor Greece!

> "'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace
> Each step from splendor to disgrace;
> Enough—no foreign foe could quell
> The soul, till from itself it fell;
> Yes! self-abasement paved the way
> To villain bonds and despot sway."

Some idea of the fragile nature of the tenure by which the Byzantine emperors held their power may be formed from an analysis of the various modes by which they respectively came to their end. From Constantine the Great to Constantine Palœologus (both included) we have a succession of one hundred persons who, either as lawful emperors or empresses, or as usurpers, held sway at Constantinople. Of these, forty-one died a natural death; twenty-five were dethroned; twenty-five were murdered; five were killed in battle; six abdicated (mostly, however, on compulsion); and three died from accidents. It will be perceived that this swells the list to one hundred and five: the explanation is that some of those who abdicated were subsequently murdered, (as was the case with the emperors Maurice and Anastasius II.,) and some of those who were dethroned were afterwards treated in like manner (as was the case with the usurpers Leontius and Apsimar, and the Emperor Isaac II.) The average duration of the reigns of the Greek emperors was eleven and one-fourth years, which is far below the average of other European sovereigns; that

of the English monarchs, from William the Conquerer to Victoria (inclusive) being twenty three years; and that of the French kings from Charlemagne to Napoleon III (inclusive) being twenty one and one-eighth years.

There were fifteen dynasties, and twenty interregna of usurpers, who left no children to succeed them, or were expelled. Of these fifteen dynasties only three kept possession of the throne for six generations, viz.: the Macedonian, the Comnenus, and the Palœologus. The Heraclian and the Isaurian lasted four generations. The Theodosian, the Sardican, the Amorian and the Pouillon endured for three. The remainder lasted only two. As a rule, these sovereigns aimed mainly at the gratification of their passions and leading propensities. They (with few exceptions) were the slaves of depraved women and intriguing ministers. Their lives were passed mostly in their palaces with favorites of both sexes, where they gave free vent to their sensuality, while their mercenaries guarded the gates and pillaged the people. Having no respect for themselves or for their families, they could obtain none from others, and so they relied upon brute force, when they could command it, to enforce obedience to their will; and when they could not, they had recourse to intrigue and assassination.

A more frightful catalogue of crimes than that contained in Gibbon's immortal work it would be difficult to find. Let any one read his account of the life of the Empress Theodora,* the wife of the Emperor Justinian I., without amazement if he can, and then picture to himself what must have been the state of the society in which such abominations as are there recorded were tolerated. This is not a solitary instance: nearly all the Byzantine empresses were abandoned women, who hesitated at no crime to gratify their desires. In no country whose history we are acquainted with, was the influence of women so potent and so uniformly exerted for evil. The annals of Italy, France, England, Germany and Spain, make mention of many very bad

* *Decline and Fall*, chap. xl.

women, who did much mischief in their day; but they also record the actions of many great and glorious heroines and saints, who were a blessing to their generation. The annals of the Byzantine empire mention scarcely one of the latter! But they abound with the licentious adventures of the Theodoras, Martinas, Eudoxias and Zoes of the empire, and with those of men like Andronicas Comnenus, who compromised the reputation of three royal ladies, viz.: a niece of the Greek emperor, a sister of the empress, and the queen of Jerusalem.* So gross, indeed, are the actions ascribed to the women who figure in these annals, that the historian has confined the details of them to the notes to his text, and veiled them under the obscurity of a Greek or a Latin dress!

Byzantium, the ancient predecessor of Constantinople, was founded by a colony from Megara, B. C. 658. It is said to have derived its name from Byzas, the leader of the colonists, who is described, mythologically, as a son of Paseidon, which means, in common language, that he was a sailor. The city was situated on two hills, was about five and a half miles in circumference, and its acropolis stood on the site of the present seraglio. It soon became an important commercial emporium. During the Peloponnesian war it was taken alternately by the Athenians and the Spartans. It subsequently fell into the hands of the Macedonians, then of the Romans; but having espoused the cause of Nescennius Nigar against Septimus Severus, the latter took it (A. D. 198) after a siege of three years, and destroyed a considerable portion of it.

One hundred and thirty years afterwards Byzantium again suffered from the contests of rival candidates for the empire. Licinius, disputing the claim of Constantine the Great, fortified the city and occupied it with a strong force, naval and military. The destruction of this force and the capture of the city were among the most brilliant exploits of the war. The importance of its position, it being the key to Europe and Asia in those days, demanded

* *Ibid*, chap. xlviii.

great sacrifices on both sides. "The siege of Byzantium," says Gibbon,* "which was immediately undertaken by Constantine, was attended with great labor and uncertainty. In the late civil wars, the fortifications of that place, so justly considered the key of Europe and Asia, had been repaired and strengthened; and as long as Licinius remained master of the sea, the garrison was much less exposed to the danger of famine than the army of the besiegers. The naval commanders of Constantine were summoned to his camp, and received positive orders to force the passage of the Hellespont, as the fleet of Licinius, instead of seeking and destroying their feeble enemy, continued inactive in those narrow straits, where its superiority of numbers was of little use or advantage. Crispus, the emperor's eldest son, was intrusted with the execution of this daring enterprise, which he performed with so much courage and success that he deserved the esteem, and most probably excited the jealously, of his father.

The engagement lasted two days, and in the evening of the first the contending fleets, after a considerable and mutual loss, retired into their respective harbors of Europe and Asia. The second day, about noon, a strong south wind sprang up, which carried the vessels of Crispus against the enemy, and, as the casual advantage was improved by his skillful intrepidity, he soon obtained a complete victory. One hundred and thirty vessels were destroyed, five thousand men were slain, and Amandus, the admiral of the Asiatic fleet, escaped with the utmost difficulty to the shores of Chalcedon. As soon as the Hellespont was open a plentiful convoy of provisions flowed into the camp of Constantine, who had already advanced the operations of the siege. He constructed artificial mounds of earth of an equal height with the ramparts of Byzantium. The lofty towers, which were erected on that foundation, galled the besieged with large stones and darts from the military engines, and the battering rams had shaken the walls in several places. If Licinius persisted much longer in the defence, he exposed

* *Ibid*, chap. xiv.

himself to be involved in the ruin of the place. Before he was surrounded he prudently removed his person and treasures to Chalcedon in Asia."

Constantine became master of the empire by the taking of Byzantium. To commemorate his triumph he resolved to give a new capital to his dominions, and he selected the site and vicinity of the captured city for its locality. He himself designed the plan of it, choosing the best positions for the forum, the imperial palace, the circus, the temples and the other public buildings. He expended $125,000,000 on the construction of the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts. The cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their most valuable ornaments to beautify the new capital. The trophies of war, the objects of religious veneration, the most finished statues of the gods, heroes, sages, and poets of the former times were transplanted thither from all parts of the empire. Many opulent citizens of Rome and of the eastern provinces were induced to take up their abode there by grants of land and pensions; and soon a numerous population was collected and established around them. But the progress of the city hardly kept pace with the eagerness of the emperor to see it completed. The work was commenced A. D. 324, the year after the victory of Crispus, who was put to death by his father, on false accusations, A. D. 326, and to whom the unhappy Constantine subsequently erected a golden statue with the inscription, "To my son, whom I unjustly condemned."

The new city was dedicated on the 22d of May, A. D. 330, with great pomp and festivity, and an edict, engraved on a column of marble, bestowed the title of Second, or New Rome on it.* But the popular voice gave it the name of the City of Constantine (Constantinopolis), which has prevailed over every other, and still, after a lapse of fifteen centuries, perpetuates the fame of its author. He probably founded Constantinople with a view to consolidate and have more complete control over his vast empire, which

* Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, citing Sozomen, Ducange, and St. Augustin, chap. xvii.

then extended from Persia on the east to the Atlantic on the west, and from Nubia on the south to Scotland on the north, thus comprising the fairest portions of western Asia, northern Africa, and southern and western Europe. It will readily be seen from an inspection of the map, how the site of the new city was better adapted than that of Rome for the capital of the empire. This was the prominent idea in the mind of Constantine, though he may also have had the sagacity to perceive the unwieldly and incoherent elements of which the Roman empire was composed, and to forsee the division of it into two or more parts, which actually took place in little more than forty years after his death. He was the founder, though, perhaps, unintentionally so, of the Byzantine empire, and he bequeathed to his sons and successors a new capital, a new policy, and a new religion. When Constantine expired, Christianity was the recognized and established faith of the Roman empire, east and west. The Byzantine empire can, therefore, lay claim to the credit of having been Christian, by profession, from its foundation to its fall.

The administrative system of Rome was modified by Constantine, and was fully carried out in the East.* But it was subjected to frequent reforms in its legislative, judicial, and political institutions, from the time of Constantine to the promulgation of the Theodosian code, A. D. 438, when the civil polity of the empire was definitively settled. One of its prominent features was the establishment of a nobility divided into three classes, and distinguished respectively as illustrious, respectable, and honorable. To one or other of these classes all the important magistrates and officers of the empire belonged; but the title of "illustrious" was conferred only on consuls, patricians, prætorian prefects, the prefects of Rome and Constantinople, the masters general of the infantry and cavalry, and the seven ministers of the palace. Strict rules of precedency were laid down, so that we find here the prototype of the feudal distinctions and aristocratic pretensions of the middle ages and of modern

* Finlay, *Byzantine Empire*, p. 3.

times. The army was re-organized and equipped in a manner widely differing from the old Roman simplicity. Under the immediate successors of Constantine, the complete force of the military establishment was estimated at 645,000 men, and there were 583 permanent stations and garrisons throughout the empire. This vast force, being mainly composed of Scythians, Goths, Germans, Helvetians, and other hardy tribes, soon became an element of very great danger to, and ultimately subverted the Western empire.

The seven ministers of the palace deserve notice, as from their duties and opportunities of familiar intercourse with the emperor they became his associates, and acquired great influence over him. They were at the bottom of almost every intrigue and revolution in the palace and the empire. These seven consisted of the prefect of the sacred bedchamber, the master of the offices, the quæstor, the count of the sacred largesses, the count of the private estate, and the two counts of the domestics. The first of these was always a eunuch, and his duty was to attend the emperor personally, both in public and in private, to contribute to his amusements and minister to his pleasures. This artful domestic always had great influence, and many of the feeble, degenerate emperors exalted him above all the other ministers. His office corresponded with that of the modern chamberlain.

The principal minister, however, was the master of the offices, whose duties were those of a prime minister and secretary of state. He had the administration of public affairs, was supreme magistrate of the palace, received appeals and memorials, and conducted the foreign negotiations. The quæstor was the representative of the legislative power, but his functions consisted chiefly of preparing the edicts and the orations of the emperor. He occasionally acted as a judge in the imperial consistory, and was half chancellor, half secretary. The count of the sacred largesses was treasurer-general of the revenue, master of the mint, and president of the board of trade. The count of the private estate was treasurer and manager of the private property and revenues of the emperors, which were some-

times very extensive. The two counts of the domestics had the immediate command of the Armenian guard of 3,500 men, infantry and cavalry, whose duty it was to guard the person of the emperor night and day. They were occasionally despatched into the provinces to execute with celerity the orders of their master. They were fit instruments of despotism, and they were aided by an organized band of agents or messengers, 200 or 300 in number, who were under the orders of the masters of the officers, and employed to publish edicts in the provinces, and to act as spies. At a hint from one of these wretches, a faithful and unsuspecting subject in Syria, or, perhaps, Britain, was exposed to the danger of being dragged in chains to the court at Milan or Constantinople, to defend his life and property against the malicious charges of these privileged informers.* Added to this odious agency of tyranny was the use of torture to extort evidence or confessions, and this system was at times most cruelly abused, according to the caprice of the magistrate or tribunal.

Slavery, according to the Roman code, existed throughout the empire, but in the later ages the evils of it were very much mitigated. The slaves were of two kinds, viz., captives taken in war, and those who were born slaves. Great progress was made towards the abolition of slavery during the eighth and ninth centuries, and though the slave-trade was carried on with vigor, yet the discovery had already been made that free labor was more profitable than slave labor, and after that the existence of slavery was doomed. We have not space to discuss the subject here. We will merely add, that during the early centuries of the Byzantine empire there were many millions of slaves in its dominions, and a very active trade in them was carried on with distant nations—England and the northern nations particularly—on account of the superior strength and comeliness of the natives. In the later ages, during the Iconoclast controversy, the church began to set its face against slavery. Theodore Studita, abbot of the celebrated monastery of

* Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xvii.

Studion, founded a monastery on his own property, and emancipated all his household and agricultural slaves, establishing them as lay brethren on the farms* (about A. D. 775). He said that "a monk ought not to possess a slave, neither for his own service, nor for the service of his monastery, nor for the culture of its lands; for a slave is a man made after the image of God."†

Another great and serious evil which retarded the progress of the people, was a fertile source of oppression to them, and at times brought the empire to the very brink of dissolution, was the mode of levying the taxes. The amount assessed varied according to the avarice, extravagance, ignorance, wisdom, or caprice of the government. Thus the exactions of the Emperor Constantius have been calculated at $35,000,000 per annum, which were reduced to $10,000,000 by the humanity or the wisdom of Julian.‡ The taxes were imposed and levied by the absolute authority of the monarch, and defaulters were punished with rack, scourging, and imprisonment. They were assessed in the form of a capitation based upon landed property. An accurate census of the people, and a survey and valuation of the land of the empire was made after every indiction, which was an edict fixing the measure of tribute required from each province and district. The indiction was issued every fifteen years, written in purple ink, subscribed with the emperor's own hand, and posted up in the principal city of each diocese during two months previous to the first day of September.§ This was sometimes followed by an additional tax, called the superindiction. Upon the surveyor's report of the value and quantity of land in each province or district was based the apportionment of that province or district's share of the general taxation; and this sum having been fixed, the esti-

* Finlay, *Byzantine Empire*, p. 97.

† *Sancti Theodori Studitæ Epistolæ aliaque Scripta Dogmatica*, cited by Sismondi, *Opera Varia*, vol. v., p. 66. The best works on the subject of slavery in the Roman empire are Blair's *Inquiry into the State of Slavery among the Romans*; Biot, *De l'Abolition de l'esclavage Ancien Precident*; Babington on *The influence of Christianity in promoting the Abolition of Slavery in Europe*; and Wallon's *Histoire de l'Esclavage dans l'Antiquité*.

‡ *Decline and Fall*, chap. xvii. § *Ibid.*

mate of the number of capita or heads in such province or district was given in, the sum apportioned was divided by that number, and thus the liability of each person was ascertained. As such an assessment entirely left out of consideration the ability of the taxpayer to pay the sum assessed, it is clear that the most flagrant injustice must have been perpetrated. The poor were ruined and the rich escaped. Such a system occasioned the depopulation of whole provinces.

The era of Constantine was that of the great Arian controversy, which distracted the whole Christian world. Constantinople became the stronghold of Arianism. Constantine was present at the great council of Nice, in Bithynia, A. D. 325, wherein the Nicene creed was framed, the doctrine of the Trinity was defined, and Arius was banished. The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, became a zealous Christian, and the emperor himself was lauded to the skies for his services to Christianity. On this point Niebuhr remarks that "His motives in establishing the Christian religion appear to have been very strange. Whatever religion was in his head must have been a confused mixture. On his coins he has the *sol invictus* (unconquered sun): he worships pagan deities, consults the *haruspices* (professors of divination), holds heathen superstitions, and yet he shuts up the temples and builds churches. As president of the Nicene council, we can only look upon him with disgust: he was himself no Christian, and would never be baptized until he was at the point of death. He had taken up the Christian faith as a superstition, which he mingled with his other superstitions. When, therefore, eastern writers speak of him as *isapostelos* (equal to an apostle), they do not know what they are saying, and to call him a saint is a profanation of the term."* Constantine died an Arian, receiving baptism from Eusebius, the Arian bishop of Nicomedia, A. D. 337.

His three sons, Constantine II., Constantius, and Constans, divided the empire between themselves, Constantine taking

* *Lectures on Roman History*, vol. iii., p. 303.

the eastern portion. They speedily quarrelled and sought to deprive each other of his share. Constantine invaded Italy, where he was slain. Constans perished in a revolt in Gaul, and Constantius became sole emperor. He gave way to all kinds of excesses, and died near Tarsus, A. D. 361, on his way to encounter his kinsman, Julian, whom, however, he named his successor. The brief but brilliant reign of Julian (surnamed "the apostate," from his having renounced Christianity) was distinguished for universal toleration, the revocation of the edicts against idolatory, the closing of the Christian schools, and the attempt to rebuild the city and temple of Jerusalem in order to prove the falsity of prophesy. He was the ablest and most accomplished man of his time, but fell in battle with the Persians after a short reign of twenty months. His successor, Jovian, died after a reign of eight months, and the empire was left without a head for ten days.

At length Valentinian, the son of Count Gratian, a native of Cibalio in Pannonia, and who had held important commands under Jovian, was elected emperor. He divided the empire with his brother Valens, to whom he gave the east. Never was "the one man power" in greater force than at this period. Here we see not merely a kingdom given away, but one-half of the civilized world handed over from one brother to another, apparently without a dissenting voice being raised. The Western empire was fast hastening to decay, and sinking under the continued irruptions of the northern barbarians, the imbecility of its rulers, and the effeminacy of its people. In the east, Valens had to contend with a most formidable revolt, which nearly cost him his throne. He was a zealous Arian, and he persecuted the orthodox Christians with great cruelty, but he soon had something else to think of. In the year 376 the Huns, a people more ferocious than any that had yet appeared, attacked the north-eastern provinces of the empire, and, crossing the Don and the sea of Azof in innumerable hordes, swept the territories of the Goths and Visigoths of their inhabitants. Joined by the Alans and other barbarous tribes whom they had conquered, they drove all before them. The

Goths were forced into the Roman provinces, Athanarie, their king, fortified himself on the Pruth, and his people obtained leave of the emperor to settle in Thrace. It is computed that a million of persons settled in that province. At the same time Arianism was implanted among them by their bishop, Ulphilas, who edited the Gothic alphabet, and translated the scriptures into their language, Valens, attempting to extort tribute from them, provoked a revolt which threatened the very existence of the empire. He met them near Adrianople, was defeated and wounded; he was carried to a neighboring cottage, but the enemy pursued him and set fire to the cottage, and he was burned to death, A. D. 378. His successor, Theodosius the great, converted the Goths into friends, and thus raised a bulwark in the north against the Huns. On his death he divided the empire between his sons, Honorius and Arcadius (A. D. 395), and the east and the west were never afterwards united.

The system of governing by women and favorites, which was, throughout, the curse of the empire, began with the feeble emperor Arcadius, who, having been persuaded to marry the beautiful Eudoxia, became a mere tool in the hands of his wife and of his grand chamberlain, Eutropius, an infamous wretch, who so excited the indignation of the people and of the Goths that the emperor was compelled to put him to death. The fearless preaching of Chrysostom, archbishop of Constantinople, against corrupt practices in church and court, raised another turmult. Eudoxia, combining against him with Theophilus, archbishop of Alexandria, and other hostile bishops, planned his destruction. A synod was convened at Chalcedon to condemn him, and he was summoned to attend it. He refused to do so, and was arrested; but the people of Constantinople, with whom Chrysostom was very popular, fell upon the bishops and their Egyptian guards and massacred them without mercy. The terrified Eudoxia reinstated Chrysostom (A. D. 404); but she called a council of eastern prelates, who decreed his deposition; a body of troops arrested him, after a furious contest with the people, who set fire to the cathedral, the senate house, and other buildings; and he was con-

veyed to Lesser Armenia, where he died in exile (A. D. 408). The religious contests between the Orthodox and the Arians and other sects formed a marked feature in the history of the empire. Constantine the great had remodelled the hierarchy of the church according to the civil form. There were four preëminent bishops or patriarchs, viz., those of Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, who derived their importance from that of the great cities over whose church they presided. They were rivals, and laid claim to equal authority; but as the wealth and influence of Antioch and Alexandria declined, so the authority of their bishops declined, and finally disappeared. The ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the empire was divided into provinces, districts, and churches; and the supervision of these was confided, respectively, to "Exarchs" (who had jurisdiction over several provinces); "Metropolitans" (who governed one province each); archbishops (who had charge of a district); and bishops (who ruled over one or more churches). The administration of the affairs of the church was divided into external and internal. The former related to the discipline, possessions, and privileges of the church, and was assumed by the emperor. The latter related to controversies, worship, offices of the priests, etc., and was committed to bishops and councils. This arrangement had a vital influence upon the subsequent progress of the empire, and upon its relations with the west, as will be seen hereafter.

On the death of Arcadius and Eudoxia, the empire fell into the hands of the prefect Anthenais; for their son, the Emperor Theodosius II., was an infant. He achieved the expulsion of the Huns from Thrace, and fortified Constantinople. But his rule was cut short by Pulcharia, the youthful sister of Theodosius, who, at the age of sixteen, assumed the reins of government (A. D. 412). This extraordinary woman governed the empire forty years. She and her two sisters, Arcadia and Marina, vowed perpetual celibacy. The imperial palace was converted into a monastery, from which all males, except the clergy, were excluded. She and her ladies formed a religious community, renounced the vanities of dress, and lived on spare diet, fasting and praying

incessantly. The emperor, a weak-minded youth, passed his time in frivolous amusements, and took no part in state affairs. He married Anthenais, the daughter of Leontius, the Anthenian philosopher, who, on her marriage, renounced paganism and was baptized by the name of Eudoxia. She was so indiscreet as to aspire to the government of the empire, but the pious Pulcharia put to death some and banished others of her adherents, and Eudoxia herself was exiled to Jerusalem, where she died.

Shortly after this the empire suffered from a visitation which nearly destroyed it. The terrible Attila, at the head of an immense horde of Huns, appeared on the northern frontier, and on various pretexts extorted money from the feeble Theodosius. Goaded at last to resistance, the emperor refused to comply with his demands. Thereupon Attila swept through Illyria and desolated with fire and sword the whole country between the Euxine and the Adriatic (A. D. 441), and Theodosius was glad to shut himself up within the walls of Constantinople. The Huns, having extorted from him all they could, departed to exercise their barbarities upon the west, and thus the Eastern empire once more held up its head. The death of Theodosius and of Pulcharia, who, notwithstanding her vow of perpetual celibacy, had married the senator Marcian, brought the Theodosian dynasty to an end; it had held sway for three generations. The election of Leo, the Thracian, a military tribune who had been the late emperor's steward of the household, introduced another short-lived dynasty.

Leo I. was a man of great firmness and prudence, and his administration showed that there was still much energy left in the empire. He made great efforts to save the falling empire of the west from the Vandals. He sent one army to Tripoli, and subdued that province; and another and still larger force to drive them out of Carthage. This army consisted of 100,000 men, and was accompanied by a fleet of 1136 ships, and, had the expedition been conducted by an officer of courage and skill, it might have changed the current of Roman history, and that of the world; but it failed miserably, owing to the cowardice of its leader, Basiliscus,

the brother of the Empress Verina, the wife of Leo (A. D. 468,) and this failure entailed a loss of $26,000,000. After this the Vandals had it all their own way in Africa and Italy. Leo did not live to witness the extinction of the Western empire by Odoæcer (A. D. 476,) for he died two years previously, leaving the empire to his grandson, Leo II. Italy fell a prey to the Astrogoths and Vandals, and thenceforward the Eastern empire had enough to do in maintaining itself against the foes who encompassed it: the Persians on the east, the Huns, Astrogoths and Alans on the north and west, the Vandals in the south, and intestine discords everywhere. Leo II. survived his accession but a few months, and thereupon ensued a contest between the patrician Zeno, on the one hand, and the Empress Verina and her brother Basiliscus on the other, for the throne. It resulted in favor of Zeno, in consequence of the aid he received from Theodoric, king of the Astrogoths, who, when all was done, suddenly turned upon him, and devastated the country to the very gates of Constantinople. Zeno, however, persuaded the barbarian to turn his arms upon Italy, and thus saved the empire. The misery of the inhabitants of Thrace from such scourges as Attila and Theodoric cannot be described. The country was nearly depopulated and converted into a desert; the weakness of the empire was a curse to its inhabitants. Zeno died A. D. 491, and his widow, Ariadne, giving her hand to Anastasius, an aged domestic of the palace, raised the latter to the throne amid the acclamations of the people.

What sort of people they were who thus hailed the accession of Anastasius, may be learned from the history of the circus factions at Constantinople during his reign. The scenes which took place there almost exceed belief, and no better proof of the degeneracy of the Romans and Greeks of that age is needed than the perusal of the accounts of the tumults and violence perpetrated by these disorderly parties, handed down to us by the native historians, Marcellinus, Procopius, Evagrius, and John of Malala, cited by Gibbon.* There were originally four factions, distinguished

* *Decline and Fall*, chap. xl.

respectively by the colors, red, white, blue, and green; but the first two subsequently became insignificant, and the riotous youth and patrons of the circus or hippodrome of Constantinople became adherents of the blues or the greens. Religious (!) zeal fanned the flames of party-rivalry. The blues were zealously devoted to the cause of orthodoxy; while the greens were well affected toward the Arians, the Nestorians and other heretics. Under the reign of Anastasius the popular frenzy broke forth in violence and bloodshed; and the greens, who had treacherously concealed stones and daggers under baskets of fruit, massacred, at a solemn festival, three thousand of their blue adversaries; the hippodrome was burnt and great damage was done to the city by both parties; the blues destroyed the statues of Anastasius, who was of the green faction (A. D. 491).

These riots, though suppressed for a time, were renewed with still greater fury during the following reigns of Justin I. and Justinian I., especially during that of the latter, when the rioters overawed the palace, the senate, and the capital. Justinian sided with the blues, who, rendered insolent by his patronage, assumed the dress of barbarians, and wore their hair after the fashion of the Huns. In the day-time they concealed their two-edged poniards, but in the night they assembled armed and perpetrated all sorts of outrages. "Their adversaries of the green faction," says Gibbon, "or even inoffensive citizens, were stripped and often murdered by these nocturnal robbers, and it became dangerous to wear any gold buttons or girdles, or to appear at a late hour in the streets of a peaceful capital. A daring spirit, rising with impunity, proceeded to violate the safeguard of private houses; and fire was employed to facilitate the attack, or to conceal the crimes of these factious rioters. No place was safe or sacred from their depredations; to gratify either avarice or revenge they profusely spilt the blood of the innocent; churches and altars were polluted by atrocious murders; and it was the boast of the assassins that their dexterity could always inflict a mortal wound with a single stroke of their dagger. The dissolute youth of Constantinople adopted the livery of disorder; the laws were silent, and the bonds of society were relaxed;

creditors were compelled to resign their obligations; judges to reverse their sentence; masters to enfranchise their slaves; fathers to supply the extravagance of their children; noble matrons were prostituted to the lust of their servants; beautiful boys were torn from the arms of their parents; and wives, unless they preferred a voluntary death, were ravished in the presence of their husbands. The despair of the greens, who were persecuted by their enemies and deserted by the magistrate, assumed the privilege of defence, perhaps of retalliation; but those who survived the combat were dragged to execution, and the unhappy fugitives, escaping to woods and caverns, preyed without mercy on the society whence they were expelled. Those ministers of justice who had courage to punish the crimes, and to brave the resentment of the blues, became the victims of their indiscreet zeal. A prefect of Constantinople fled for refuge to the Holy Sepulchre, a count of the East was ignominiously whipped, and a governor of Cilicia was hanged, by the order of Theodora, on the tomb of two assassins whom he had condemned for the murder of his groom, and a daring attack on his own life."*

For five years did Justinian tolerate this state of things. At length, at the celebration of the festival of the ides of January, in the hippodrome, in the fifth year of his reign (A. D. 532,) a most terrific contest took place between the factions. It lasted five days, during which the city was a scene of fire and bloodshed; the prisons were forced, the public buildings were burnt, half the city was in flames; men, women, and children fought against the barbarous mercenaries who were let loose among them, and immense slaughter ensued. All who could escape fled to the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and the city was abandoned to the factions, whose watchword, "Nika" (or vanquish), has given a name to this memorable sedition. Justinian shut himself up in his palace, and would have escaped secretly but for the courage of Theodora, who exhorted him to stand his ground. A well-disciplined body of troops, under Belisarius and Mundas, was silently

* *Decline and Fall*, chap. xl.

brought into the city; the rioters, taken by surprise, were hemmed in, and 30,000 of them were put to the sword, and twenty illustrious patricians were executed. The hippodrome was closed, and the tumults were suppressed for a time. But after a few years Justinian revived the games of the circus, and with them the factions; and they troubled him throughout his reign.

The era of Justinian is, nevertheless, a great one in the history of the Byzantine Empire. That prince reigned over sixty-four provinces and 935 cities. His Asiatic dominions were populous and prosperous. The cultivation of silk was introduced from the far east, and commerce was encouraged. The taxes, however, were heavy, and levied with merciless severity, for, though Justinian was profuse in his expenditure, he was avaricious and exacting, and he himself shared in many cruel monopolies. He restored the public buildings of Constantinople which had been destroyed, and was the founder of the cathedral of St. Sophia. He erected churches and other public buildings in all parts of the empire; fortified Constantinople and the empire from the Euxine to the Persian frontier, and subdued the Isaurians. But he suppressed the schools of Athens and the consulship of Rome. The splendor of his reign, however, is mainly due to his revision and codification of the laws, and the publication of his Code, Pondects, and Institutes, which are the foundation of the civil law of modern Europe; to the introduction of the Christian era; and to the brilliant military exploits of his generals, Belisarius and Norses, in Italy and Africa, which for a while revived the fame of the Roman arms, by the wresting of Rome from the barbarians. Their successors, however, proved evanescent, and we need not concern ourselves further with them.

The final separation of the Eastern church from the Western took place during the reign of Zeno (A. D. 484), and though many attempts were subsequently made to renew the communion between them, the breach was never healed —has not been healed to this day. The most fatal divisions had been caused by Nestorius, bishop of Constantinople, who taught that the divine and the human natures in Christ

were entirely distinct, and that the term "mother of Christ" ought to be applied to the Virgin Mary instead of that of "mother of God." For this he was anathematized by Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, deposed and exiled. But the success of his teaching had been prodigious; all the eastern provinces of the empire embraced it. His doctrines were adopted by the Persian Christians with ardor, and they were carried into Armenia, Tartary, and China, where they flourished for many ages. But they excited fury in Europe and Africa, and led to much strife. The doctrine of Eutyches, an abbot of Constantinople, that there was but one nature in Christ, viz., that of the "incarnate word," added fuel to the dissensions. Councils of bishops were held to settle the disputes, but they only increased the difficulties. The emperors interfered, and Zeno, in 482, issued his Henoticon, or one nature dogma, to be subscribed by the contending parties; those who refused to do so were displaced.

Anastasius, who succeeded Zeno, was denounced by the Goths as an Arian and a heretic. Their leader, Vitalian, who professed orthodoxy, marched with an army of Huns and Goths to Constantinople, carrying desolation with him, and forced Anastasius to sue for pardon. This religious war cost the lives of 65,000 persons, but it reinstated two orthodox bishops in their sees (A. D. 514.) Numberless sects and heresies sprung up in the Greek church, notwithstanding the orthodoxy of Justinian and his edicts against them. They contributed to the demoralization of the church as well as of the laity, and the bishops of Antioch and Alexandria ceased to have weight. The patriarch of Constantinople gradually assumed supreme control of the Eastern church, and, in the year 587, assumed the title of œcumenical or universal patriarch, an act which widened the breach with the Roman church. But heathenism disappeared from the empire.

The system of electing the emperors by the military tribunes was productive of great instability and disaster, and that of the nomination of his successor by the reigning monarch was not less so. The choice was rarely made on account of the merit and capacity of the person chosen,

otherwise such men as Tiberius, Maurice, and Phocas, the successors of Justinian, would not have arisen from obscurity to the throne. The reign of the latter tyrant brought incalculable misery on the people; the Persians overran Asia Minor, and the Avars Thrace. The empire was nearly torn to pieces, and there was a reign of terror at Constantinople, but the deposition and execution of Phocas by Heraclius, son of the exarch of Africa, changed the fate of affairs. Certainly, nothing could have been more deplorable than the condition of the empire at that time. The Persians were masters of Antioch, Edessa, Apamea, Cesarea, and Damascus, and, aided by the Jews, they took Jerusalem by assault (A. D. 614), putting 60,000 Christians to the sword, and burning all the churches and other edifices raised by Christian emperors and empresses, princes and potentates. The Avars were ravaging the European provinces, so that the dominions of Heraclius were reduced to the city of Constantinople, a few strips of Greece, Italy and Africa and a few cities on the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea. He was seriously meditating the transfer of his residence to Carthage, and had actually removed his treasures from the palace to his ships, when the patriarch led him to the altar of St. Sophia, and extorted from him an oath that he would live and die with the people whom God had entrusted to his care. One would think that the hand of God was in this, for Heraclius, roused to exertion by the dangers that surrounded him, in a few years drove the Persians back into their own country, compelled them to make terms, and regained all the cities and territories they had taken from him.* He returned to Constantinople, and found it besieged by the Avars. But his victorious army and fleet soon drove them off, and restored peace to the empire.

Heraclius divided the empire into themes, or military districts, garrisoned by legions. This arrangement was re-organized subsequently by Leo III., and endured as long as the Byzantine government did. The number of these themes varied at different times. In the tenth century

* Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xlvi.

there were sixteen in the Asiatic portion of the empire, and twelve in the European.* The ecclesiastical divisions of the empire in the time of Leo, were, 52 metropolitan dioceses, subdivided into 649 suffragan bishoprics, and 13 archbishoprics in which the prelates were independent, but without suffragans. There were, moreover, 34 titular archbishops.† This numerous hierachy, however, could not put a stop to or conciliate the schismatics and heretics who promulgated theories respecting the two natures in Christ; and the controversy raged as fiercely as in the time of Zeno.

But a great cloud was impending over the empire from the side of Arabia. Mohammed, from small beginnings, had organized a religious system which in time produced swarms of fanatics, who counted their lives cheap if their swords could make converts to the new faith. Vain were all the efforts of Heraclius to stem the tide of Saracen conquest. City after city fell, and Heraclius, after a gallant fight of several days near the river Yermuk, saw his army cut to pieces (A. D. 637), and himself a fugitive. All Egypt and Syria were taken from him, and he made his way back to Constantinople, and shut himself up in his palace, seeking forgetfulness of his misfortunes by turning his thoughts to religious controversy, especially the Monothelite. The successes of Heraclius were incompetent to redeem the empire from decay. The Saracens advanced to the very gates of Constantinople and laid siege to the city (A. D. 668); but the besieged resisted bravely, and, by the aid of the famous Greek fire, completely discomfited their adversaries. The Saracens made peace, and the empire had rest for a time from its foreign foes; but its internal troubles increased. A series of violent changes deposed emperor after emperor, until at last Leo, the Isaurian, was elected to the throne (A. D. 717).

The accession of this great man marks an epoch in Byzantine history. He rose from obscurity, being the son of a grazier who migrated from Isauria into Thrace. He entered

* Finlay, *Byzantine Empire*, p. 14. † *Ibid*, p. 15.

the army in the guards of Justinian and distinguished himself on every occasion. His first act as emperor was to repel a second attempt made by the Saracens on Constantinople. The wisdom and firmness of his administration restored prosperity to the empire; but his zeal against the worship of images produced very serious disturbances. In 726 he issued an edict prohibiting the use of images in churches. The people, excited by the clergy, rose up in rebellion, and were suppressed with bloodshed. The flame of discord spread throughout the whole Christian world. The emperor deposed the patriarch, and commanded that all images should be burnt, and that various punishments should be inflicted upon those who worshipped them. The church and the empire were split into two parties, the *Iconslatræ*, or image worshippers, and the *Iconoclastæ*, or image breakers.* Councils were held both in the east and the west, some approving, others denouncing, the worship of images. While Leo, and his successors Constantine V. and Leo IV., held sway (A. D. 717—780), the Iconoclasts were supreme. But on the accession of the Empress Irene, who poisoned her husband, Leo IV., the tables were turned. She at once assembled a council at Nice, in Bithynia (A. D. 786) wherein the decrees of former emperors and councils were abrogated, the worship of images and of the cross was re-established, and penalties were imposed upon those who maintained that worship was due to God only. The Emperor Charlemagne, however, in opposition to Pope Adrian, convened a council, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, of three hundred bishops, which forbade the worship of images.† In the east the struggles of the Iconoclasts were renewed on the deposition of Irene (A. D. 802), and continued for forty yéars. They were finally suppressed, and image worship was definitively established in the Greek church by the council of Constantinople, convened by the Empress Theodora, A. D. 842. The Greeks celebrated their victory, after a contest of 120 years,

* Schlosser, *Geschichte der bilderstürmenden Kaiser*, 2d part, chap. i, p. 156—177. Mosheim, *Ecclesiastical History*, part 2, chap. iii. Gieseler's *Church History*, vol. 2, div. 1—part 1.

† Mosheim, *Ibid.*

by consecrating an anniversary to it, which they named "the Feast of Orthodoxy."*

A succession of weak and depraved princes paved the way for Basil the Macedonian, who, notwithstanding the crimes by which he obtained the throne, (A. D. 867,) was one of the ablest rulers that ever governed the empire. He restored prosperity to it by regulating the finances and taxes, and by rigid economy. Being an excellent soldier he led his armies to victory against the Saracens and the rebellious religionists called Paulicians. He placed the military power of the empire on an improved footing; embellished his principal cities with public buildings and churches, and caused the Institutes and Code of Justinian to be revised and translated from Latin into Greek, and published under the title of "The Basilica." During his reign the empire recovered its *prestige* and vitality. But alas for those nations whose prosperity depends upon one man! After his death (A. D. 886), through an accident while hunting, the affairs of the empire fell into confusion, owing to the incompetence and profligacy of his successors. Most of them perished or were deposed by violence. The military abilities of Nicephorus Phocas, Zohn Zimisces, and Basil II. for a while postponed the crisis, but it could not be avoided. The people, debased by superstition and encouraged in profligacy of every description by the example of their rulers, had become thoroughly demoralized. The only flourishing portion of the empire at this period was the Morea, which had forty flourishing cities and manufactures of linens, woollens, and silks. The Macedonian dynasty expired with the Empress Theodora, A. D. 1056. The feeble Michael VI. had to make way for Isaac Comnenus (1057,) who shortly after handed his crown over to Constantine Ducas, a man of great ability, but more anxious for the interests of his family than for those of the empire.

This is an important period in the history of the gradually disappearing empire. The sway of the kindred families of Comnenus, Ducas, and Angelus, lasted 147 years. During that period the Greeks witnessed the establishment of the

* *Ibid.*

Turco-Seljuhian kingdom of Roum, which bereft them of the greater part of their Asiatic dominions. Then followed the crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Turks. The Greeks played a very subordinate part in these expeditions. They were, in fact, secretly hostile to them, and acted with perfidy towards the Latin Christians. Alexius Comnenus, indeed, levied a force of 70,000 Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, and others, to oppose the Normans in Illyria, but was defeated, and he escaped with difficulty (1081). The sagacity of Alexius I., however, enabled him to avoid complications with the crusaders, and the evil day was postponed until the close of the twelfth century, mainly through the military talents of the emperors John and Manuel Comnenus. The latter, indeed, was as distinguished for strength and prowess as his contemporary, Richard Cœur de Lion. Manuel died in 1180.

Horrible confusion ensued at his death, owing to the infancy of his son and successor, Alexius II., and the weakness of the regent, the Empress Maria. The effects of more than 120 years of peace and order were destroyed in a few months. Murder and deposition became the rule among the occupants of the throne. The empire was assailed on all sides. The Venetians took possession of many islands and of Dalmatia. Bulgaria became an independent kingdom. The Turks held Asia Minor, and the Saracens Syria and Africa. Alexius Angelus, a nephew of the Emperor Alexius III., escaped to Sicily, and induced the French and the Venetians to espouse his cause. On the 17th July, 1203, after a few days' siege, Constantinople was taken by assault, and Alexius was placed on the Byzantine throne. The population of the city at that time exceeded a million of persons. But Alexius failed in fulfiling his engagements with his Latin allies, and attempts were made by the Greeks to dethrone him. Finally the Latins returned, besieged and took the city, and gave it up to plunder (9th April, 1204). Baldwin, count of Flanders, was made emperor of Constantinople and Thrace, Macedonia was erected into a kingdom and given to Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat. The Venetians took the Morea and the Archipelago. Theodore Lascaris, nephew of the de-

throned Alexius, established a kingdom in Bithynia, and soon appropriated to himself a considerable portion of Asia Minor, while David and Alexius Comnenus, seizing on Pontus, Galatia, and Cappadocia, founded the empire of Trebizond.

In this manner disappeared the Byzantine empire, leaving behind it but few recollections for which mankind may be grateful. The duration of the Latin empire was brief. The gallant Baldwin fell into the hands of the Bulgarians and was put to death. His brother Henry, his brother-in-law, Peter de Courtenay, and his grandsons, Robert and Baldwin, did all that mortal valor could do to sustain their empire, but in vain. Their surrounding enemies were too powerful for them. In 1261 the Greeks surprised and took Constantinople, and restored the Greek empire. The advantages of a strongly fortified city as a *point d'appui* was never more fully exemplified than in the case of Constantinople. The Byzantine emperors early perceived this and sought to make their capital impregnable. But for this the empire would have been swept away a countless number of times. And it was this which enabled it to linger on yet 192 years as the head of a body whose limbs were lopped off. For six generations did the heroic dynasty of the Palæologi maintain the semblance of an empire, while the Turks were gradually encircling them, and detaching province after province. At length, after a siege of fifty-three days, the Turkish sultan, Mahomet II., took Constantinople by assault, the emperor, Constantine XII., dying gallantly in the breach, as became the last of the Cæsars. The standard of the prophet was planted on the cathedral of St. Sophia, and the Eastern empire, after a duration of 1058 years, become a thing of the past.

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ART. II.—1. *Pseudoxia Epidemica; or, vulgar and common errors.* By SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1646.

2. *The Phantom World; or, philosophy of spirits, apparitions, &c.* By AUGUSTINE CALMET; edited by Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS. London, 1850.

3. *La Sorciere: the witch of the Middle Ages.* From the French of J. MICHELET. Translated by L. J. TROTTER. London. 1863.
4. *Phantasmala; or, illusions and fanaticisms.* By R. R. MADDEN. London. 1857.

To attempt an enumeration of the false judgments of men would be an endless task. Popular opinion is oftener wrong than right, contrary to the axiom which, in various forms, is reiterated by flatterers of the people; and the interfusion of error is not merely in matters relating to public men and measures, but to affairs of common life, and such as are essential to individual comfort and well-being. It was harshly, yet truly, said by Bacon, that the wrong opinions of men did not come altogether from want of understanding, nor from their aversion to having a fixed belief imposed upon them, but from their love of what is false! Of this there are various illustrations. Fiction pleases rather than the rigid truth of history. In fact history is itself never wholly true; there is a proneness to exaggeration which affects the author in common with the reader; there are partialities and dislikes to the dead as well as to the living. Great actors in the affairs of the world, in periods long past, have still their partizans and enemies—admirers and detractors—and an author, by long study of a favorite subject, is attracted by some conspicuous personage, as if by the very mesmerism of his presence, or is stirred by admiration of a people into an enthusiasm in the narrative of their achievements, as he might be in the relation of contemporaneous events, which it is well known are always seen in a false perspective. Such peculiar views of great writers are transfused into elementary works, and become stereotyped as true history, remaining unquestioned till other critics of equal acumen expose their fallacies.*

* Scipio Africanus has, under the searching criticism of Niebuhr, been shorn of much of the glory that has in all time attached to his name, and from being the greatest of the Romans has been cast down (according to the formula of the censors in taking away rank "*dejici gradu*") to the condition of a petulant patrician, boastful of his achievements, but who accomplished nothing for the lasting benefit of his country, except by his early military successes; and even these attributed in large measure to immense advantages over his enemies, and a not over scrupu-

Who have generally been the living objects of popular idolatry? Military success is immediately followed by public admiration; but the profound and upright statesman or patriot, who almost invariably must oppose, to some extent, the ambitions and prejudices of a people, have often been postponed in reputation to another generation. "Have I said something wrong?" was the pithy rebuke of Phocion, when greeted with unwonted applause by Athenian Ecclesia. Cato, the younger, returning from a proconsulship in Asia, was met by a deputation from one of the cities; but they only inquired when Demetrius, the freedman of Pompey, might be expected. Contemporary popularity is not usually attained without arts and devices inconsistent with true greatness. An imposing presence, affability with the common people, exaggerated professions of favor to every one, even if, by repeated experience, shown to be false—in fact, downright duplicity, known to be such, if only made plausible by blandness of manner, and, more than all, gross flattery of the common people, or the inflation of national pride—these are the ordinary means by which men attain temporary greatness. Henry VIII. of England, though a tyrant, was popular, by reason of his facility of access, and, also, because the people were proud of his defiance of the great Roman hierarchy. Charles II., though he disgraced the nation by his profligacy and betrayal of the country to its enemies, nevertheless, by his good nature and readiness to promise all that was asked, was a favorite of the people. Robespierre, in the midst of slaughter by the guillotine, kept up by himself, retained to the last the leadership of the populace, by his habitual expression of sympathy for *le pauvre peuple.*

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lous method of warfare, as in the overthrow of Hasdrubal and Syphan by a night attack, in contravention of a truce which had not expired. On the other hand, his great rival, Hannibal, is elevated from the reputation of a fierce and cruel barbarian, handed down to us by false Roman annals, to a distinction, both civil and military, unsurpassed by any chief of antiquity.

Julius Cæsar has had varying alternations in regard of the world—in general, however, he has been the subject of denunciations, as the destroyer of the freedom of Rome; but in our own time he has been set up as the greatest of mankind, not only in executive ability, but in sagacious judgment of the exigencies of his country and profound forecast of the form of government best adapted thereto. Such is the vivid pictorial sketch by De Quincey and the more elaborate vindication by the Emperor Napoleon.

Again, poetry suits better the natural taste of men than prosaic reality, and there is a perpetual tendency to elevate the common things of life into an unreal splendor. Especially is this true in the early period of a nation's history, as we see in the Greek *prosopopœia;* the exaltation of inanimate objects into sentient beings, and of unreasoning animals into rational creatures with the use of language; as, also, in the Arabian fictions, in which the supernatural is familiarly intermingled with daily life. So is it, also, with individual childhood; there is, at that period, a ready belief of the marvellous; there is even a craving for it. The ghost stories of the nursery owe their origin to infantile credulity, and the easy gratification which can be provided by an inventive mind, which is not uncommon in the humble attendants of children. The same susceptibility is retained, to some extent, in maturer years, among the uneducated. Traditions of incredible events are cherished with an undoubting faith, and superstitions are gathered up in household memories, not always of dark omen, or if so, not uncongenial to the mind in its frequently recurring sombre experiences, but often of a bright hue, giving color to what Wordsworth says:

> "Yet how forlorn, should ye depart,
> Ye superstitions of the heart,
> How poor were human life."

We may, indeed, presume that this inherent trait of our nature was bestowed for some ultimate good. It ceases not with childhood, nor with the period of the early ignorance of a people; advance in knowledge, and maturer vigor of the understanding, are attended by a higher aspiration and a larger range of imagination.*

The true theory of the office of imagination, we think, is like that of the education of a child. It cannot have been

* Isaac Taylor refers the pleasures and pains of imagination to the blending of the corporeal and spiritual, of which the latter alone would not be susceptible, and that they serve to prepare the finite for the presence of the infinite. "Those feelings of awe and ecstacy, and that adoration in which a latent dread or terror imparts intensity to the happier feelings of affection, may be necessary as well to the keeping of finite minds in the place that he owes them, as to enable them to sustain the immediate presence of absolute perfection."—*Phys. Theor. of a Future Life.*

designed that any emotion which is founded in error should be permanent, or that any faculty should be cultivated by experiences having no sound basis. Truth is the proper aim of a rational being; but as the child has to go through a process of getting knowledge, by continued effort, but subject to many mistakes, which must be gradually got rid of, so in our more advanced state, we are still under the like discipline. The business of life is to get true knowledge; but spiritual culture proceeds from low beginning; moral and intellectual capacity must be acquired by experience and effort.

In a more practical phase of life, in the daily routine of affairs, we see the same preference for the unreal. In social intercourse we have little liking for the mere matter-of-fact man, who deals only in rigid assertions that can be proved, or in meagre truisms from which is excluded all novelty, as if every thing was unworthy of notice that is not strictly substantiated, or in oracular utterances of just so much as belongs to the subject under discussion, and nothing more. Of this sort are men whose whole thought is absorbed in a particular pursuit, and who have no interest in anything outside of it. It is, indeed, a trait eminently of all who are intensely engaged in money-making for its own sake, without the intermixture of other liberalizing incidents.*

The lawyer is led into a large observation of men, and finds something congenial in the presentation of human character in history, biographies, etc., etc., while in the logical reasoning, which is called for in legal discussions, there is an affinity with theological and psychological argument. The physician is drawn to the investigation of natural science, the theologian to mental and moral philosophy, and even the artizan seeks relief from mechanical labor by some agreeable occupation of mind, too often,

* Mill speaks contemptuously of the rabid pursuit of wealth, as if it contained all the elements of human happiness. "The struggling to get on, the trampling, elbowing and treading on each other's heels," he says, "is not the most desirable lot, nor anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress." Americans he holds up as the most extravagant in this wild hurrying after unreal prosperity. "The life of one sex is devoted to dollar hunting and of the other to breeding dollar hunters."—*Pol. Econ.*, b. 4., c. 6.

indeed, of the convivial kind, and involving something of the grossness of vice, but more generally in light reading and conversation. Yet, all of these may give themselves up wholly to their one avocation, and thus become narrow-minded and incapable of general sympathy with others in their business or private life.

Whatever may be the cause, whether a limited range of thought, or barrenness of ideas on every subject, the man of few words imposes constraint, and is an unwelcome companion, while we are attracted by a flow of conversation even with extravagance of comparison, if there be mimetic art; nay, we are often pleased even with what we know to be untrue; conversation, in fact, is largely made up of exaggerated thought and expression. We have to make considerable allowance for this false tone; but there is a dark shade, viz.: that we yield too ready credence to what we know, or have reason to suspect, to be unworthy of belief.

Sir Walter Scott relates that he was never awed or abashed but in the presence of one man—the duke of Wellington; and he explains it by saying that "he beheld in him a great soldier and a great statesman, the greatest of each;" but his biographer more justly attributes it to the duke's utter want or defect of imagination, so that he was incapable of appreciating that which formed the charm of Scott's conversation and writings.*

But, recurring to the original proposition, viz.: the fact that what we deem to be knowledge is, in large measure, erroneous, we find an explanation as well as proof thereof in the fact that the knowledge of a large part of mankind is derived mostly from conversation. Even those who read books get fixed ideas less from that source than from popular opinion. It must be a mind of more than ordinary discrimination and active thought, that can be independent of what is current in the world. Oral tradition, especially in early years, makes a stronger impression than what is read in books. Even when we have been accustomed in some degree to think, and can discover error in any of those opinions, their influence still

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*

remains. We act upon them by habit as if we believed them to be true. But oftener we fail of subjecting them to such measure of scrutiny as to be able to detect error.

Religious belief is especially of this character. What we are taught in early life will, it is likely, be our standard of truth for all time. Even transfer to a society where other opinions prevail will seldom eradicate what has been thus impressed; so that, after various intercourse with the world, and even being reputed to have adopted new ideas, the early habit is seen to return when the secondary influence is suspended, as, by retirement from active life, or from accustomed association. Napoleon died professing the Roman Catholic faith, notwithstanding he had a great part of his life expressed bold and even skeptical opinions, and dealt contemptously with the catholic hierarchy. In like manner it is now well substantiated, though formerly doubted, that Charles II. of England, who lived from his youth in shameless profligacy, and undisguised contempt of religion, found relief in his last moments from extreme unction by a catholic priest.

Similar to this is what we sometimes see of a man returning in advanced life to a provincial mode of speech, which, in the vigor of manhood, he had been able, by sedulous attention, and by intercourse with society, to avoid, as is related of Lord Roslyn,* that in his later years he relapsed into the Scotch idiom.

It is an incident of the traditional, that is, knowledge not derived from books, that it is never exact. What we hear from another is necessarily imperfect; nor do we think with the same precision about what is told to us, that we do of what we read. Bentham has noticed a self deception in supposing we understand what we are in the habit of talking about, when, perhaps, our ideas may be quite undefined and vague.†

* Mr. Wedderburn.

† Bentham expresses it thus: "What we are continually talking of, merely from our having been continually talking of it, we imagine we understand. So close a union has habit connected between words and things, that we take one for the other. When an unusual word presents itself we challenge it—we examine it ourselves to see whether we have a clear idea to annex to it—but when a word that we are familiar with comes across us, we let it pass under favor of an old acquaintance."

A strong mind, having intercourse with active, intelligent and popular men, has more influence on society by conversation than by writing; and the imprssion made by a popular book is indirect. It must, in the first instance, be favorably judged by a few who think for themselves, and by them the impression is imparted to others. A popularity acquired in any other mode, will inevitably be short-lived. Opinions are thus adopted at second-hand; and without this intermediate aid of criticism and discussion in familiar intercourse, an author's influence would be inconsiderable. It is true there is seldom profound discussion in social life—so, neither is profound knowledge acquired from any source by the greater number of men—but some powerful mind, having the gifts, not often combined, of reading with discrimination and of conversing in a familiar, but instructive, method, will give tone to many others. Sentiments derived from books are thus made common, without their origin being always known, and books themselves are introduced, and become known, by the estimate in which they are held by master minds. But after all, the knowledge actually derived from them is imperfect, and perhaps, in general, even as to books of reputation, what is known is little more than what has been said of them in conversation, or written about them in a familiar way.

In following out the results of the imperfect mode of acquiring knowledge, and of the proclivity to receive what is traditional with but slight scrutiny, we shall refer rather to classes or general forms of belief, than to particular instances. Magic, witchcraft, sorcery, conjuration, are terms, which, until a very recent period, not only expressed what was believed by the common people, but were to be found in statutes and reports of legal proceedings, even in the most civilized countries of Europe. By statute, in the reign of Henry VIII. of England, witchcraft and sorcery were declared to be felony without benefit of clergy; by another statute, in the reign of James I., invoking an evil spirit, taking up dead bodies to be used in witchcraft or sorcery, injuring anybody by infernal acts, or attempting by sorcery to discover hidden treasure, or to restore stolen goods, or provoke unlawful love,

was made punishable by death; and these statutes were in force till the middle of the last century, (9th, George II.,) while in France sorcery and witchcraft are still included (or were till very recently) among crimes subject to prosecution. The repeal of the English statutes did not, however, abrogate popular belief of the practices that had been denounced. Blackstone himself, after a review of the arguments for and against such belief, concludes that there has been witchcraft, though he could not give credit to any particular modern instance of it!*

A continuing faith therein, or at least a credulity which is easily practised upon, appears from penal laws, both in England and our own country, against pretending to use witchcraft, tell fortunes, or discover stolen goods by skill in occult science and the like. It is still common to believe in dreams and other omens, and there are, in every community, those who profess to foretell future events from various prognostics. Most frequently these superstitions relate to signs of death or of some impending calamity, as what is called the death watch, which is now known to be an insect exercising its natural voice; so, also, wandering lights (*ignes fatui*) which are phosphorescent gases, and as these are generated in the neighborhood of marshes, graveyards, dilapidated or deserted houses, they are naturally associated with something preternatural. A very common idea prevails that such appearances indicate the locality of murder or other foul deed, traditions of which are everywhere to be found.

Prophecy is a religious phase of the same sort of superstition, and the gift has been claimed in every age of the world, and has always obtained, to some extent, the credence of the ignorant. It is in some great public distress, as when the plague prevailed in London, (1665) or in extraordinary civil commotions, as the crusades, the reformation in the 16th century, and the French revolution in the 18th, that pretenders to prophetic knowlege have usually appeared.†

* 4 *Black's Com.*, 60.

† During the century of the Crusades (the thirteenth,) it was common to make disposition of property in contemplation of the approaching end of the world. The first array of the populace for the retaking of the Holy Sepulchre was led

In our own time it has been mainly devoted to the old familiar subject of the approaching end of the world, or, rather, it is the interpretation of the prophecies in the Apocalypse; still, in the very interpretation, a prescience akin to the original vision is virtually assumed. Predictions of this sort have always been common; and a belief is entertained by many at this day that the time is at hand when the world is to be destroyed, and even the year has a number of times been fixed, but found to be premature!*

The belief in miracles performed by saints at the shrines erected to them, has, in protestant countries, been done away, and yet religious imposture still prevails to an extent not generally understood—pretenders to a divine commission have still power over the minds of a large number. Mormonism is gaining proselytes in our own country and in Europe. It is difficult to determine how far these have been persuaded into actual belief of the pretensions of the founder, (Joe Smith) or of his successor (Brigham Young); it is most likely that the social system of the Mormons has had the chief attraction. Multiplicity of wives is strangely fascinating to the lower class, especially females, and communism of labor has also a deceptive attraction, which is dispelled only by the utter disappointment of actual experience. It is startling to see what numbers, not merely of the unmarried, but of entire families, are drawn into such a lawless community from the midst of our people, and from England, Germany, and other parts of Europe.†

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by a monk, whose preaching attracted several hundred thousand people of the lowest order, who trusted themselves to his spiritual guidance, without any provision whatever for their physical wants.

The bold discussions of Luther and other reformers in the sixteenth century were followed by agitations which unsettled the popular mind, and prepared ready belief for the grossest impostures. The French revolution was prolific of interpretations of prophecy, in which all that remained unfulfilled of the Apocalypse was applied to events then occurring.

*The sect of Millerites is the latest in this century; but the time fixed for the end of the world has been more than once postponed.

There is also another form of prophetical illusion, viz.: the expectation of the second coming of Christ upon earth, without its destruction. Some of those who hold it to be near at hand believe that nothing more is to be done for the evangelizing of the world until the advent of Christ himself.

†The doctrine of spiritual wives is not limited to the Mormons. There is a large, and it is said increasing society in this country and in England, who profess to be bound by no law but that of *spiritual affinity*. It is known by the

The gift of tongues, which is claimed by the followers of Mr. Irving, can hardly be classed with the forms of imposture, but rather of misguided faith. Advantage will, of course, be taken of weak but sincere believers, by hypocritical pretenders; but this idea of miraculous gifts has not been unusual in times of great religious enthusiasm. The prophets of Zwickan, who professed to speak from the *inspiration of the Spirit*, overawed and almost convinced the mild Melancthon, and did not wholly lose their hold of the people, even when rebuked by the coarse arguments and harsh epithets dealt against them by Luther. A similiar claim was made by Fox and some of his followers in the early days of Quakerism. Fox, when brought before the magistrate for violation of the laws against irregular preaching, imitated the language of the old Jewish prophets. One of his followers went before Cromwell, and rent his hat, saying that thus should God take the government from him and his house; a female appeared in Whitehall chapel, during service, in a perfectly nude state. Naylor seems to have set himself up as a Christ, and was addressed in letters, which were produced on his trial, from Hannah Stranger and other deluded fanatics, as the Prince of Peace, the Sun of Righteousness, the Chief among ten thousand, and the like.*

The Anabaptists, following up the agitation occasioned in the minds of men by the preaching of Luther, threw off all restraint. Munger and others set up independence of all human laws, claiming to be directed only by spiritual revelation. Bockhold, a tailor, who became the leader of the populace, after they had overthrown all civil authority in the city of Munster, was an antitype of what we have seen in our own day among the Mormons. He married eleven wives, selecting

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designation of "*Free Love*," which seems to be all that is left of what was originally an excess of religious zeal; at least, it is related that a religious sanction was given to such ideas in the great revival which commenced in 1832. Many ministers of different denominations were at that time led into erratic views and practices—but still retaining an irregular religious fervor—which was partaken of by their first followers; but all this gradually merged in a grosser form of licentiousness. The society is now composed almost wholly of those who give themselves up to a naturally immoral tendency, and have no other religious faith than a dilution of Swedenborg's visions.

* See Neal. *His. of the Puritans.*

them at his pleasure from even the highest class; and, among other frantic performances, would run stark naked through the city, leaping and dancing in imitation of David. At Amsterdam, where he had sent emissaries to stir up the people, a number of them, male and female, in the excitement of their exercises, denuded themselves in public of all clothing, and, when arrested and brought before magistrates for disorderly conduct, defended themselves as being "*the naked truth.*" (!)

The occult science which prevailed among the Jews, and in the middle ages was believed in throughout all Christian countries, has not been wholly superseded. There have been, even at a recent period, those who have pretended to discoveries of elixirs for the prolongation of life or restoration of youth, and the like, and Cagliastro was as much believed in the last century as was Paracelsus two hundred years before.* We have not astrologers who calculate a man's life by observation of the stars, at nativity, but many traditions are interwoven with popular belief which are traceable to old superstitions, such as a special regard to certain *numbers* or *days*. What is the quarantine of vessels coming from a port where there is an infectious disease, but a legendary reference to the forty days' fast of our Saviour? What is the common idea that the whole human system is wholly changed in seven years, but a remnant of superstition as to that particular number—seven days in the week, seven sabbaths from the passover to pentecost, seven devils cast out of Mary Magdalene, and the like? In fact, the symbolic idea of numbers prevailed also with the Greeks, and Pythagoras maintained a special significance of the number seven; this he did by reference to the seven chords in music, the seven pleiades, seven vowels, also, certain parts of animal bodies which it was supposed were changed in seven years—and

* Cagliastro (whose real name was Giuseppi Balsamo) was a native of Palermo in Sicily. He appeared at different courts, but became especially noted at Paris in the reign of Louis XVI., and was implicated in the famous scandal of diamonds obtained from Cardinal Rohan, ostensibly for Queen Marie Antoinette, who was personated by Madame De La Motte. He pretended to have an elixir for the extension of life, also a composition to produce love, and various other contrivances, which at the time were believed in by a great number of people.

this may have been the real origin of the modern doctrine of a total change of the human body in that period.*

Why is Friday accounted an unlucky day upon which to commence a journey? Why has the execution of criminals, by long usage, been uniformly assigned to that day? And yet it is a singular perversion that while Good Friday is celebrate as the day when an offering was made for the sins of men, every Friday of the year should have been desecrated by the vulgar English appelation of *hangman's day*. The belief formerly prevalent that gold was a sovereign medicine, was founded upon the idea that it must be efficacious in proportion as it was precious; but it was objected by some that it was inseparable, that is, not diminished when taken, but excluded in the same quantity as received, therefore could have imparted nothing. To which objection Sir Thomas Browne answered that glass of antimony would communicate to water purging and vomiting power, but after reiterated infusions remained the same in weight†, and it is added that an antimonial cup made of regulus of antimony was formerly used, into which wine being poured was antimonized, and also that pills of antimony were, by some, made use of a second time, after having been administered once, and passed through the patient.

So, until a recent period, amulets were used as a charm against disease; nor are they yet altogether superseded. Even Boyle, who dispelled, by exact scientific reasoning, many popular errors, still vouched as a cure for hemorrhage the wearing of moss from a dead man's skull!

Some popular errors have grown out of misapprehension of what has been delivered by learned men, or sometimes from their inadvertencies, as that the horse, the deer, the

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* Pythagoras also attributed a mystical meaning to the number *eight*, and had a fanciful theory that the universe was constructed upon the principle of the musical octave. Thus the sun, earth, moon and five planets, the sun being supposed to be placed in the centre, the others at certain distances according to a law of music, making in their revolutions the harmony of the spheres. However visionary this may appear, Pythagoras is not rated as a mere mystic; he had the true idea of the astronomical system, that is, of the revolution of the heavenly bodies, and his theory of the significance of numbers has had a hold of the human mind which continues to some extent to the present day.

† *Pseudoxia Epidemica.*

pigeon and some others, have no gall; the origin of which is, that there is no gall bladder, as in the human organism; and Aristotle, with an inaccurate generality, uses the word χολη for the gall bladder and the gall; but the fact is that all these animals have that secretion, but by a somewhat varying arrangement. In the horse there is a large expansion of a part of the hepatic duct, forming a sort of reservoir and admitting of a more free flow of bile into the duodenum, which produces more frequent excretion. In the deer gall is found in the entrails, probably is secreted there; the excrements of the pigeon show the same thing in a large proportion; in fact the pigeon or dove may be called hot-livered, as shown by its amatory propensities, which disproves the correctness of Shakespear's expression, "pigeon-livered and lack-gall."*

The vast array of spectral apparitions belong to all ages and countries. Always and everywhere they have, to a large extent, been the subject of popular tradition and faith; nor has it been merely among the ignorant that the stories of ghosts have had credence, but even minds of high culture have been unable wholly to divest themselves of a secret dread of supernatural visitors in the solitude of midnight; nor is it the weakly and faint-hearted only who have testified to such visitations; the strong-nerved and courageous have also had a like experience, as Brutus at Philippi, Luther at the Wartburgh, and other celebrities in ghostly history.

An overwrought condition of the mind, whether of painful anxiety or of despair, may account for deceptions of the senses, as when in dreams images crowd the mind with apparent reality. Association also has much to do with it; the bed in

* To say that the pigeon had no gall (Sir Thomas Brown remarks,) was a tropical expression denoting that it had no anger, but has been construed anatomically. But it might with equal, or even greater, propriety have been said that it had no heart, according to the Latin scriptures. (Hos. vii., 10.) "*Factus est Ephraiem sicut columba seducta non habens cor.*" (Eng. ver., "Ephraim is like a silly dove without heart.") So it might be supposed to be of a fierce temper by misrepresentation of Jer. xxv., 38: "*Facta est terra in desolationem a facie irae columbae.*" (Eng. ver., "Their land is desolate because of the fierceness of the oppressor,") and Jer. xlvi., 16, "*Revertamur ad terram nativitatis nostrae, a facie gladii columbae*" (Eng. ver., "Let us go again to the land of our nativity, from the oppressing sword.") In which passages the dove is used as the symbol of the Babylonians from their queen Semiramis and inscribed on their standards.

which we have seen a friend expire, the chamber which has been shrouded in death, even the burial place where the body has been deposited, will recall the form of the deceased. A very sensitive, nervous organism will even by thought alone reproduce the familiar face and figure, and it has been supposed that most of the cases of reported spectres are attributable to some morbid state of the senses, or preternatural action of the mind. This, however, would be a narrow basis upon which to account for the infinitely various cases that have been reported. It seems more probable that some at present unknown affinity with the spirit world may yet be developed. A sensible writer has remarked that the facts in respect to apparitions are not sufficiently authenticated to establish a scientific theory, yet that the reports are not without value. "The multitude of the cases narrated, their constant recurrence in all times and places, their extreme similarity in all sorts of local and temporary circumstances * * * continue to indicate the great common underground of some vast and complicated order of neglected and misunderstood phenomena."*

Until, however, there shall be some new elucidation, tending to the development of a scientific principle involved in this class of cases, we must set them down among *popular illusions*, with only the distinctive trait of being nearer universal than any other deception of the human mind.

It is worthy of observation that spectral appearances have always been associated with lonely places, with darkness and other incidents repugnant to the living. This natural proclivity of the imagination was made by Plato the basis of a singular theory; that spirits which were in an impure state at death, retaining something of the body, wander about as shadowy phantoms among tombs, seeking to be reunited to a corporeal nature, and that this is finally accomplished by union with the bodies of animals having like habits with those to which such souls had given themselves in life.† So in all times the graveyard has been deemed peculiarly haunt-

* "Ghosts and Ghost Seers," from *North British Review.*

† Plato's *Phaedo.*

ed by ghosts. A deserted house is also subject to popular stories of spectral visitation, especially if some deed of violence has been committed there, or suspected to have been; and a chamber which has long been unoccupied will in like manner be the dread of domestics in a family.

If reason had any influence over the mind in respect to the supernatural, a question would arise why spirits having, as is always supposed, the power of free motion, should choose for resort places that were repugnant to them when in the body; this question could be solved only by assuming that it was not by choice, but imposed as a penalty; or, on Plato's hypothesis, that the soul is after death given over to the control of whatever was impure and loathsome in its nature. Again, the popular idea as to those who have communication with the spirits of the dead, witches, necromancers, &c., associates them with repulsive forms and expression, showing that every thing connected with the supernatural is assigned to *wicked* spirits as being their peculiar domain; and many poor creatures have incurred the penalty of witchcraft or sorcery merely by reason of haggish, shrivelled or disease-stricken form and features.

Mesmerism and clairvoyance are modern forms of magic. The theory is that one mind may have power over another so as to supersede the natural volition of the latter and impose the will of the former, whereby the subject of this superimposed will is made to think and act wholly by its direction. An advance beyond this is when the mesmerizer produces what is called a *magnetic sleep*, in which the subject is withdrawn from external impressions, becomes insensible to outward applications, and such as would at other times be painful, but is endowed with supernatural vision, can see through interposing obstructions, and even has a view of the interior of the human organism. Nor is this vision limited to a present object, but upon having his attention directed to a person who is not present, the sleeper will have a like vision in respect to him. This has given rise to consultation of clairvoyants by or for the sick, and some physicians are in the habit of sending patients to them, of whose ailments they are in doubt. A still further advance is made when

instead of occasional illumination under the immediate application of mesmeretic power, it becomes a permanent condition, so that at any time by self-concentration there will be a supernatural perception.

It is also related that in some persons it is intuitive and not the result of manipulation and practice. Thus a French physician recently deceased,* who was celebrated for his discernment of the locality and nature of diseases, declared upon his death bed that he owed it to the power of clairvoyance, whereby he had actual vision of the inner organism of his patients, and could thus perceive the precise condition of the part affected; that he could also see within himself, and he stated how far his disease had progressed and how long he had to live, which prediction was fulfilled! Such is the report of the case, how well authenticated we cannot vouch.

Although the originator of this method of supernaturalism, or rather of the theory of a similitude of magnetism in the human system, was pronounced a charlatan by a committee of very distinguished men in 1784,† and for a considerable time the belief in the theory was limited for the most part to that class who have ever been the subjects of imposture; yet more recently the present phase of the system has been sustained, in part at least, by some men of scientific distinction.

Clairvoyance may, therefore, be considered as having been elevated to something more than mere practice upon the credulity of men. The theory is not wholly new. Bacon refers to something like it, and although rejecting the pre-

* Armand Trousseau.

† The committee was appointed by the Medical Faculty of Paris. Dr. Franklin and Lavoisier were members of it. The experiments were exhibited, not by Mesmer himself, but by his acolyte, D. Eslon, who was, however, fully conversant with the subject. In 1831 a report was made by another committee, appointed in like manner by the same Faculty, which sustained the claim that mesmerism had a scientific basis, but it had then become essentially different in its aspect from what it was represented to be on the first occasion, the magnetic sleep and clairvoyance having in the mean time been brought out by Puysegur, and the whole subject elaborately illustrated by Deleize.

In England, Dr. Braid has pursued the investigation and established, as he supposes, a science to which he gives the name of *neurypnology*, the magnetic sleep being denominated *hypnotism*. His deductions are within a more limited range than the French and German speculations, and are confirmed as entirely reliable by Dr. Carpenter, who is a good authority in physiology.

tentions of Paracelsus and others, who "exalted the power of imagination so as to make it one with the power of miracle working faith;" he rather favors the idea that, like contagion or passage from body to body, there may be transmissions from spirit to spirit without the mediation of the senses.

A cautious thinker will, however, call to mind that pretended miracles and feats of magic have been exhibited in every age, and been supported by an amount of testimony which it is not easy to overcome, yet all in their turn have faded out from the minds of men under the caustic erosion of practical sense. New charlataneries have successively appeared; the old been gradually forgotten or discarded. That a similar result awaits this modern development in the ceaseless pursuit of the supernatural, we think, may be safely predicted. Its fundamental principle, if sustainable, would subvert the moral government of the world. A possible tyranny of one mind over others, not by persuasion, by weight of argument, or by attraction of sympathy, but by brute force—the will of the stronger overpowering that of the weaker—is abhorrent to our moral nature.

The various methods by which influence is ordinarily obtained over the minds of men, are consistent with individual freedom, and so far as there may, in any instance, appear unusual domination, it is still the moral power of superior traits of human character; sometimes the heroic verging, perhaps, on ferocity in its excess of energy;* but oftener, and chiefly, the benign. We yield with admiring docility to the precepts or admonitions of one who exhibits in his life a kind regard for his fellow men, and an entire people may be led where goodness is combined with great endowment, whether in action or in thought.

But the magnetic hypothesis would give over the delicate,

* But even those who have called forth admiration by great achievement have attached their followers and inspired a self-sacrificing devotion by more amiable phases of disposition. Napoleon was the idol of his soldiers, not solely by reason of his victories, but in a large measure by his personal attention to the lowest in rank and provident care for their wants. This was, indeed, greatly magnified in their estimation by his exhibition of tremendous power in action, as the combination is so rare.

the sensitive, the intellectual, to the low-lived practices of coarse and sensual minds.* The will of an evil nature is in our poor humanity stronger than that of the good. It is more lawless, and therefore unrestrained. What there is in us of good has need to be cherished by divine precept, nay, even by a divine example.

Phrenology is not so repulsive to our natural feeling of independence, but when followed out in exact detail it establishes a fatalism which is singularly attractive to unreasoning minds. Most men are quite ready to be relieved of responsibility for what is wrong in their habit of life, in other words, they are willing to continue in an evil course without effort against it and to seek justification or apology in an imagined predestination by the very institution of their nature. They would resent duress by human agency, but yield complacently to the hypothesis that they were constituted as they are by a higher power and cannot act otherwise than as was thus prescribed.

To such men phrenology comes with natural persuasiveness; it furnishes precisely what is wanted in palliation of moral obliquity. It also attracts such as have a proclivity to a show of worldly wisdom in opposition to the higher forms of moral and religious truth. There is a satisfaction to a man's pride in the display of a pseudo knowledge, acquired without study or scholarly education, which can be used with apparent effect against old and generally received opinions. Whether this be a sufficient explanation or whatever may be the cause, it is observable that phrenology has chiefly attracted the low-minded, some by the flattery of having external developments, that, according to that philosophy, indicate remarkable gifts, others by the gravitation to a fatalism which justifies all their short-comings.

It might seem surprising that so great a thinker as Comte should have given any countenance to a theory so base in principle, and having so little of the intellectual. But the general tendency of his views was materialistic, and there

* Dumas' "Memoirs of a Physician," which was designed as a delineation of Cagliastro, furnishes a vivid illustration of the revolting consequences that might be expected, if there was any basis for this pretended science.

was, too, something in the hypothesis of Gall that the human faculties are developed by exercise and wasted by inactivity. But as to the exterior projection of these faculties upon the superfices of the head constituting a map whereon may be seen all that is contained within the cranium; the idea was, *a priori*, an absurdity and could only be established by absolute demonstration, instead of which the proofs which have been essayed have been wholly abortive.

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ART. III.—1. *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.* By J. C. PRITCHARD. London.

2. *Histoire critique de l'etablissement de Colonies Greques.* Par RAOUL-ROCHETTE. Paris.

3. *Origine des Pelasges.* GEINOS. Paris.

4. *Die Etrusker.* (*The Etruscans.*) C. O. MÜLLER. Berlin.

5. *History of Roman Literature.* DUNLAP. London.

6. *Geschichte der Rom. Literatur.* (*Hist. of Roman Literature.*) J. C. F. BAHR. Berlin.

The science of geology has given to the world glimpses of the animal kingdom in ages far remote from the creation of man. Huge beasts and huger reptiles lived and moved and worked out the wonders of creation at a time when man, according to Darwin, was yet in the progressive stage. But the crust of the earth had hidden their bony structures from curious and speculative eyes for so long a time that pious men doubted if it was orthodox to believe in them at all. Cuvier had indeed pronounced, from a careful inspection of a fossil, that it was not only such an one as did not exist on the earth at present, but that it was competent for science to arrange and classify all these outlaws, and to determine the epoch at which they flourished. But who was Cuvier? very justly demanded the timid righteous; who was this audacious Frenchman who dared to establish data that would controvert the writings of Moses? Was it not possible that Satan had formed these bones of malice prepense in a rationalistic and infidel age, in order that the souls of Christian men might be led into lasting destruction?

Unfortunately for the gentlemen whose piety united Cuvier, Satan and geology in so strange a combination, the era of steam locomotion was close at hand. Cuttings and tunnellings were made through venerable hills and immemorial banks, in every possible direction. Now, it not unfrequently happens that in the quiet English villages which were invaded by the "navvies," the only men of education are the doctor and the clergyman. To the sameness of parochial existence the new science, backed up by the fossils which the navvies were selling by bushel baskets, offered a charming relaxation, which they were not slow to seize upon. Hence came the curious fact that half the most ardent and practical geologists were either clergymen or doctors—men who were undeniably sound as rocks from any taint of infidelity, and not to be put down or silenced by any wild shrieks from timid brethren. These men, to whom the geologic hammer had become an institution, fought the battles of the young science with such honesty of purpose and vigor, that they carried their point, and reconciled the world at large to a system which started out by declaring that the earth was very, very old, and that the wonders of creation were neither wrought in six days, nor in the order related in Genesis.

On this point orthodoxy declared itself satisfied, but on the subject which we are about to discuss orthodoxy is still very restive. Having admitted that the earth was very old, it ought also to be admitted that man's existence on the earth is much more ancient than has generally been supposed. The chronology of the church has given to us as the present date, 5872, founding it on the idea that Christ came into the world in the year 4004. Now, if the more ancient Hebrew numerals were well understood, which they are not, there would still be an error in taking this date as it stands, and for this reason: that the number *chahel*, or forty, in Semitic languages, means an indefinite number. Thus the Arabs call Persepolis *chahel menior*, the forty pillars, and in Hindustani *chalis rissale*, forty squadrons, means an immense multitude of cavalry. Moreover the number forty is repeated over and over again in the Old Testament, and appears to have a mystic and occult meaning. Now, in the number 4004 we have the mystic word repeated forwards and backwards, which is a truly Oriental ar-

rangement, as in the word for God, Al-la. There is really no reason whatever for adopting the present chronology as biblical, or even as the legitimate result of biblical dates, for it is neither the one, nor the other. It is the simple result of a misappreciation of the word forty, even as again and again the word which implied dynasty has been translated generation. Orthodoxy must permit the world to doubt the infallibility of the translators, whilst it venerates the sacred word itself. And therefore, in the discussion of those subjects which we have termed the fossils of history, it must plainly be understood that we claim a far higher antiquity for man than has been accorded to him by Moses.

There are, in the history of the world, several races that appear to us indirectly, and, as it were, in a fossilized condition. Of such is the Pelasgic and, in a less degree, the Etruscan. Of the former we know nothing, save through Greek poetry and Greek legends. The Pelasgians were, according to them, a race of people stained with strange crimes, worshiping the Saturnian deities, and ignoring utterly or offering partial and maimed rites to Zeus and his accompanying great divinities. They dealt in magical charms and incantations; they were objects of dread and horror, they were served at table by ghosts whom they raised from the silence of the tomb. Their cities were terrible; the adventurous merchant who ventured to visit them in search of gain marched through long sombre streets, adorned with huge mysterious piles, in honor of beings never mentioned among the pure and guileless Ionians. He met priests clad in long flowing garments of strange cut and texture, who passed through the throng muttering prayers that sounded far too like incantations to be holy or beneficent. Throughout the nights lurid fires burned on secret altars, strange and awful sounds were heard in fitful rollings, stranger feasts were eaten, at which the fare was loathsome to the chaste Ionic mind. Animals prowled around who had human eyes and human sagacity, and, it was thought, had sometime been men. There were even legends of fair women who enticed strangers to amorous dalliance, and then turned them into bestial shapes. The very seamen of those Pelasgic cities of Asia Minor were not as other sailors, frank and open

in their bearing. Their faces were sullen and downcast, and they preferred foul weather to fair, and were most at home amid the fogs of the Ægean Sea.* Whence came those fogs? In the Tyrrhene blue waters there were none, but the Ægean had numerous Pelasgic poets, and their enchantments produced those fogs and tempests by which they hoped to keep the sea and its commerce to themselves. Nay, they were not honest merchantmen, they were pirates, and attacked all vessels which they met on the seas. For these and other acts of impiety, but more especially for the manner in which they treated strangers, and outraged the laws of hospitality, sacred to the mighty Zeus himself, they were driven as wanderers over land and sea, and their chief cities, and more especially Troy, destroyed utterly. No sooner did they make a settlement and begin to prosper than the divine vengeance came down upon them, and drove them to other fields and pastures new. For this reason they were called *Pelargoi*, which means storks, being, as Dionysus absurdly remarks, like to that bird which is continually wandering.†

It is certain, in the first place, that no bird is more constant to the place it has chosen for rearing its young than the stork. It is also certain that the stork was a sacred bird with a high reputation for piety, and, in the third place, it is certain that pelasgoi does not originate from pelargoi, which word is undoubted-derivable from pelagos the ocean, the stork being a bird which, after the fledging of his young, always flew seaward. Therefore pelargoi would mean sea birds, and not wanderers. But it is evident to the candid reader that if pelasgoi meant only wanderers, or storks, or sea lovers, it would only have been a Greek nick-name—a cognomen. Because the English call their neighbors Jean Crapaud, it by no means follows that they call themselves so. So history demands not what the Greeks called this race, hated by the gods, but what name they gave themselves; and we are sorry to say that no one, as yet, has replied to the demand. But men have arisen who have disposed very conclusively of the name Pelasgi, and, according to their hypotheses, the name never belonged to the race to whom it

* *Origine des Pelasges*, pp. 140–160.

† *Horæ Pelasgeæ*, p. 120.

is now given, but was misapplied by Dionysus, who traced its meaning from pelargoi—storks.*

To trace out the confused thread which we find in fossilized conditions, we must first disabuse our minds of the pictures which the Greeks drew of this unknown people. The great poem of the Hellenic nation represents the desperate struggle between the races, and in the glowing hexameters of Homer, and the glorious description of Hector, we may find a truer and more generous portraiture of the so-called Pelasgians. It will be noticed that Greek and Trojan speak a language which, if not identical, is easily intelligible on both hands. The weapons are the same, but there is a tendency on the part of the Trojan to use the bow, a weapon accounted cowardly by the Hellenic chivalry. There is also internal evidence that in architecture the Trojan surpassed the Greek, more especially in the fortifications which surrounded the city, and in the palaces of the nobility. The Greeks account for this by supposing that Neptune and Apollo built those famous walls. Both are maritine nations, and yield supremacy to none save the far-sailing Tyrrhian barks, whose sails and purple standards penetrated to every sea. But still even in Homer the charge of impiety to the gods is maintained, and in spite of the partiality of some of the Olympians, the fate of the city has been definitely determined. Troy must fall on account of the impiety of its inhabitants. It will be owned that in the pages of the Iliad the great Pelasgic people appear in much more favorable colors than elsewhere. But is it evident that the Hellenic kings and tribes were unaminous on the point of their expulsion. They were determined to drive them far away from any point where they could enter into competition with themselves. Accordingly the remnant seeks refuge in Italy, and lays the foundation of ancient Rome. Now in this legend of Æneas and his companions, it is rational to suppose, lies some truth. Probably this race, evidently cognate to the Greeks, and skillful mariners, had already planted colonies in that quarter, and what can be more likely than that after the burning of their chief city they should take their galleys and flee to their prospering col-

* Dion. Hal., i., 35. Müller, *Geschichte der hellenischen Stamme.*, p. 100.

onies. But the language they spoke was so akin to the Greeks that historians of that country continually confound the two, and call the Trojan settlements *Magna Græcia*. There might have been, there certainly were some, Hellenic colonies in Italy, but the great majority were Pelasgian. But why were they so called? And what was the blunder that Dionysus committed in his history?

There was a race which existed at that time in Italy which called itself by the proud name of Ra-Senna, and was known commonly as Etruscan. That race, also an historic fossil, has had so great an influence upon the world, that much information has been gleaned about it. But though in the pages of Roman history we find enough to convince us that this people was Khamitic, there is not a single word to tell us whence the Ra-Senna came, at what time, or under what circumstances. All this is dark and unknown. But as the man who lives in gloomy caverns by long use has enabled himself to see clearly in the dim obscurity, so the patient toiler in the mines of history is enabled to distinguish and to note objects indecypherable to other eyes. Juvenal tells us that they wrote from right to left, and that they were much given to fortune-telling, and the sale of philters and charms, and that all the astrologers and professors of mysterious knowledge in his day were Etruscan. They alone divined the fortunes of the future from the intestines of the victims and the livers of the sacred birds, and to them the education of the youth destined to sacred professions was always entrusted. From other sources we find that they conquered the Pelasgic colonies, and that they were hardy seamen and adventurous merchants, and that they cleared the seas of the Pelasgian navies, which were devoted to piracy. They excelled in gold work, and also in pottery; their vases of early date being peculiar in design and altogether original in ornamentation. After they conquered a race so akin to the Greeks their pottery and their gold working became more like the Hellenic workmanship, and less original.* In these later times, the subjects on the vases were generally taken from the Iliad, but in the former and the purer Etruscan the subjects were original, with this peculiarity: that the figures were in black

* Gilbert, *Les Prémiers habitants de la Grece*, pp. 100–4.

and red, or white and red; but that the red figures always typified the Etrurians themselves.*

Now, this boasting of themselves as red men would lead us at once to the Edomites or Adamites, seeing that the literal meaning of Edom or Adam is *red people*. In the earlier Egyptian paintings in relief the same idea is manifested; the kings and warriors being painted a lively red, whilst their enemies are sometimes white, sometimes light red, sometimes black. There exists, too, in the British museum, a fresco painting where the four kinds of men are represented. The red (Egyptian), the light (Ionian), the light red (Assyrian), and the black (Ethiopian.) Now, putting aside any preconceived ideas we might have had on the subject from a false interpretation of biblical truths, we shall see that this idea of the red man was Khamitic. What were the Khamitic nations? Well, the Phœnicians were Khamitic; and the Egyptians were Khamitic; and the people who dwelt along the Red sea, and in the land of Edom, and in Palestina proper (before the irruption of the Jews) were all Khamitic.

But this word Palestina is a singular one, and its derivation is necessary before we go further. It would seem, according to Bunsen and Champollion's translation of the hieroglyphic writings, that *Paleshth* (Palestinians) was the generic name by which the Khamitic peoples were known. But Palestinoi and Palestoi are the words by which the Greeks and Romans described the dwellers in the above named regions who were not Jews. Paleshth is also the name given by the hieroglyphics to the fierce Hyksos, who have also been called Palestinians. Now, as the world is not, as yet, perfect master of Phœnician and Egyptian literature, and as Etruscan letters are still a sealed mystery, we do not know *what* Paleshth means, but we do know *who* it means. And in Latin it is written Palestini, Palatini, Palesti and Palati.† Now, from Palesti or Palati to Pelasgoi is not a far step, seeing that the Greeks invariably Hellenized every word that fell into their clutches. Thus Xenophon makes Daruish into Darius, and Pasargardæ into Persepolis. Pelasgoi then would mean the race who conquered, and the name, by an error, would be given to the conquered, and would be used

* Dunlop, *Hist. Rom. Lit.*, vol. i., p. 26, *et seq.*

† Schöll, *Hist. de litt. Rom.*, vol. i., Intro. p. 4.

to designate them even before they met with the Etruscans. It is plain that the Etruscans must have meant at first the Tuscan people who were subdued by these invading Paleshth. Now, Tuscan or Etruscan, Oscan, Cascan, Priscan, all belong to a race which was not Pelasgic in either sense. Yet, by an error, the name adhered to the conquerors, and, by a similar error, the name of the conquerers fell upon the victims who came from the distant Pergamos. But, for even a more striking example, we can take England, where the haughty Norman barons called themselves English, though the word was Saxon, and intimated a descent from the Angelisch or Angli, and to-day the same English call themselves Britons, though truly they should be called Anglo-Saxo-Normans. But though, if these facts be conceded, Pelasgi should be mentioned only in connection with the Ad-om—red men—the misfortune is, that unless we invent a name for the colonists from Asia Minor we shall be at some loss to express our meaning. Let us, therefore, call them Tyrrhenians, since they always lived in the vicinity of the Tyrrhenian sea.

Now, how comes it that this people should be so greatly at variance with the Greeks, and yet should speak a similar language? If we, moreover, examine into the mythology, we become very much dissatisfied with the idea that Zeus and Saturn are different divinities. The stories told of both are so exactly similar, the concealment of birth, the substitution of a stone, the war against the father and the brothers who ruled the sea and hill, that we are forced to believe, not that one religion superseded another, but that, in reality, they were two representations of the same thing. Let us suppose that there existed a tribe somewhere in the heart of Asia Minor, the original parent of both Greek and Tyrrhenian. Other hordes press upon them, and part emigrate and fall under the tutelage and instruction of the Phœnician people, the Sidonians being at that time paramount.*

Afterwards the whole tribe migrate and build cities in juxtaposition with their brethren, receiving instruction from, and acknowledging the supremacy of Tyre. The Phœnician religion was cosmic, but the Greeks did not love abstract ideas, and always personified them. And, as the idol-

* Müller, *Die Etrusker.*

ator cannot separate the symbol from the divinity, so the Hellenic poets failed to discern the abstract idea behind the impersonification. So the two squabbled over the same truth, just because they were unable to read the secret meaning of the religious myths. And we, whose history narrates the exploits of Gustavus Vasa, the protestant hero, and of sundry catholic heroes, can realize how dreadful a hatred would originate between the colonists and the mother tribe. The original colonists got beaten, very probably because the Ionians obtained the assistance of Tyre, which was the guiding spirit of the clime and age. And this may probably account for the fact of our tracing no name to them except Pelasgian, which was not theirs; for the strong probability is that they called themselves Ionians; and this, moreover, is supported by the fact that they had frequent communications with the Egyptians at a time when the Ionians proper had not appeared on the stage of history.

In one of the frescoes before mentioned is a deputation from the Uinni, which has undoubted reference to the Ionians. And at that time no authentic Ionian colonies had made their appearance on the sea coast of Asia Minor. The traditions that the Greeks received their lore from the Egyptians is very doubtful; for it will be remarked that this people, coming from the interior, must have fallen into the hands of a maritime people, because they became in a short time maritime. But the Egyptians had no fleet, hated and despised the sea and all that belonged to it, so that all legends about Egyptian teachings must be received with caution. More than that, the Greeks got their letters from the Phœnicians, and not from the Egyptians, whose highest form of writing, the anaglyph, was yet not so advanced as the true system of letters, representing sounds and combinations of sounds. If it were not foreign to the scope of this article, we would quote Bunsen to show that the Egyptian gods were nothing but the *Eabiri* of Phœnicia, and that the form under which the Greeks and Romans and Tyrrhenian-Ionians worshipped them, shows conclusively that they did not get their knowledge from Egypt, where they had the very vaguest conception of their original great gods, and, indeed, superseded them in time by a worship in which the hand of Obi and of Fetische is a little too discernible.*

* Schöll, vol. iii., p. 5.

The Tyrrhenian-Ionians then fled to Italy, and fell under the power of the conquering Paleshth. But not all of them; some tribes, especially those of Magna Græcia, maintained their independence. They, moreover, are said by tradition to have laid the foundation of glorious Rome. Now, a little careful examination will show that this is no vague rumor, but an actual fact, and we may say that the descendants of the wanderers from Asia Minor in the course of time took as hearty and as vigorous a vengeance upon the descendants of their persecutors as imagination could wish. Nay, more, the posterity of Achilles and of Agamemnon became the lackeys and the toad-eaters of the posterity of Hector and of Dardanus. The sentence, "*Græculus esuriens*," is a sufficient offset for the flames of Troy, and the poetic Nemesis acknowledges herself amply satisfied with the degradation of the proud and pitiless Hellenes.

We are perfectly well aware that this has to be proved, and that the world will not accept as proof quotations from the Æneid. Nor do we propose to offer them. Our chief authority will be Niebuhr, and a little more to the purpose than Virgil's from Homer and from Ennius. And in taking the Latin language as the basis of our argument, we do that which is irrefragable; for language cannot lie. If we meet words in the Latin which are identical with the Greek, we know at once that there must have been some connection with the Greek; but if no possible proof can be urged of any such connection, then the alternative is that the words are indigenous. But that proves also that those indigenous inhabitants, from whom the words came, must have been, if not Greek, which they decidedly were not, then Tyrrhenic-Ionian; for they, and they alone, spoke the same language as the Greeks.*

We do not wish it to be understood that we assert they spoke the same language; but it was cognate to it, and intelligible to the children of Hellas. But if in the same Latin language we find unquestionable traces of German and Gaelic, by the self same argument we are forced to admit that part of the indigenous Romans must have been Gaelic and Teutonic.

* Dunlop, *Hist. of Rom. Lit.*

If the words *pater*, *mater*, *vos*, *vomer*, *ops*, all prove that the Tyrrhenic-Ionians formed part of the Roman race, then the words *manlius*, *furia*, and, hundreds more speak for the German, and the words *vir*, *gallus*, etc., for the Gaelic elements. So we may conclude from the language that our friends of Troy did, through time, get their revenges upon their cruel foes.

But proof also could be adduced from the method of fighting, which was identical, at first, with that adopted by the Greeks, and known as the phalanx, and we must admit that the same method of fighting was in vogue with the Gaels, and down to 1745 was used by the Highlanders of Scotland. It is simply the charge in column, the noblest and best armed being in front, and the baser class and badly armed in rear. Many historians have enlarged upon the difference between the Roman legion and the Greek phalanx; but they seem to have overlooked the fact that until the Etruscan kings had changed the array into a triple line, there was no difference. Then, indeed, when the proud Paleshth had inaugurated a radical change in their armament and battle line, and had instituted a system of earthworks and strict military discipline, the Roman Eagle began to soar, and her scream was heard afar among the nations of the earth; for it was to the teaching of the Paleshth, to his glorious intermarriages with them, that the Celsi Rhamnes owed their supremacy.

Through those intermarriages it came about that the cheek of the legionary was olive, and his hair coal-black, and his nose like the beak of an eagle, and his eye dark and ardent. Such complexions came neither from the fair-haired Teuton, nor the ruddy Gaul, nor from the blue-eyed, white-skinned Ionian. The Paleshth had been there. His complexion and blood can be traced throughout the modern people of the Mediterranean, as the Arab stallion can be seen in our blooded stock. And in the unreliable histories of Rome which are used in schools, and which appear to be gleanings from Cornelius Nepos and Eutropius, nothing stands out so surely as that the Tarquins were Etruscan princes.*

Unfortunately, the true records of early Roman history were

* Nammacheri, *Comment. de litt. Rom.*, p. 120.

destroyed at the time of the Gaelic invasion under Brennus, and in later times the Romans industriously perverted history, so that they should seem to have been always victorious. But through all the discrepancies and lies and rubbish that are given to studious youth as early Roman history, we cannot mistake one fact, and that is, that both Romulus and Numa Pompilius must be excluded as mythic. We are gravely told that Romulus divided the Romans into three tribes, when it is evident, upon the very face of history as it were, that those tribes belonged to different nations, and coalesced at different epochs. Nay, more, Romulus and Remus are the same word precisely, like Jack and Johnnie. Remus (the *r* being aspirated) is the son of Rhea, a goddess, the *bona dea*, ancient protecting deity of Rome, and worshipped with mysterious and unknown rites. The first tribe is called Rhamnes, and evidently owes its name to this Remus, from whom the whole clan was descended, and he took his name from a divinity whom he claimed as his mother. The second tribe is called Tities, we are told, after Agnus Tatius, king of Quirioum, a Sabine town inhabited by the Quirites, and situated on the hill Quirinalis. In after times the word Quirites meant at first the poorer classes of the city, and at last was used indifferently for all Roman citizens who belonged to the city. The third tribe was called Luceres, the word being derivable from *lucerno*, Etruscan word for noble, and inhabited the Cœlian hill, so called from Cœles Vipenna, a Etruscan general who was expelled from Vei, and took refuge in the rising city.* It is clear, however, that though Romulus was a myth, and Remus died ages before Rome was thought of, yet the first tribe, the Celsi Rhamnes, were truly of Tyrrheni-Ionian origin. They represented the Greek element in the language. The Sabine origin of the second tribe must also be admitted, and they were Gaelic. But the third tribe was Etruscan, was Paleshth, beyond the shadow of a doubt. The third and fourth kings may have been native, their names imply it—Tullus Hostilius, Ancus Martius. One name smacks of the Greek element, the other reveals the fact that some of the nations ending in

* Müller, *Die Etrusker*.

*cus* had joined Rome, for the name simply implies the warlike Ancan, or the Ancan protected by Mars. But the next name is Servius Tullius. Now Servius does not mean servile, by any means, but is a corruption of Sero-uios, son of the evening, to which a kindred word will be found in the Hebrew *zeruiah*, which bears precisely the same interpretation. We therefore claim Servius as an Etruscan king. The glorious record of those princes, what they did for Rome, their drainings, their buildings, their conquests over surrounding nations and angry warlike tribes, hating the idea of owning supremacy to another people, their attention to the arts and sciences, the changes they introduced into the existing religion—all these things would be pleasant to speak of, but would lead us away from the main branch of our subject. We shall therefore think it sufficient to say that the Tyrrhenian-Ionians gave the first tribe to Rome, but that its civilization and its military genius came from the Etruscans. To some extent, then, we have placed our fossils in their proper position. The whole truth can never, however, be known until the secret of Etruscan writing is solved, and the clue will be found in ancient Phœnicia.

There is another historic fossil which is found occasionally in Italy, more especially in the islands, and in the south. Huge ruins, walls of gigantic rock are found there, seemingly without a plan, and without any attempt at architecture. The ancients who surveyed with wonder the masses of stone piled up in a manner seemingly above human strength, and in wild, savage, solitary places, imagined that these walls were built for pastime by the Cyclops, the one-eyed blacksmith of Vulcan, and called them Cyclopean. But when men who were familiar with Stonehenge, and other Druidic *cromlechs*, began to travel in those regions, they at once detected their Keltic nature. Yet history had given no intimation of this race having inhabited any part of southern Europe. There were the fossil evidences in the sight of all men. Cæsar, a shrewd man, had seen the Druidical sacrifices, and had ridden past many a cromlech, when the fires burned brightly, and the victims shrieked for mercy, and the armed men stood around the ring of stone, with uplifted javelins and glaring eyes. And

he had seen the Cyclopean walls of Italy, and had, perhaps, listened to some fantastic myth of the forges of Ætna. But no glimpse of the truth glanced over that acute mind, nor did any Roman ever suspect that the barbarians of Gaul had once ruled over the sunny lands of the Mediterranean.

Taking up the Keltic as a fossil race, though that is incorrect, since a pretty vigorous tribe of it is still existing, we find that an intimate connection existed between the Kelt and the Gael. The languages were so near akin, that though they were not identical, the Scottish Highlander who spoke Gaelic partially understood the Irish Kern who spoke Erse. But at that early time of which we speak, namely, the period of the conquest of Italy by the Etruscan Paleshth, it must be believed that the Kelts occupied a considerable portion of England. For the Britons were a Gaelic race unquestionably, and crossed over to England from that part of France now known as Brittany. Brith means "ruler," and is undoubtedly Gaelic, the chief potentate of Gaul in Cæsar's time bearing the title of Vergobretus—Vir-go-breth—the man for ruler. The similarity between the Ersic dialect of the Keltic and the Gaelic will be at once understood by comparing the above sentence with the famous Irish battle cry "*Erin go bragh.*"

At the period when all the Brethons were in Bretagne and other parts of France, England was occupied by Kelts. But when the Etruscan Paleshth drove the Gaels from Italy, the same process drove the Kelts from England, the pressure of Gaelic tribes driving part of the Brethons into England, the others remaining in Bretagne as before, the expelled Kelts taking shelter in that part of England which is guarded by the Severn; for the high banks, breadth and rapid current of this river have at all times made it a valuable defence to a fleeing nation. It is fair to suppose that the Gael drove the Kelt out of Italy under similar circumstances, but the question is, did he meet any race there in Italy when he first emigrated? Regarding his race as the earliest emigrants of the Aryans, is there anything in history, are there any fossil remains, any broken architecture, which may reveal to us the pre-existence of some race inhabiting Italy prior to its occupation by the builders of the Cyclopean cromlechs? To this we are obliged to answer, no.

Yet there is much reason to suppose that at the time when the Keltish emigration took place Europe was peopled. The question then resolves itself into two: first, what was the race which inhabited Europe? secondly, is there any reason to suppose that Italy would not be inhabited by that same people? Much of our answer will be conjectural, but founded on historic fossils, and if we call the attention of others to the subject, we shall not have written in vain. We believe they were Turanian, and for the following reasons:

The Kelt, the bright forerunner of the emigrant nations who have made Europe so famous, and have founded America and Australia, was not indeed very far advanced in civilization even as compared with coeval nations. But he had reached a point where comfort commences, a sense of delicacy, and a love of intellectual display. His religion, the Druidic, like every other Aryan religion, had been influenced by the Phœnicians to some extent; for the practice of sacrificing human victims, which unfortunately formed a considerable portion of the Druidic rites, may be at once pronounced as alien to Aryan traditions, and akin to the dark and forbidding rites practised by both Shem and Ham. Within those gloomy circles of stone, known as cromlechs, the pile was reared on which the shrieking victims were fastened with metallic, sometimes golden chains. In one particular spot of that ring the stones were piled higher than elsewhere, and this spot was attainable by steps consecrated to the priesthood. Here, in his glittering robes of white, and holding the mystletoe and the sacred sickle, the high priest, attended by two neophytes, superintended the terrible solemnity. At the openings stood the warriors of the tribes, their huge moustaches falling on their breasts, and their long yellow hair matted and elfish. Their glittering weapons guarded every avenue of escape, and if some victim, roused to frenzy, had burst from the acolytes and the pile, he would have died upon the serried spears. But few ever perished thus, for all believed that such a death would lead to fearful tortures in the next world. The Druidic hymns which appear in the old Irish literature would indicate that the mortal who so offended would become the prey of those terrible witches from whom the Druids and the brave

Keltic warriors had won the island. In the exploits of Fin McCoul and the Fenian chivalry who formed his court, we constantly come upon adventures of dashing young braves who, protected by Druidic spells, confront these fearful beings and conquer them. One in particular records the adventures of three brothers, soldiers of Fin McCoul, and famous for bravery and athletic feats, who rescued the young child of a nobleman which had been stolen by a witch. This awful hag, whose face was so loathsome that men died even to look on it, lived on a tower of steel which floated on Lough Neagh, and revolved with fearful rapidity, moving with exactitude, wherever the skinny hand of the witch pointed. These brothers are successful, but are pursued by the hag, upon which the third brother stations himself in the stern of the boat, stretches out his hands, and utters Druidic charms. The witch, by her arts, has caused a thick fog to steal over the waters, but as the intrepid youth repeats the spell, lightnings come from the tips of his fingers, and disperse the gloom. The second brother hurls a hammer, which strikes the turret down under the waves, and the third, guided by the lightnings from his brother's fingers, shoots an arrow at the swimming hag, who immediately disappears in a pool of blood!*

No doubt the warriors and the women and children of the old times in Ireland listened to this hymn with much interest, and, if the Fates had so willed it, the story might have become as popular as Jack the Giant Killer, and other narratives beloved of children. There is no mystic meaning to it; no lesson of deep import is concealed under its sentences; and the plain import is, that the Keltish warrior, protected by Druidic favor, is equal to any emergency and any foe. This is sufficiently clear, but still there is a dark spot, not indeed through the intention of the narrator, but because he touches on a chord, which, though sounding at his time, has now ceased to vibrate. The supernatural enemies of the Keltic people must have been real in their imagination, or the hymn would not have been written.

* Schlösser, *Univers. Uebersicht der Geschichte der alten Welt.* Thierry, *Hist. de Gaul.*; *vide* also, Pritchard's *Eastern Origin of Celtic Nations.*

The belief in witches who could raise fogs, and had horrible powers, could turn themselves into wild beasts of prey, could ride through the cold moonlit air, and throw diseases upon cattle by a side glance of a lurid eye, is not confined by any means to the ancient Irish, but will be found an article of household faith in all the Aryan homesteads. Even in Greece, in the story of Medea, we recognize a trace of the same thing, and find that the Greeks imputed just those arts to the conquered Pelasgians as the Druid poet speaks of. And here is a curious fact, that in all the Aryan mythologies there is a reference to a contest between their gods and others whom history does not know. The Scandinavians, as far back as can be known, worshipped Thor and his companions. Who then is Loki, who inhabits Utgardi; and the necromantic beings who form his court? In the contests of Krisbna, an incarnation of Brahma, with demons and ferocious animals, history admits at once the explanation that it has reference to the conquest of Turanian India by the white race who worshipped Brahma.

If this be admitted as a correct interpretation for Hindostan, why may not the idea be applied to Scandinavia? In this way Loki would represent not only a god inimical to Thor, but also a race who worshipped him, and were expelled or exterminated by the Scandinavians. That race, indeed, remains, a Turanian one, called the Finns, and it is singular how the superstition about their wicked powers survives. All Russians hold that the Finns have mysterious control over the winds and snows, and also believe that they have alliance with the wolves, and can turn into a lupine or become human at pleasure. Many a story in Russia is founded upon this popular creed: how young men fell in love with beautiful damsels with flashing grey eyes, who snared them into the forests or lonely plains and gave them up to wolves, sharing in the horrid repast, and licking their lovely lips, besmeared with the gore of their lovers; how this had been repeated until the village had been alarmed, had asked questions, had consulted learned authority, and had discovered that the aforesaid damsels were descended from the Finns. Nor is there a sailor of the old school

who has been to Archangel who would ship with a Finn if he could avoid it, or would hesitate to murder him if anything unusual happened on the voyage.

But this belief about the wolves is also found in Germany and in France, the wehr-wolf and the loup-gawn being also staple articles in feuilletons and romances, and even more popular than the Slavonic idea of vampires. We do not say that there is here sufficient material to prove the fact, but there is enough to make it a fair subject of inquiry, whether all these countries, where such a contest of gods is recorded, were not inhabited by Turanian tribes prior to Aryan emigration. We honestly believe there is enough to warrant such an opinion.

We cheerfully admit that there are some works which are pure efforts of the imagination, and that he who attemps to force any meaning beyond the surface one, is misled by his hobby. But when we find a common tradition such as that of witches, and wehr-wolves, we have some warrant for supposing that imagination had something to work upon. Let it be imagined that there was in Ireland at the time of the Keltic emigration there, a tribe of Turanians, who held a form of belief similar to that possessed by the Finns no later than the beginning of the eighteenth century, and we begin to understand the force of the Druidic hymn. The Turanians were still in existence, hovering about the hilly regions within whose bosom the lakes are to be found. The legend, then, represents a contest between Turanians and Kelts, the former being as notorious for kidnapping children as their descendants whom we know as gypsies. They never maltreat them, and the probability is that they steal them, believing that the gypsy race will be improved by an admixture with one stronger and braver. Such was, perhaps, the policy of the ancient Turanians, who had probably a further idea that the Aryan gods would be less unkind to them, if in their midst were Aryan children whom they loved and would protect. They held them, in short, as hostages for the good behavior of the Druidic divinities.*

* See O'Curry's *MS. Materials;* also the *Book of Lecain.; Chronicum Scotorum*, &c., &c.

We see, then, that a careful examination of history shows us that we can never hope to touch the ground or to reach the Antochthones, the indigenous children of the soil. As in geology layer is heaped upon layer, burying little proofs of the lapse of time, and chronicling, as it were, the cycles for our benefit, so in the story of humanity we find race beneath race deep as we may go down. And in arriving at the Turanian Finns as the possessors of Europe in the days gone by, we have shown a strong probability that the Turanian race inhabited Italy. But here a cloud comes over the broken and fragmentary path of traditionary history, and we are compelled to admit that we can go no further with them, unless, indeed, we could identify the earliest inhabitants of the Palafittes with the Finnish peoples. A kindly nature has preserved for the intelligent observation of man the wonderful dwellings on the lakes of Switzerland and the neighboring countries of France and Italy. The researches of skilled archæologists have divided these vestiges into three epochs—stone, bronze and iron. The last is unquestionably Helvetic, and has no very ancient date, probably after the defeat by Cæsar of the canton at Bibracte. The second is as indubitably Keltic; but the first is very dubious. In one place, at least, from the presence of reindeer remains in great abundance, we have a right to conjecture the presence of the Turanian Finns; but how shall we account for the absence of such remains in others? It would seem as if the Finns from the earliest times had domesticated the reindeer, and this belief is corroborated by the discovery of reindeer fossils in the palafittes of one lake. But these men of the stone epoch who had *no* reindeer, who were they? May we, without trenching upon the fabulous, believe in a race of men prior to the Turanian, whom, when he arrived in Europe, he either ousted, or, as he was undoubtedly cannibalistic, perhaps ate. What sort of a man this earliest dweller on the lake was, we may conjecture from the fossils that have been so wonderfully preserved. With the exception of fewer domesticated animals, it is hard to say that the Finns were more advanced in civilization than their victims; but they, feeding on the flesh of the reindeer, had perhaps more enduring

strength than the hunters and fishers of whom we speak, and to whose identity we have no clue. All that we can at present know of them, must be learned from the relics they have left in the ooze of the lakes.*

Their rude weapons, made generally of flint, sometimes of bone, and occasionally of porphyry, would stamp them as being superior to the Digger Indians of this continent. They were fishermen evidently, probably capturing their prey with the bow and arrow, the flint-heads of the latter being found in large quantities. We may, therefore, without much violence, class them as having reached that stage of civilization which was found among the Esquimaux, making the necessary allowance for those inventions which are forced upon the inhabitants of extremely cold climates.

Their huts were peculiar, reminding us irresistibly of the beaver, both in the choice of the site and in the style of building. They chose apparently a high bank, whose walls were washed by a still lake. Underneath this they erected piles in the water, on which they reared a hut of mud and timber, which was exactly similar to the homes of the beavers that once swarmed in the northern part of our country. On the rude flooring, generally of beaten earth, roots, fish bones, flint, arrow heads, bone and stone axes have been found in profusion, and but for these it would be difficult to believe that proud and haughty man had once grovelled in so animal and base a condition. The only possible method of exit or entrance was by the water, as is the case with beavers, a state of things that would seem incomprehensible were it not for the ascertained change in the temperature. This has been brought about by causes foreign to the subject, yet it may be considered as proved that once the temperature of the lake of Geneva was as comfortably warm as the mild waves that dance upon the sands of Tahiti and Owhyhee. We may therefore conclude that this people possessed no domestic animals except, perhaps, a dog, who would have plunged into the water and swum home with him without any hesitation or dissatisfaction. But this absence of domestic animals at once

* *De Antiq. et Orig. Cantab.*

makes us determine that the race under consideration was not Noahic, since all those descended from him, whom historians call the father of the white races, were well provided with flocks and herds before they left the lands between the Oxus and the Jaxartes, the Tigris and Euphrates. This we know by the sacred writings in the possession of these peoples. It is indeed a humiliating reflection, that so far back as authentic history goes there is mention of every domestic animal that is present with us at the present day, and from that day to this we have not added a single one to the list. A bird or two we have conquered, notably the turkey, but no animal, that is to say, no beast. Here, however, is a race that has none. It is, therefore, a legitimate conclusion that it was not Noahic, and we believe that good grounds could be given to show that they were akin to the present Esquimaux.

History does not record that the Kelt and this race ever met, but Geneva is certainly too close to Italy not to have been visited by the Aryan emigrants, the time they swarmed into pleasant Italy. And it is allowable to indulge some little play of fancy, and to endeavor to depict the first astounding meeting between these beaver-like men and the Keltic tribes. When we take up a modern history, we are informed in its pages that Ireland in former times was inhabited by a race of savages plunged in the darkest ignorance, and who were distinguished for their ferocious bravery and restless desire of fighting. And this description is given of the Kelt after unnumbered centuries of progress. We may imagine, then, what he was when he paddled in his coracle over the waters of the lake of Geneva, and rushed into the huts which the inhabitants vacated by plunging into the water and diving like fowl. In some they remained perhaps from sickness, perhaps stupefied by terror, perhaps impelled by a curiosity similar to what may be seen among wild animals who have never seen man. To them the Kelt must have seemed a demi-god, a being as wonderful as Columbus appeared to the simple people of Hayti. With equal curiosity the offshoot of the Aryans looked upon these wild yet simple people. On the one side was the

oldest nation of the earth, on the other the youngest. In one the germ of progress was but feeble, and could not aspire to much. In the other, it was far more capable, and, by subsequent union with the Teutonic, has reared its head proudly among the peoples of the earth. But, as in the present day, the law that an inferior civilization must perish before a superior, proved its truth, and, while the Kelt speaks in our senates, commands in our armies, and leads our battle ships through the gauntlet of fire, the very existence of those earliest dwellers on the lake has only just floated up from the bottom of the still waters. Yet they stood face to face at the moment of which we write, so far back in the past that chronology takes to its heels and flies in terror from the accumulated centuries. Here we pause. We have reached a limit to our power of investigation, and are compelled to say reluctantly that fossil history for us ceases with the palafittes of the stone era. Yet we do not despair. The days were when our crusading ancestors looked with dull amazement upon the pyramids, the dumb histories of Egyptian dynasties. Yet to-day Champollion and others read their papyri with ease and fluency. May we not, then, indulge in a fond anticipation of some coming scholar who shall unravel the mystery of the Etruscan character, and in so doing shed a ray of extraordinary light upon what are vainly termed pre-historic times?

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ART. IV.—1. *Lives of the Queens of Scotland.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vols. III., IV., V., and VI. New York, 1854.

2. *Critical Examination of the supposed letters of Mary Queen of Scots, to James, earl of Bothwell.* By WALTER GOODALL, keeper of the archives at Edinburgh. Edinburgh.

3. *An inquiry, historical and critical, into the evidence against Mary Queen of Scots, and an examination of the histories of Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume, with respect to that evidence.* By WM. TYTLER, vice-president of the society of Scottish antiquaries. Edinburgh.

4. *Life of Mary Queen of Scots.* By DONALD MCLEOD. New York, 1857.

A TRUE historian should never allow his prejudices to sway his mind in judging events, or appreciating the character of individuals. Yet, so much is man under the influence of religious or political bias, that impartiality is the rarest quality of a writer. In all history perhaps no one has been the object of such contradictory opinions as the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. She lived in a period of such bigotry, when factions tore Scotland into shreds, and when "treasons, stratagems and spoils" were the order of the day, as they always are in times of abrupt changes in national habits, that writers of equal respectability and learning have alternately painted her, now as the murderess of her husband, Darnley, and the adulteress of Bothwell; and again as a model of purity, and a martyr to her religious convictions. Not only men of the historical standing of Robertson and Hume, but popular writers like Dickens, Thackeray and Schiller, have pronounced severe judgments on Mary.

It would be wrong to say that bigotry had warped the appreciation of all those writers; for some of them are men of marked liberality; and the most ardent champions of Mary's reputation, are of a creed different from her own. Miss Strickland, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Tytler, and Mr. McLeod, if they were to yield to the influence of religious prejudice, would be the opponents instead of the defenders of the Queen of Scots. We have carefully read their works, as well as the statements of Mary's enemies, and we have tried to be impartial in forming an estimate of her character, and of the value of the testimony brought against her. The reader will judge for himself, after reading this article, whether our belief that Mary was innocent of the crimes laid to her charge is well founded or not.

Thomas Salmon, royal geographer to the English court, a man in other respects very much prejudiced against Mary, wrote in 1760: "The king of Scots," (Mary's husband, Darnley,) "was murdered by the contrivance of the earls of Murray and Bothwell; and Murray, to throw the odium of it on the queen, persuaded her to marry Bothwell; after which, Murray and the lords took her prisoner and com-

pelled her to resign her crown to her son." Salmon thus bluntly acquits her of the charge of murder, though he says nothing of the charge of adultery. Can it be that the beautiful and accomplished queen, the heroine of so much poetry and romance, whose sad history has brought tears to many a fair eye, and the frown of indignation to many a manly brow, is sullied by crimes which should excite horror and disgust? We shall examine the proofs brought against her and the rebutting testimony of her defenders.

The learned Bayle, who was impartial even to scepticism, has made an observation on the history of Mary Stuart which we cite with pleasure. "One of two things must have been the case: either that they who forced that princess out of her kingdom, were the greatest villains in nature; or that she was the most infamous of women. These are two scales of a balance equally poised; you cannot load the one without lightening the other precisely to the same degree. In the same manner whatever serves to acquit the queen aggravates the guilt of her enemies in the same proportion; and whatever serves to load the queen extenuates their crime in a like degree."*

Who was Mary's judge? Her mortal enemy, queen Elizabeth of England, who had every interest in working her ruin. According to the theory of the catholic party in England, Elizabeth had no right to the crown of England. Her own father, Henry VIII., and the English parliament had declared her illegitimate, and ordered the crown to be left to Edward VI. On the death of Henry the parliament rescinded its former act, and called Mary Tudor, daughter of Katherine of Arragon, to the throne, and after her Elizabeth,

* The philosopher becomes still more decisive than this, as he proceeds. He shows that the attacks on the Queen's reputation were just so many apologies for the cruel treatment to which she was subjected. "Il est donc certain," he says, "que les satires de Buchanan étoient une *apologie* de sa faction; et qu'à mesure qu' elles étoient plus sanglantes, elles justifioient davantage ceux qui avoient chassé Marie Stuart."—(*Dict. Hist.*, Art. Buchanan.) In his article on obscenities he alludes to the same subject, remarking that notwithstanding the unmanly, base conduct of Buchanan in so vilely traducing the character of his former friend and benefactress, he was held in happy remembrance by the Presbyterians. "Buchanan, qui publia un ouvrage sur les impudicitez de Marie Reine d' Ecosse, est un homme de bienheuvrense mémoire parmi tous les Presbyteriens. Cependant c' étoit un ouvrage qui *sallissoit horriblement l'imagination*."—*Dict. Historique*, Art. *Eclaircissement sur les obscenitez.*

daughter of Anne Boleyn. But as the Catholic party never admitted the validity of Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth was looked upon by them as a usurper. Mary Stuart, the great granddaughter of Henry, was therefore the legitimate heir to the throne of England. After her marriage to the dauphin of France, Mary took for her device the crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto *Aliamque moratur*. At a joust held in the Place Royale, in Paris, on the 6th of July, 1559, Mary was ushered to her seat by the heralds with the cry of "*Place! place! pour la Reine d'Angleterre.*" And the people shouted "*Vive la Reine d'Angleterre.*" Elizabeth never forgave this. She hated Mary as a political rival, as well as a superior in beauty, grace and accomplishments. All historians admit that queen Elizabeth was a prejudiced judge in the case of the Queen of Scots.

Who were the accusers of Mary? First, her own bastard brother, the earl of Murray, a sullen, crafty, heartless ambitious and unscrupulous politician. Dr. Robertson thus describes his character: "His ambition was immoderate, and events happened which offered to him vast prospects, and led him to actions inconsistent with the duty of a subject. His treatment of the queen, to whose bounty he was so much indebted, was unbrotherly and ungrateful. The dependence of Elizabeth, under which he brought Scotland, was disgraceful to the nation. He deceived and betrayed Norfolk with a baseness unworthy a man of honor."* Crawford, a cotemporary writer, says that Murray "used his sanctity and a show of religion as a cloak to his crimes.†

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* Robertson, vol. i., p. 513. Oct. edit.

† These witnesses to Murray's character are not more prejudiced against him than the poet Aytoun, who thus describes him in the poem of "Bothwell:"

"Get thee," (says Bothwell to the devil) "across the howling seas,
And bend o'er Murray's bed,
For there the falsest villain lies
That ever Scotland bred.
False to his faith, a wedded priest;
Still falser to the crown;
False to the blood that in his veins
Made bastardy renown;
False to his sister whom he swore
To guard and shield from harm;

An end was put to Murray's life of infamy by assassination. When regent of Scotland, he turned the wife of James Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, naked and at midnight, out of her house, exposed to the cold of a gloomy night in the open fields, by which inhuman treatment she lost her senses. For this act he was shot dead by her outraged husband. Murray plotted against his sister with Queen Elizabeth even as early as her return from France to Scotland; for Camden, in his annals, writes: "James the bastard, having returned from France to England, gave advice, underhand, to intercept her, both for Elizabeth's security and the interest of religion."*

The other chief accusers of Mary were the earl of Morton, Secretary Maitland or Lethington and George Buchanan. Morton was beheaded in June 2, 1581, for being one of Darnley's murderers; for the very crime of which he accused Queen Mary. Just before his execution he made a confession, acknowledging his guilt and complicity with Bothwell. Of Morton, Crawford writes: "By innumerable crimes he attained to the height of power. *Murder became habitual to him!*" Lethington put an end to his own existence, after a life of duplicity, treachery and Macchiævellian diplomacy. We find most writers on the events of these times agree in the above representations of the character of Mary's accusers.

But the worst of her enemies was George Buchanan, author of "A Detection of the actions of Mary queen of Scots, concerning the murder of her husband (Darnley), and her conspiracy, adultery, and pretended marriage with Earl Bothwell, and a defence of the true lords, maintainers of the

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The head of many a felon plot,
But never once the arm.
What tie so holy that his hand
Hath snapped it not in twain?
What oath so sacred but he broke
For selfish end or gain?
A verier knave ne'er stepped the earth
Since this wide world began;
And yet—he bandies texts with Knox
And walks a pious man!"

* Tytler, vol. i., p. 355.

king's majesty's action and authority. London. 1721." This Buchanan was her teacher of Latin in France. He was one of the most accomplished scholars of the age. In the conspiracy of the old Queen Catharine de Medecis to imprison the young king of France, Mary's husband, Buchanan was implicated. He was sentenced to death, but saved with great difficulty by his mistress. His ingratitude has not been surpassed in history. Buchanan's book is the storehouse of all the calumnies against Mary. It is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and was written by command of Mary's enemies, the lords of the privy council of the regent Murray. Thus attests Cecil, secretary of state: "The said Mr. George Buchanan was privy to the proceedings of the lords of the king's secret council (of whom were Murray, Morton, Lindsay and Maitland), and the book was written by him, *not of himself*, nor in his own name, but according to the instructions given to him by common conference of the lords of the privy council of Scotland; by him only for his learning penned, but by them the matter ministered, and allowed and exhibited by them, as matter that they have offered and do continue in offering, to stand and justify before our sovereign lady (Elizabeth)."*

This book was written in Latin, French, Scottish, and English, and widely circulated throughout Europe. It is coarse and filthy. The author, who, in France, considered her an angel,† the saviour of his life and the maker of his fortunes; who never breathes a syllable against her until her marriage with Darnley, makes her the most consummate hypocrite, the most shameless prostitute, and the most blood-thirsty woman that ever lived!

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* Strickland, p. 74.

† Buchanan wrote an epithalamium on the marriage of the dauphin of France, to Mary. Here is an extract: addressing the dauphin, the poet says:

"If matchless beauty your nice fancy move,
Behold an object worthy of your love;
How loftily her stately front doth rise,
What gentle lightning flashes from her eyes,
What awful majesty her carriage bears,
*Maturely grave even in her tender years.*

We shall soon show that this atheist* was guilty of infamous forgery to please the enemies of Mary who hired him to do their base work. Here, then, we have a most prejudiced judge and unscrupulous witnesses against the Queen of Scots. Now contrast her character with that of her traducers. She possessed an exalted mind and a warm heart; was honest and unsuspicious. She had maintained an unblemished reputation from childhood until her marriage with Hepburn, earl of Bothwell. Not only Brantome and Prince Labanoff, her panegyrists, praise her for her virtues; even her enemies cannot repress their admiration. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the English ambassador in France, and Queen Elizabeth's spy, writes of Mary immediately after the death of her first husband, the young king of France: "She hath showed, and so continueth, that she is both of great wisdom for her years," (she was left a widow at eighteen) "*modesty*, and also of great judgment in the wise handling of herself and her matters, which, increasing in her with years, cannot but turn to her commendation, reputation, honor, and great benefit to her and her country."

It required the whole influence of her family to prevent her from becoming a nun at Rheims, and taking solemn vows after the death of Francis. Both Catherine de Medicis her enemy, and Throckmorton, the English spy, repeatedly record her unusual gravity, dignity and wisdom while she lived at the French court, and thus refute the calumny of her detractors that she was guilty of levity there. They give no reason for the charge save that the court was frivolous, and that she must have been so.† Mary, although a

Thus outwardly adorned, *her sacred mind*,
In purest qualities comes not behind;
Her nature has the seeds of virtue sown,
*By moral precepts to perfection grown;*
Her wisdom doth all vicious weeds control
Such power has right instruction on the soul." &c., &c.
McLeod Appendix A.

* Mary wrote from Tutbury to the French ambassador, De la Mothe Fenelon, Nov. 22, 1571:

"I had begged for a priest to administer to me the holy sacrament, and to help me relieve my conscience in this sad condition of mine; and they who carried my letter brought me instead of consolation the *defamatory book of the atheist*, George Buchanan."—Labanoff, *Lettres, instructions et memoires de Marie Stuart*, vol. 12, p. 5.

† McLeod, ch. vii., p. 76.

devoted atholic, was no bigot. Her "Act of religious toleration" was the first ever passed in Europe, which Bothwell afterwards caused to be revoked, so as to make non-conformity with the religion of John Knox a penal offence, and thus gain the good will of the "congregation."* On her arrival from France in Scotland, she said to Throckmorton, "I mean to constrain no one of my subjects (in religious matters), and I trust they will have no support to constrain me." She proclaimed the establishment of the new religion which she found in Scotland, and declared her resolution to punish any one who should disturb it, but claimed for herself liberty of conscience and the right to exercise the duties of her own creed.† Her first council consisted of seven protestants to five catholics.‡

Although Robertson sometimes speaks harshly of Mary, because in his time it would have been offensive to most of his readers to have done otherwise, his well known portraiture of her is in general correct: "The turbulence of the times, the rancor of party rage, and the medium of prejudice or partiality, through which every object in those periods was beheld, render it difficult to form a fair opinion of the character of Mary. Her personal accomplishments and the graces which distinguished her as a woman, are admitted by all parties; respecting these, therefore, there can be no dispute. Her stature rose to the majestic, her form was elegant, and her hands and arms distinguished for their delicacy and beauty. Her hair was black, though in the fashion of the times, she frequently adorned herself in borrowed locks, and of various colors. Her eyes were dark gray, and her complexion remarkably fine. She walked, danced, and rode with equal grace. She possessed a taste for music; she played upon the lute with skill, and sang melodiously. Towards the conclusion of her life, she began to grow corpulent, while confinement and bad accommodation brought upon her a rheumatic disorder, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. Her manners were affable and insinuating, dignified and sprightly. She spoke eloquently,

* *Ibid*, p. 69. † *Ib.*, p. 90. ‡ *Ib.*, p. 94.

and wrote with ease and elegance. Her temper was warm, and her heart affectionate. Her nature was frank and indisposed to suspicion. Her piety was fervent and sincere; her talents, if not of the highest, were undoubtedly of a superior order; and the resolution and courage which she manifested at her death are truly worthy of admiration. A long series of successive sorrows bespeak, with few exceptions, some imprudence in the sufferer; the misfortunes of Mary, both in degree and duration, exceeded the common measure of human calamities, and even render the distresses of fiction comparatively faint. The vicissitudes of her life have afforded a fine and fruitful subject for the tragic muse. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her without admiration and love; no one will read her history without pity and sorrow."*

Such is the character of the Queen of Scots, even from the pen of an enemy. Robertson as well as Hume plunges her *unnaturally* and precipitately into the greatest crimes, and yet agree that she suddenly recovered herself and resumed her wonted virtue and dignity. "This princess," writes Hume, "recovering, by means of her misfortunes and her own natural good sense, from that delirium in which she seems to have been thrown during her attachment to Bothwell, behaved *with such modesty, judgment* and even dignity, that every one who approached her was charmed with her demeanor, and her friends were enabled on some plausible grounds to deny the reality of those crimes which had been imputed to her."†

After Mary's arrival in Scotland, we find historians agree on the following facts: that she married her handsome cousin, Henry Darnley, who was four years younger than herself, she being then twenty-four. She was, at first, thus urged to marriage, hypocritically, by Elizabeth of England, and by Murray, who, however, opposed her when they heard that she had made her choice. Elizabeth knew that Mary's child would be heir to the throne of England, and Murray was in league with Elizabeth, and neither desired such an heir. Mary at length, yielding to the importunity of her

*Robertson, p. 273. † Vol. 4, p. 622.

own court, chose Darnley as her spouse. He was of royal blood, a brilliant knight in a parlor, but vain, foolish and hopelessly dissipated. She was ignorant of his failings when she married him, and she loved him fondly and passionately. But he proved her ruin. He began by making Murray his deadly enemy, and his lewdness, debauchery and brutality finally, alienated the queen's affections from him. "He was addicted to great intemperance in his pleasures; was passionately fond of his hounds and hawks, grossly licentious and much given to drinking!"* "His words to all men against whom he conceiveth any displeasure, how unjust soever it is, be so proud and spiteful, that rather he seemeth a monarch of the world than he whom, not long since, we have seen and known as the Lord Darnley. He looketh now for reverence to be given him, and some there be that think him little worthy of it."† This boy king soon made Bothwell and the Hamiltons his enemies as well as Murray. Yet, Mary continued to love him. "She hath given over to him her whole will," says Randolph, "to be ruled and guided as himself best liketh."‡ Darnley, not satisfied with insulting the great nobles, turned his spite against poor David Riccio, the queen's secretary. This faithful servant had refused to accompany Darnley to houses of ill-repute, or to join in his drunken revels.§ Riccio had also revealed a plot concocted between Darnley and the rebel lords, by which it was resolved to imprison the queen and give Darnley, who was ambitious of power, the entire government of the kingdom. Rizzio or Riccio became hateful to the king and the traitors, so he was murdered at the queen's feet, Darnley being one of the chief assassins.

The charge of an amour with Rizzio is made by George Buchanan alone, in his libel on the queen. No respectable historian believes this calumny. Miss Strickland describes Rizzio as "a man of no beauty at all, or outward shape, for he was misshapen, evil favored and very black; but for his

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* Henry Glassford Bell, *Life of Mary Queen of Scots.* 1840.

† Randolph's testimony. Strickland, iv., p. 158.

‡ *Ib.*, iv., 210. § Strickland, iv., 210.

fidelity, wisdom, prudence, virtue and other good parts and qualities of his mind, he was richly adorned."* If there had been the least ground for accusation against Mary, in relation to Rizzio, Murray and Morton would not have omitted it in arraigning her before Elizabeth. Buchanan describes Rizzio as a *monster of ugliness!* Who will believe that the beautiful Queen of Scots, for whose hand monarchs contended, could have chosen such a paramour? Mr. Hume, usually unfriendly to Mary, thinks the story of an amour with Rizzio improbable. Blackwood, an author, who knew Rizzio, says he was *old and ugly: "David Rizzio homme assez agé, laid, morue et malplaisant."*† Dr. Robertson, also unfriendly to Mary, does not believe the foul slander of Buchanan. He writes: "The silence of Randolph, the English resident, a man abundantly ready to aggravate Mary's faults, and who does not once insinuate that her confidence in Rizzio concealed any thing criminal, is in itself a sufficient vindication of her innocence."‡ The tale rests on the bare assertion of her paid calumniator, Buchanan, who, in this, as in his other statements regarding the queen, is perfectly unreliable, as we shall more fully show in what follows. The true story is, that Rizzio was a man of ability, skilled in the arts and letters, and possessing that talent for statesmanship which characterizes the Italian nation. The queen trusted him, followed his counsels, and was thus able to counteract the machinations of her enemies. They saw this, and urged her silly husband, Darnley, to get him out of the way, so that he might, by unbounded influence over the candid, loving nature of the queen, usurp all the powers of a king, without possessing the right or the talent to govern. No respectable authority now believes the story of Buchanan concerning the queen and Rizzio.

Nor are the other charges against her of any weight. A sufficient answer to them all is, that although tried for murder and adultery before Queen Elizabeth, her most bitter enemy, and in spite of all the cunning and forgery of her

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* *Queens of Scotland*, iii., 306, note. † *Ib.*, p. 274. ‡ *Ib.*, vol. i., p. 305.

wicked accusers, Murray, Morton and Maitland, she was acquitted. Elizabeth declared: "We find no cause of evil opinion against our good sister."* Yet, she allows the libel of Buchanan to be circulated against her innocent victim, because, to use her own words, "they will serve to good effect to disgrace her, which must be done before other purposes can be obtained."† The "purpose" to be obtained, was the murder of Mary, who was the great hope of the legitimist party in England and Scotland. Why should historians continue to accuse Mary when the author of all the calumnies against her recanted them himself? Bevill Higgons, in his "Short View of English History, London, 1736," says, that Buchanan revoked all his accusations against Mary on his death bed; and Camden, in his annals, writes that Buchanan "wished he might have wiped out all he writ against Mary Queen of Scots with his blood."‡ But the whole history of the accusations against her prove her to have been the victim of an infamous conspiracy.

The first proof alleged against Mary are the letters said to have been written to Bothwell before Darnley's murder. They are known in history as the "silver-gilt casket letters." The earl of Morton first produced those letters, and said on his honor that they were found with George Dalgleish, one of Bothwell's servants, who had brought them out of the castle of Edinburgh. Both Murray and Morton affirmed on their honor that the letters were in the handwriting of the queen. They asserted this in their secret council in the regent's parliament in Scotland, and before Queen Elizabeth and her council in England. They were produced at York and Westminster to the English council, and compared with other letters of Mary to prove the identity of the handwriting. Moreover, several incidents mentioned in the letters themselves, such as a conversation between the king and Queen Mary at Glasgow, are affirmed, upon oath, to be true, by Crawford, one of the earl of Lennox's vassals.

These letters, supposed to be written after Darnley had

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* Bell ii., p. 171. Tytler, ii., 398, 400. † Bell, i i., 171. ‡ McLeod, p. 212.

caused the murder of Rizzio, the queen's secretary, and began to treat his beautiful and accomplished wife with brutality, are full of protestations of love to Bothwell, and have in them some expressions which could only be used by lovers whose affection was more than Platonic. In the first of these letters, Mary is made to write such phrases as the following: "I crave no other thing than that we may be as husband and wife to each other." "The devil separates us, but may God join us forever, for we are the most faithful couple that were ever united." "I am *naked* and going to slèep, and yet I cease not to write all this paper. A curse upon this foul fellow" (her husband, Darnley,) "who gives me such trouble; for without him I would have far more pleasant subjects to discourse upon."* Other expressions in this letter would offend modest ears, if copied. Darnley had fallen into contempt by his own depraved conduct. On the 10th of February, 1567, his house was blown up with gunpowder and his body found dead. The letters fastened the suspicion of foul play on his wife, Mary.

But how did she answer the charge? She denied that the handwriting was hers, and asserted the letters to be forged by her accusers, Murray, Morton and Lethington; and offered to prove her assertion.† The mere affirmation of Morton that the letters were genuiue must be mistrusted, since he was one of her accusers. He would not allow Dalgleish, with whom they were said to be found, to be examined judicially regarding them. He feared an exposure of the forgery. The affirmation of Murray and Morton as to their authenticity is, to say the least, of no more weight than Mary's denial. Most of the nobility of Scotland declared that the letters were forged. Nor

* Cited, Appendix, Tytler's *Inquiry*, &c., p. 82.

† When a copy of the accusations made by Murray was delivered to the Queen of Scots' commissioners, the Bishop of Ross and Lord Herries, they asserted that "Murray and his associates had invented the charges for maintaynance of their own treasons; and that when the cause should be farther tryed, it would be proved that some of them which be now the accusers were the inventors, and privy to the making of bonds and writings for the conspiracy of the death of the Lord Darnley, the queen's husband."—Goodall, vol. ii., p. 209.

Queen Mary made a request to Queen Elizabeth of a similar nature. But Mary was refused a chance to prove her own innocence, or the guilt of her accusers.—Goodall, vol. ii., p. 220.

could the similarity of the handwriting be considered a certain proof. It was easy to counterfeit her penmanship. Mary, in her defence, asserted that her accusers had often counterfeited her handwriting; and Crawford, in his *Memoirs*,* relates, as a well known fact, that Lethington, her secretary, had often practised this vile fraud; and Crawford was a cotemporary author.

It is true that several circumstances related in the letters seem to confirm their claims to authenticity. But who does not know that experienced forgers would be sure to make their work look as plausible as possible? Moreover, the letters, as exhibited by Murray, had no dates, or name of place where they were written. The subscriptions, seals and addresses were wanting. No judge or jury would admit such evidence as proof of guilt.

The only way for Murray to make good his accusation against his sister was by producing Hubert or "French Paris," as he was called, and Dalgleish, both servants of Bothwell. Hubert is mentioned by name in the letters as the bearer of them from the queen to Bothwell. This servant is said to have made a confession, of which we shall speak hereafter. Hubert might have sworn that he got the letters from the queen's own hand; Dalgleish, that he found them in the earl's repository, in the castle of Edinburgh. Yet Murray never dared to allow these men to give their testimony in court. The authenticity of the letters rest, therefore, on his bare assertion.†

Besides, when the letters are produced before the secret council they are subscribed by Mary's own hand; on their second appearance, before Regent Murray's parliament, the subscription is omitted! These facts both Hume and Robertson admit as proved by the council and parliament registers.

Mary, the moment she heard of the letters, earnestly begged to be allowed to see the originals, and to receive copies of them. As already remarked, she offered to prove them

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* Page 100.

† Mr. Hume, in the second edition of his history, thought fit to omit his arguments in support of so glaring a forgery as that of Hubert's confession. Yet this pretended confession has been used as one of the strongest arguments against Mary's innocence.

forgeries. Both requests were refused. The letters were given back to her accusers, and to the end of her life she could never get a sight of the originals, or even attested copies of them.

Thus even Hume and Robertson admit the letters, of which only copies now exist, to be palpable translations from the Scotch and Latin of George Buchanan, who, as has been already shown, was hired to calumniate her. Who would believe such evidence against one known to have been a highly educated, pious and virtuous woman?

Besides the letters, there were love sonnets, said to have been written by Mary to Bothwell before Darnley's murder. In these sonnets Mary is made to speak like an unfaithful wife more than like a true queen. The verses are in French. One of them is thus entitled: "*Certane French Sonnettes*, written be the Queene of Scottis to Bothwel before hir marriage to him, and while her husband levit, &c." It runs as follows:

"O Dieux ayez de moi compassion!
Et m'enseignez quelle preuve certain
Je puis donner, qui ne luy semble vaip,
De mon amour et ferme affection.
Helas! n'est-il *pas jà en possession*
Du corps, du cœur, qui ne refuse paine,
Ny deshoneur en la vie incertaine,
Offence de parents, ny pire affliction?
Pour luy tous mes amis j'estime moins que rien,
J'ay hazardé pour luy nom et *conscience;*
Je veux pour luy au monde renoncer,
Je veux mourir pour luy avancer.
Que reste il plus pour prouver ma constance?
Entre ses amis, et en son plein pouvoir,
*Je metz mon filz, mon honeur, et ma vie;*
*Mon pais, mes subjettes*, mon ame assubjectee.—
Pour luy aussi je jette manite larmes
Premier *quand il se fist de ce corps possesseur.*"*

* Mr. Tytler, vice-president of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, thus translates the sonnet:

"Ye Gods, have compassion on me!
And show what certain proof
I may give, which may not seem to him in vain,
Of my love and first affection.
Alas! is he not already in *possession*
*Of my body*, and heart, which refuses neither pain,
Nor dishonor in life,

No respectable woman would write in this style, not to mention such a noble lady as the Queen of Scots. Brantome, speaking of these love verses, justly remarks: "They are too gross and inelegant to be the work of her brain."* They bear in their character the proofs of forgery. Rousard, who had often seen and extolled the beauty of Mary's compositions, agrees with Brantome. The same objections hold good against these sonnets as against the letters, for both were found in the same box, and produced under the same circumstances, by the same plotters, for the same purpose. There is, therefore, no proof of the authenticity of the letters or sonnets; but all evidence, external and internal, is for admitting them to be forgeries of Murray, Morton and Lethington, to ruin the queen.

Another evidence against Mary is the confession of Nicholas Hubert, commonly called "French Paris," servant to the earl of Bothwell, and mentioned by name in the letters, as the bearer of them from the queen to the earl. His confession of August 10, 1569, expressly charges her with being in the knowledge of the king's murder. This is the most direct evidence against Mary. A few remarks, however, will show that it is valueless.

In June, 1567, Bothwell fled from Scotland. His servants, Dalgleish, Hay, Hepburn and Powrie were condemned and executed as accessory to Darnley's murder; yet, with their dying breath, they vindicated the queen from all participation in their crime. This is attested by nineteen of the peers of the realm, and by eight bishops and eight abbots.†

The French Paris was carried from Edinburgh, the or-

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Offence of relations, or the worst of affliction?
For him I have no regard to friends,
For him I risk both my fame and conscience;
I will die to promote him.
What other proofs, then, can I give of my constancy?
Into his hands, and in his power,
I have thrown my son, my honor, and my life,
My kingdom, my subjects, my subjected soul,
For him I poured out many tears,
*First when he took possession of my body*," &c.

* Elle composait de vers, dont je n'ay veu aucun de beaux et très bien faits, et nullement resemblant à ceux qu'on lui a mis sus avoir fait sur l'amour du comte de Bothwel. *Ils sont trop grossiers et mal polis pour être sortis d'elle.*"—Brantome, vol. i.

† All these facts are proved in the work of Mr. Goodall.

dinary seat of justice, to a remote prison in St. Andrew's, the place of residence of the earl of Murray, where he lay for about two years. It was in Dalgleish's custody that Morton affirmed the box with the letters to have been found; yet when Dalgleish was examined, Morton declined to interrogate him about the box. The same policy was used towards Paris. After his fellow servants had been tried and hanged, he was kept alive in a lonely prison under the power of the unscrupulous Murray, who might force him by torture to belie his royal mistress. When Mary publicly accused Murray of forging the letters and offered to prove the forgery by the letters themselves, he ran off with the box and letters to Scotland. Mary complained of this to Queen Elizabeth in these words: "You allowed them to depart the realm, not abiding to hear the defence of my innocence, nor the trial and proof of their detectioun, which was offerit to prove them guilty of the samen crime." To this Elizabeth replied: "That the earl of Murray has promised to return again."* Seven months after this Paris was hanged, in August, 1569. Murray went to Scotland to forge another proof of the queen's guilt, since the letters were not sufficient. This is the plain inference from his shuffling character and conduct. He should have sent Paris to London to be examined. On the contrary, he hides the witness. The crafty earl does not dare to produce him even before his own privy council at Edinburgh. The most important witness against Mary was clandestinely executed without fair trial by the earl of Murray, and then, several months afterwards, a confession, purporting to have been made by Paris, without any proofs of its genuineness, is sent to London against Queen Mary! No one informs the queen of this fact. She or her friends never saw or heard of this confession. Who could believe such testimony?

There are two supposed confessions of Paris, one of the 9th; the other of the 10th of August, 1569. The first is still in the Cotton library. In it Bothwell is charged with the murder; but nothing is said of the queen or the letters. The other charges the queen as accessory to the whole plot. Of this con-

* Goodal, vol. 2, p. 312. Robertson, Dissertation, p. 17.

fession there exists a copy, attested by Alexander Hay, clerk to Murray's privy council. Now both Crawford and Lesly, the bishop of Ross, cotemporary authors, declared that Paris, at his execution, had publicly given the lie to any pretended confession, by solemnly denying the fact.* All Scotland knew this; and though Lesly proclaimed it aloud, and put it in print, no one of the queen's accusers dared to gainsay him. Lesly was Queen Mary's ambassador to Elizabeth.

What causes further doubt, as to the authenticity of this confession, is the conduct of Buchanan in his book entitled, *A Detection of the doings of Queen Mary.* This dishonored and ungrateful writer omits nothing that could blacken Mary's name. Yet he leaves out the confession of Paris, though it would have been the strongest argument against her. Buchanan's book appeared in 1571, two year's after the supposed confession. Here, then, we have the most vindictive and unscrupulous of the writers against Mary, who published several later editions of his work; who had seen Lesly's defence of the queen, and knew all about Paris' execution, and who even tells us that Paris was the confidant between Bothwell and Mary, never saying a word regarding the most direct and damaging evidence against her! Would Buchanan have omitted this proof, if he had any hope of making it available in his efforts to blacken his sovereign's character? Impartial justice compels us, therefore, to deny the authenticity of this confession of Hubert and consider it a forgery of Murray, Morton and Lethington, as the letters undoubtedly were.

Everything in connection with these letters proves them to have been forgeries. They were said, by Mary's accusers, to have been captured with Dalgleish, on June 20, 1567; yet no one mentions them till July 24 of the same year. Would Mary's enemies allow such a damning piece of evidence against her to remain a whole month unused? Throckmorton, in a letter to Queen Elizabeth, July 24, 1567, is the first to speak of them. On December 4, six months afterwards, they are described in an act of Murray's council as "diverse her privie letters, written and *subscribed* with her own hand and sent by

* Crawford's *Memoirs*, p. 127.

her to James earl of Bothwell."* But the word subscribed is withdrawn on the 15th, and it is merely said "wholly written in her own hand."† At first, the casket is said to contain but one letter; for Murray, writing to the Spanish ambassador, says: "There was even in existence *a letter* of three sheets of paper, written by her with her own hand to Bothwell, in which she urged him to put in execution the plan concerted between them for the death of Darnley. He (Murray) *had not indeed seen the letter*, but he knew the fact from *one* who had read the original."‡ From one the number increased to three, seven, and then eight, and after fifteen months, the sonnets made their appearance! What a wonderful "casket" was this which gave out documents as they were wanted!§ Mary's accusers had the letters June 20th, 1567, according to their assertions. These letters would have shown that her marriage with Bothwell was voluntary and of her own seeking, yet, on the 26th of June, they accuse Bothwell of "intercepting her majesty, carrying her *forcibly* away, holding her as his prisoner, *compelling* her to marry him, and keeping her under restraint." How could all this be true if she was Bothwell's paramour even before Darnley's murder, as the forged letters would make us believe? Could her accusers have trusted the letters when they accused Bothwell? Again, the conspirators, in answering the inquiries of Throckmorton on behalf of Elizabeth, say: "That she was carried off by force by Bothwell; *her person violated;* and that she was kept surrounded with a continual guard of harquebusiers as well day as night."‖ She could not, then, have been the willing paramour of Bothwell; and the letters must be lies and forgeries of her enemies. Murray and Morton pledged their honor that these letters were written in French by Queen Mary's own hand. As French originals they were presented to the English commissioners, and explained by George Buchanan. In fact they would have been written in French if written by Mary at all; for it was the language with which she was best acquainted, and the one which she would naturally

* Strickland, v., p. 324. Tytler, i., p. 85. † *Ibid*, i., 87.
‡ See "Lingard's England," vol. vi., p. 81. § Tytler, i., p. 91.
‖ Strickland, v., p. 324.

use in a love correspondence. Yet a perusal of the letters shows that they were written in broad Scotch, and then translated into Latin, and from Latin into French.*

They are full of Scotch idioms, which both Latin and French translators have blundered over. Take examples from the first or second letter: "Ye have sair going to see seik folk;" that is: "It is sore or unpleasant to visit sick folks." The Latin translator, taking the long *s* in "sair" for an *f*, reads it "fair," and translates, "*Bella hujusmodi hominum visitatio.*" The Frenchman copies: "Voyla une belle visitation de *telles* gens." "I am going to seek my rest till to-morrow, when I shall end my *by bylle*," a Scotch term for any writing. But the Latinist makes it "ut tum *mea biblia finiam;*" and the French translator, "afin que je finisse ici ma *bible;*" when I shall end my bible! "I am vikit (i. e., weary) and going to sleep." The copyist evidently mistook the word and wrote it *nakit;* hence the Latin has it: "*Ego nudata sum;*" and the French: "*Je suis toute nue;*" *I am naked!* A wonderful love of this handsome queen for an old one-eyed soldier which could make her write him love letters as she sat up stark naked in the night of a Scotch January! Robertson, by admitting the letters to be translations from the Scotch, refuses to believe Murray and Morton, who pledged their honor that they were written by Mary in French. We already showed that her prejudiced judge, Elizabeth, refused to acknowledge the testimony of these forgeries.†

So much then for the "silver-gilt casket letters." But we ask what motive could Mary have to murder Darnley? She loved him in the early days of their marriage life and became reconciled to him towards its close. "All honor that may be attributed unto any man by his wife, he (Darnley) hath it wholly and fully. All praise that may be spoken of him he lacketh it not from herself. All dignities that she can indue him with are already given and granted. No man pleaseth her that contenteth not him, and what may I say more? She hath given over to him her whole will."‡ True, the dissipated

* Tytler, i., p. 188; ii., p. 386.
† Robertson, *App. Dis. on King Henry's Murder.* Tytler, ii., 398–400.
‡ Testimony of Randolph, *apud.* Strickland, iv., p. 210.

king, by his brutal conduct, afterwards alienated her affections from him; still when he showed signs of repentance, and when he lay ill of a loathsome disease, she nursed him tenderly and fondly as a good wife. When Murray and Maitland urged her to get divorced from Darnley, she positively refused. She told them Darnley was young and might change for the better; at any rate that she would never do anything that could cast a stain on her honor or conscience; and this at a time when Du Croc, the French ambassador, described the king as "incurably bad."* When he was stricken down with the small-pox, she hastened to his bedside, nursed him tenderly, and when he was able to be removed from Glasgow, had him carried to Edinburgh in her own litter, brought for the purpose. She "gave him her hand and the faith of her body that she would love him as well as ever."† One day, while lodged in Kirk of the Fields, but a few days before his murder, "she clasped him in her arms and kissed him over and over again; and told him that the shadows had passed away from between their hearts."‡ On the night of the 9th of February, she spent several hours with Darnley in loving conversation, "drew from her fore finger a ring and placed it upon his, and kissed him a tenderest good bye."§ Both Knox and Buchanan admit the attentions which she showed her husband after their reconciliation, during his illness and just before his murder. On the 9th of February, 1567, Darnley was blown up at his own house, in Kirk of the Fields, outside the wall of Edinburgh. True history lays the blame on Murray, Morton, Lethington, and Bothwell, and certainly not on Mary. That Murray and Bothwell, with others, were the real murderers of Darnley, all evidence demonstrates. Even as early as July 1, 1565, before Mary's union with Darnley, Murray formed a conspiracy to murder him. The design of the conspirators was to seize the queen and Lord Darnley at the Kirk of Beith, on their return from Perth, and to imprison the queen in the castle of Lochleven, and put Darnley to death. Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's minister at Edinburgh, was deeply engaged in the plot. In his

* Strickland, v., 53. † Strickland, v., p. 112. ‡ *Ibid.*, v. 138; McLeod, p. 174. § McLeod, p. 175.

letter of June 3d of that year, he writes to Cecil: "People have small joy in this their new master, and find nothing *but that God must find him a short end, or them a miserable life.* The dangers of these he now hateth are great; but they find some support that *what he intendeth to others may light upon himself.*" In another letter of July 2, he writes again to Cecil: "*With my Lord of Murray I have lately spoken.* He is grieved to see the extreme follies in his sovereign; he lamenteth the state of the country, that tendeth to utter ruin; *he feareth* that the nobility shall be forced to assemble themselves together to do her honor and reverence, as they are in duty bound; but, at the same time, to provide for the state, that it do not utterly perish. The duke (Bothwell), the earl of Argyle, and he (Murray) concur in this device; many others are like to join them in the same. What will ensue let wise men judge."* Other letters from this ambassador prove that there was a design to make away with Darnley.

In December, 1566, Murray, Morton, Huntly, Bothwell, Argyle, Maitland and others signed a bond drawn up by Sir James Balfour. The bond was in this wise: "That inasmuch as it was thought expedient and most profitable for the commonwealth, by the whole nobility and lords underscribed, that such a young fool and proud tyrant" (Darnley) "should not bear rule over them; and that for divers causes, therefore, that they all had concluded that he should be put off by one way or other, and whosoever should take the deed in hand or do it, they should defend and fortify it as themselves, for it should be by every one of their own reckoned and holden done by themselves."† Two months after, Darnley was murdered. Can any impartial mind hesitate longer regarding the murderers? Mary, on February 12, offers a reward of £2,000, and an annual pension for their discovery, and free pardon to any accomplice who will reveal it.‡ What, in fact, could induce Mary to murder Darnley to marry Bothwell? Bothwell had but one good trait in his character. He was never false to his country—

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* *Apud.* Tytler: *Inquiry into the evidence against Mary Queen of Scots*, p. 212.

† Aytoun, p. 219—note. ‡ Labanoff, ii., 8.

"Free from one damning gilt at least,
His soul had ever been;
He did not sell his country's rights,
Nor fawn on England's queen!"*

There is nothing in Mary's history that would create the smallest suspicion of her entertaining a predilection for Bothwell. She imprisoned him for plotting to murder Lord James Murray in the early part of her reign. Bothwell escaped from the dungeon and fled from Scotland for two years. He afterwards plotted to abduct her and compel her to marry Lord Arran. For this he was again imprisoned. The queen would not forgive him, but he managed to escape to England after three months' confinement. These events took place before her marriage with Darnley. After the murder of Rizzio she had taken the lands of Haddington from Maitland and given them to Bothwell, but afterwards she was persuaded by Murray to restore them again to her treacherous secretary. So little was her regard for Bothwell at that time. Yet, Buchanan says she was then in love with the man whose spoliation she permits in favor of one of her worst enemies.† In short, all facts go to show that Mary abhorred Bothwell, who was one-eyed, coarse, brutal and even, on the testimony of Buchanan, old enough to be her father.‡ If she married him it was because she was compelled to do so. He had openly boasted, after Darnley's murder, that he would marry the queen. Yea, whether she would herself or not."§ He made her prisoner, offered marriage, but was treated with contempt by the queen; he finally violated her person, as her own accusers, in words already quoted, complain. Mary asserts positively that Bothwell compelled her to marry him.‖ Mr. Craig, the honest minister of St. Giles, accused Bothwell from the pulpit of carrying off and violating the queen.

The good minister only said what every one believed, for Bothwell's treatment of Mary during her imprisonment in Edinburgh castle, before her marriage, and after that event, was

* Aytoun's "Bothwell." † McLeod, p. 160. ‡ Strickland, v., p. 245.
§ Mary was 24 years old; while Bothwell was 60, so says Buchanan. Detected, pp. 2 and 3. Conf. Lib. 15, pp. 276–285.
‖ Labanoff, ii., p. 32.

so fiendish and brutal that Sir James Melville "heard her one day, in Arthur Erskine's presence, threatening even to fling herself out of the window." Bothwell was so "beastly and suspicious," continues Melville, "that he suffered not to pass a single day without causing her to shed abundance of salt tears."* She was the lamb in the fangs of the wolf Bothwell. Murray and Morton had signed a bond acquitting Bothwell of the murder of Darnley, and had urged his marriage with the queen. Morton issued the proclamation which accused Bothwell of carrying Mary off by force and compelling her to marry him. Maitland, Murray and Morton had voted for the act of parliament which declared Mary innocent and Bothwell a ruthless ravisher. Yet these are the very men who afterwards accused her before Elizabeth of England of being Bothwell's accomplice in Darnley's murder!

The following documents speak for themselves and show us how much pressure in favor of the marriage with Bothwell was brought to bear on her mind:

"And in cais it be allegit, that the marrying the erle of Bothwell is ane greit suspicion of hir Hienes's knowledge (of the murder,) it is answerit that before ever that marrige was laid to her Grace's charge, the maist part of the nobilitie and principallie of the usurpers, sic as Morton, Lord Sempill, Lord Lindsay and Sir James Balfour, gave their consent to the erle of Bothwell; and to remove all suspicion, they declarit him innocent.

(Signed,) JOHN, Archbishop of St. Andrews,
EGLINTON, ARGYLE, HUNTLEY,
FLEEMING, CASSILIS, CRAWFORD,
GLENLUCE, ROSS, ERROLL,
SANQUHAR, MAXWELL, OGILVY,
OLIPHANT, DRUMMOND, SOMERVILLE,
ZESTER."

In the same strain as the above is the queen's declaration: "I never condescendit to the marriage until the greatest part of the nobility had cleared him by assize, and *ratified the same in parliament*, and had given thair consent to him for my marriage, and *solicited and persuaded me thairto, as their handwriting will testifie*."† These public declarations on the queen's side,

* Strickland, v., p. 263.

† "Queen Mary's register, Cot. lib." Goodall, vol. ii., p. 342. Goodall was keeper of the Advocates' library at Edinburgh.

Murray and Morton never publicly contradicted. Mary really did not know that Bothwell was the murderer of Darnley. Did not even Murray and Morton acquit him?

To sum up then, the case stands thus: Queen Elizabeth hated Mary as her rival to the throne of England. Murray, Morton and Lethington were tools of the English government. Mary married Darnley, whom she loved. The nobles, especially Murray, the "godly regent," hated him and plotted his death. He became a bad husband, degraded, brutal and infamous. Yet Mary loved him to the end. Murray, Morton, Maitland and Bothwell had him murdered. The queen, imprisoned and under compulsion, married Bothwell, who had already outraged her person. Shall we not then rather pity this unfortunate woman, the victim of brute force, treachery and craft, rather than unjustly condemn her for crimes which she never committed?

Thus have we answered some of the chief accusations brought against the Queen of Scots. The subject undoubtedly has not been exhausted, for we have not adduced all the proofs which her defenders produce in her behalf. Enough, however, has been said to show that prejudice alone caused her to be considered guilty. Her character, as shown in the first years of her life in France; her conduct during eighteen years and nine months imprisonment, won her the admiration of both friends and enemies. The sweetness of her disposition; her gratitude to her friends, every one of whom she remembers in her last will and testament; her unassuming yet firm devotion to her religious convictions; and her unaffected piety are testified to by all. Her career on the throne, as queen of Scotland, is alone clouded by the foul breath of calumny. Surrounded by enemies, foreign and domestic; the object of bitter hate, she became the victim of deceit, of treason and brutality. Her accusers were men of no conscience, and hence they balked at nothing which could blacken her reputation and ruin her cause.

Her marriage with Bothwell consummated the plotting of Murray against her. The people were excited. Many of the nobles, and most of the soldiers, believed the stories circulated by her enemies that she was accessory to Darnley's murder for

the purpose of marrying Bothwell. The flame of insurrection was fanned. Morton led the rebels against her and Bothwell. The hostile forces met near Edinburgh, at Carberry hill. An interview was brought about between the queen and Sir William Kirkaldy, of Grange, on the part of the rebels, who required no other terms than those of dismissing Bothwell from her presence, but promised on that condition all dutiful obedience to her. The broken-hearted young queen, relying on the faith of the treaty, to avoid bloodshed, directly went over to the opposite army. Does this not show that she was naturally simple-minded and unsuspicious? Does her conduct on this occasion, in giving up Bothwell, look like that of a woman who married him for love, after murdering her first husband to please him? Doctor Robertson eloquently describes the indignities to which she was afterwards subjected. "As soon as Bothwell retired, Mary surrendered to Kirkaldy, who conducted her towards the confederate army, the leaders of which received her with much respect; *and Morton, in their name, made ample professions of their future loyalty and obedience.* But she was treated by the common soldiers with the utmost insolence and indignity; they poured upon her all the opprobrious names commonly bestowed on the lowest and most infamous criminals. Wherever she turned her eyes, they held up before her a standard, on which was painted the dead body of the late king, stretched on the ground, and the young prince (Mary's child by Darnley), afterwards James VI., kneeling before it, and uttering these words: "*Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!*"

Bothwell was allowed to escape. His accomplices in the murder of Darnley did not want to arrest him for fear he might reveal their doings. Mary, the victim, alone was wanted. She was put in the common jail at Edinburgh; thence carried over the Frith of Forth and confined in the castle of Douglas, under the guardianship of the mother of base-born Murray. This crafty politician and unprincipled statesman now assumed supreme control as regent of Scotland, a position which he had long coveted; for which he had long plotted against his sister; and to gain which he had sacrificed her blameless reputation, her unstained honor, and

eventually her life. Well did he deserve the name which Darnley's mother, the countess of Lennox, bestowed on him when she found out his numerous infamies—"*The wicked governor!*"*

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ART. V.—1. *Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours.* Par M. RAYNOUARD. 6 vols. Paris. 1816.

2. *Die Poesie der Troubadours, nach gedruchten und handschriftlichen Werken derselben dargestellt.* Von FRIEDRICH DIEZ. Zwickau. 1826.

3. *Leben und Werke der Troubadours. Ein Beitrag zur nähern Kenntniss des Mittelalters.* Von F. DIEZ. Zwickau. 1829.

4. *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours.* Par ABBÉ MILLOT. Paris. 1774.

5. *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe.* By J. C. L. SISMONDE DE SISMONDI. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE.

FOR about three hundred years—from near the close of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century—was in Europe a golden age of song and romance. It was not less distinctive, and, in some respects, is more interesting, than the age of Pericles, in Athens, or that of Augustus, in Rome. It was the period of chivalry, of the crusades, of the Niebelungen Lied, of the Troubadours, the Trouveres, and the Minnesingers. Michelet says this was emphatically the age of women; in that declaration all the rest is included. Love, valor, and religion were the animating sentiments of the period, and found their most appropriate expression in song. It was the formative period of modern politics, languages, and literature. A new language arose on the decadence of the Latin, and, in its turn, became a dead tongue, but left monuments well worthy of our examination. This field has been too much neglected by scholars, considering its intrinsic richness and the aid which explorations in it can give to an appreciation of modern literature. From Provençal

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* Strickland, v., p. 331.

poetry arose the vast superstructures of that of modern times; the Troubadours gave place to Dante and Chaucer. It furnished the groundwork of modern verse, and to a great extent determined forms; the revival of learning superadding to this basis the excellencies of the Greek and Roman classics.

The classic land of this period was the south of France, and its language the Provençal. This country, after being the inheritance of several of the successors of Charlemagne was, in 879, formed into an independent kingdom. Bozon I., the founder of the house of Burgundy, was its first monarch, being crowned at Nantes with the title of King of Arles. Under his dominion were Provence, Dauphiny, Savoy, the Lyonese, and some provinces of Burgundy. In 943 the title of king was exchanged for that of count, under Bozon II., but the kingdom of Provence remained entire, and continued in the house of Burgundy. The last of the male line of this house was Gilibert, who died in 1092, leaving two daughters, between whom his possessions were divided. The elder, Faydide, became the spouse of Alphonse, count of Toulouse, while the other, Douce, married Raymond Berenger, count of Barcelona. For two hundred and thirteen years Provence was thus united under a line of princes who contributed to augment the riches of the country, encouraged learning, and consolidated the laws and the language. The Provençal language rose at this period, displacing the Latin, which continued to exist only in records, statutes, homilies and legends of the saints. The Provençal became the language of the common people, of the court, and of literature, and was in great repute, not only in France, but also in Spain and Italy.

Then arose chivalry and the poets of the age, who in the south of France were called Troubadours, and, to the north of the Loire, Trouveres. Poets and musicians were in repute in these countries previous to this time, and Philip Muskes, a Norman poet of the thirteenth century, in a rhymed complaint declares that "when Charlemagne had brought all countries under his dominion, he made over and divided the whole of Provence, which is rich in wind, woods and rivers,

among the luxurious musicians and minstrels." Raymond Berenger and his successors were the guardians of chivalry, and patrons of literature in this country. They introduced a taste for elegance and the sciences of the Arabians. At the close of the eleventh century one-half of France was governed by independent princes, whose only common bond was the Provençal language. There were the counts of Toulouse, dukes of Aquitaine, of the house of Poitiers, dauphins of Viennois and of Auvergne, princes of Orange, of the house of Baux, and the counts of Foix. To the courts of these rulers repaired physicians, astrologers, and minstrels. "La gai saber," or "la gai sciencia," (the gay science,) as the Troubadours called their art, was considered as conferring more distinction than great titles or feats of arms. The bravest knights were fain to add to their reputation for prowess that of being good versifiers. Monarchs vied with low-born minstrels in celebrating the praise of their mistresses in song. Ladies of all ranks became poets. No learning was required to be a Troubadour, for no publication of poems was in vogue except to sing or chant them at court or in hall, and knights who could not read were reckoned good poets. There are in existence poems in the Provençal language composed by the emperor of Germany, Frederick Barbarossa, Richard I. of England, Alfonso II., and Peter III. of Aragon, Frederick III. of Sicily, the dauphin of Auvergne, the count de Foix, the prince of Orange, the marquis of Montferrat, king of Thessalonica, and many other titled lords and ladies. The versifying art afforded a means of rising from obscurity even more certain than the profession of arms, and some of the most distinguished of the Troubadours were of humble origin. In the days of chivalry all monarchs and nobles kept open house for wandering knights and minstrels, and the roving poets were everywhere welcomed and often richly rewarded for the entertainment they afforded. The palace and the hall were alike open to them, and so also, it would seem, were the hearts of the ladies, to whom they were especially dear, as their charms and the delights of love formed the staple of Troubadour minstrelsy. Besides the favor of the ladies, which was the

principal object of their efforts, they were often rewarded with presents of horses, and their trappings, with rich clothing, jewels and money.

The conquest of England by William, and the succession of the kings of that country to the portions of France where the Provençal language prevailed, gave a great impetus to minstrelsy. The monarchs of the house of Plantagenet were patrons of the Troubadours, Richard Cœur de Lion being enrolled among their number, and being especially dear to the minstrels of the period. The romance language had a great influence on the formation of the English, and the minstrels furnished Chaucer with his first models. The preaching of the first crusade, in 1095, and the opening of communication between Christendom and the Levant, also aided in extending and perfecting Troubadour poetry. It would seem that literature of the nature of the Provençal could only flourish in the sunshine of a court. Nostradamus says, "Mais defaillans des Mecenas, defaillirent aussi les poëtes." Minstrelsy declined with chivalry, and another era succeeded, with poets representing more comprehensive nationalities, with Dante and Chaucer and printing. The causes which are reckoned especially to have promoted the downfall of Provençal literature, were the wars against the Albigenses, followed by the wars of Simon de Montfort, in which the south of France was devastated, the accession of the house of Anjou to the throne of Naples, and the removal of the papal court from Avignon.

The name Troubadour is derived from the Provençal *trobaire* (to find), *trobador* (finder or inventor), having the same signification as the Greek *poietes*, from which our word *poet* is derived. There were also the jongleurs, who were originally musicians, and were afterwards, when poetry came to be more cultivated, employed to sing or recite the compositions of the Troubadours, accompanying their recitations with instrumental music and sometimes with tricks and jugglery. In time every troubadour of distinction had his jongleur, who was as necessary to the poet of that day as are publishers to modern writers. This advantage, however, the troubadour had over the poet of this age, that he was

not so dependent upon his jongleur, as the poet is upon his publisher. There were no copyrights in those days, and, we presume, though we have no record of such a circumstance, that the jongleurs frequently stole the effusions of the poets, and were well rewarded for reciting them, neglecting to give due credit to the authors. Guirant Riquier, in a poem in the form of a petition, addressed to Alphonso X. of Castile, in 1275, says: "Verily, jonglerie in the beginning was introduced by wise and learned men, in order to procure by well played instruments, honor and enjoyment to the nobles. These, in the beginning, kept jongleurs, and in the present day the great ones of the land do so. Afterwards came troubadours to sing of high deeds, and so to praise the nobles as to incite others to imitate them. For those who cannot accomplish such may know how to appreciate them." The following lines give a catalogue of the ordinary accomplishments of a jongleur:

"All the minstrel art I know:
I the viol well can play;
I the pipe and syrinx blow;
Harp and gigue my hand obey;
Psaltery, symphony and rote
Help to charm the listening throng,
And Armonia lends its note
While I warble forth my song.

"I have tales and fables plenty,
Satires, past'rals full of sport;
Songs to Vielle I've more than twenty,
Ditties, too, of every sort.
I from lovers tokens bear,
I can flowery chaplets weave,
Amorous belts can well prepare,
And with courteous speech deceive."*

The lives of many of the troubadours furnish romantic incidents as remarkable as their fictions. They are narrated in Millot's *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*, the *Leben und Werke der Troubadours*, by Diez, and the excellent works of M. Raynouard. The first of whom we have any distinct account is William, the 9th count of Poitiers and duke of Aqui-

* Burney's *Hist. of Music*, v. ii., p. 270.

taine, born 1071, died 1127, who with three hundred thousand men took part in the crusade of 1101.* The next is the illustrious Bernard de Ventadour, of whom Millot says: "Vivacity, delicacy of sentiment, beauty of images, naïveté of style, facility of versification, distinguish advantageously this poet whom Petrarch has mentioned with praise.† There were satirists in those days who attempted to injure the reputation of some of the poets, sometimes by unworthy references to their origin. Pierre d'Auvergne says of Ventadour, "He had for his father a servant who shot well with a wooden bow, and his mother heated ovens and collected firewood."‡ Armand de Marveil was also born in humble life, from which his talents raised him. He was attached to the court of Roger II., viscount of Beziers, and fell in love with his master's wife, the Countess Adelaide, daughter of Raymond V., count of Toulouse. His susceptibility caused him much trouble.

The loves of the troubadours were not always distinguished for honor, nor was their expression of passion in their songs always delicate; yet their sentiments were often ardent and ennobling. Geoffroi Rudel became enamored of a princess of Tripoli merely from hearing of her beauty and the sweetness of her disposition from pilgrims who came from Antioch. He wrote many songs to her, and finally determined to see her at any cost. He embarked, but was taken sick on the voyage, and believed to be dead. He was, however, carried to Tripoli, and the countess, learning his story, was so much affected by it that she repaired to his bedside and embraced him. He immediately revived, thanked God, and died in her arms. She caused him to be buried with great pomp and solemnity, and retired to a cloister. This lady is supposed to have been Melisenda, daughter of Count Raymond I., who was sought in marriage by the Greek emperor, Manuel Comnenus, who proved inconstant.§

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* Diez, *Leben und Werke der Troubadours*, p. 3.

† *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*, I., p. 85.

‡ See Diez, *Leben und Werke der Troubadours*, p. 76.

§ The story of Rudel is well told in Mrs. Jamieson's *Loves of the Poets*. See, also, Millot, t. i., p. 85, and Diez.

Pierre Vidal stole a kiss, which caused his banishment. On another occasion, to please his mistress, he disguised himself as a wolf, was hunted in the forest, and, as it chanced, was nearly torn to pieces by dogs, which he affected to regard as no misfortune, since it furnished amusement to his lady-love.*

One of the most renowned of the troubadours was Sordello, who was also distinguished as a soldier, but preferred the delights of love to war. Dante takes account of him in his Inferno, and represents Virgil as embracing him.* His verses were distinguished for harmony and sensibility. He was among the first to adopt the ballad style. Another was the turbulent Bertrand de Born, the friend of Richard Cœur de Lion, who was never so much at home as in the midst of the excitement of battle. He assisted the unfilial sons of Henry II. against their father, for which Dante represents him as enduring punishment in hades, comparing him to Achitophel, and Richard to Absalom.† Raynouard calls him, "Mauvais parent, sujet rebelle, ami dangereux." He turned monk in his old age, and ended his days in a cloister.

There were critics in those days, whose style of commentary may be inferred from extracts which Raynouard gives from contemporary MSS. containing criticisms upon popular poets. We also learn from these extracts what were the accomplishments of the troubadours:

"Pierre Vidal sang better than any other man in the world; he was the troubadour who composed the best airs."

"Armand de Marveil composed well, sang well, and read romances well."

"Pierre Cardinal knew how to read well and sing well; he *trouvait* also beautiful subjects and beautiful airs."

"The Lady Tiberge, gracious and very clever, united amiability to scientific attainments, and had talents for poesy."

"The Lady Lombarde *trouvait* well, and made love-couplets."‡

The courts of love were one of the most interesting and characteristic institutions of the period. Their existence has been doubted, but Raynouard finds satisfactory proof

* Diez, *Op. cit.*, p. 169. † *Inferno*, ch. xxviii.

‡ Raynouard, *Choix de Poésie*, v. ii.

that they were in vogue from about the year 1150 to 1200, and believes them to have existed previously. His chief authority is André, chaplain to the French court. André's work was entitled, "Livre de l'Art d'Aimer, et de la reprobation de l'Amour." Another authority on the subject is "Les Arrets d'Amour, avec l'Amant rendu Cordelier à l'Observance d'Amour. Par Martial Auvergne, dit de Paris, procureur au parliament, &c.," published at Amsterdam in 1731. From this latter work, and from Raynouard's selections from the work of André, we are able to get a definite idea of the nature of the courts of love, and have accounts of their constitution, their rules and decrees, and many reports of causes adjudicated by them. They were composed of a number of distinguished ladies, sometimes assisted by cavaliers. The courts made rules which were often decreed to be fixed laws. At the court of Gascoigne all the ladies agreed to order that the judgment of the court should be observed as a perpetual constitution, and that any lady who did not obey it should incur the enmity of all honest dames.* A code of laws consisting of thirty-one articles was set forth. The following are some of the most important of these rules:

"Marriage is not a legitimate excuse for not loving.

"Who does not know how to keep a secret cannot be a lover.

"No one can have two attachments at the same time.

"Love must always increase or diminish.

"The lover who survives is bound to preserve widowhood for two years.

"Facility of enjoyment diminishes its value, and difficulty augments it.

"If once love diminishes it soon comes to an end, and rarely recovers its power.

"The genuine lover is always timid."

The questions which came before these courts for decision were often fanciful, but sometimes practical. We give some specimens of these questions, and their decisions by the court:

*Question*—"Can true love exist between married persons?"

*Judgment of the Countess de Champagne*—"We pronounce and declare,

* Raynouard, *Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours*, t. ii.

by these presents, that love cannot extend its empire over two married persons. In fact, lovers accord everything mutually and gratuitously, without being constrained thereto by any motive of necessity, while married persons are in duty bound reciprocally to submit their wills to each other, and to refuse each other nothing. Let this judgment, which we have rendered with extreme prudence, and by the advice of a great number of ladies, stand for you as a perpetual and irrefutable principle. Thus decreed the year 1174, the third day of the kalends of May, indiction VII."

*Question*—"Is it between lovers or married persons that there exists the greatest affection, the most lively attachment?"

*Judgment of Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne*—"The attachment of married persons and the tender affections of lovers are sentiments by nature and custom entirely different. No comparison can be instituted between subjects which have between them no resemblance and agreement."

*Question*—"A lady formerly married is now separated from her husband by divorce. He who was her husband demands her love urgently."

*Judgment pronounced by the Viscountess of Narbonne*—"Love between those who have been united by conjugal ties, if they are afterwards separated, in whatever manner it may be, is not reputed culpable; it is even commendable."

There were two dialects of the romance language—the Romance-Provençal, used in all the provinces south of the Loire, originally conquered by the Visigoths and Burgundians, and the Romance-Wallon, which was employed north of the Loire, in the dominions of the Franks. The Provençal was also called the *Langue d'Oc*, and the Romance-Wallon the *Langue d'Oil* or *d'Oui*, both meaning the language of the *yes;* as the Italian was called *Langue de Si*, and the German *Langue de Ja*. According to Bastero the *Langue d'Oc* existed in the Balearic Isles as late as 1724. Out of this language grew the Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese tongues. The *Langue d'Oc* supplanted the *Tudesque*, which Charlemagne endeavored to establish. It had regular forms and fixed rules, and was distinguished for richness and flexibility, and a redundancy of similar sounds, admirably adapting it to the purposes of poetry. A knowledge of it can be obtained from Raynouard, who has compiled a grammar and a vocabulary of the language. It offers few difficulties to persons acquainted with the Latin, and any one of the

Romanic languages, or even with one of the latter only. Raynouard says of it: "This idiom, born of the corruption of the Latin language, had forms characteristic and essential, differing absolutely; subjected to new combinations of poetry and versification, it was consecrated by the troubadours to express the delicacy and the vivacity of love, the severe frankness of their moral and political opinions, their enthusiasm for honorable exploits and for the illustrious persons who performed them, their just and courageous indignation against the errors and the vices of their contemporaries; and then commenced a new era in literature."*

A stanza or two of troubadour poetry will give an idea of the language. The following is from a *chanson* of Pierre Vidal:

"E s'ien sai ren dir ni faire,
Ilh n'ayàl grat, que sciensa
M'a donat e connoissensa,
Per qu'ien sui guays e chantaire,
E tot quant fauc d'avinen
Ai del sien belh cors plazen,
Neis quan de bon cor cossire."†

Here is a stanza from a poem of Richard de Barbezieux:

"Qu' aissi cum totz l'ans s'agensa
Per fuelh' e per flor,
Val mais lo mos per amor,
Et amors non a valensa
Ni honor,
Mielhs De Dompna, ses vostra mantenensa,
Quar de totz bes estatz gras e semensa,
Et en vos es valors, bentatz e sens,
Mas per amor es plus valors valens."‡

Rhyme is the groundwork of the Provençal poetry. The troubadours were the inventors of rhyme, unless, as Sis-

* *Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours*, t. II.

† "O, if my songs, if my deeds have conferred upon me any renown, I ought to render the homage of it to my love; it is she who excited my talents and encouraged my studies. It is she who has inspired me with gracious songs; my works appear agreeable, and succeed in pleasing, only because they reflect from me something of the elegance of my lady, who constantly occupies my thoughts."

‡ "As the year is embellished by the flowers of spring and the fruits of autumn, the whole world is embellished by love; and love has no value and no glory except through you, O most perfect of dames! You make secure his empire, for in you are worth, beauty, and understanding; but love renders all your fine qualities more precious."

mondi supposes, they borrowed it from the Arabians. F. Schlegel says: "It is impossible to trace this romantic metre and rhyme to the Arabians, although in some Arabic poems the same rhyme is carried on at certain intervals throughout; but nothing Arabic or in the slightest degree oriental, even, can be discovered in any fragments of old romantic poetry. The structure of the language, the coloring and diction, are altogether different. The Romance language is formed by the intermixture of the Latin and Teutonic; words of the former language being incorporated with the German, and remodelled according to its peculiar pronunciation and phraseology."*

The troubadours were the inventors of modern verse. They substituted number and accentuation of syllables for the quantity of the Greek and Latin versification. The structure of their verse exhibits great variety, and is often complicated. They had an admirable sense of the harmony of numbers, and no translation can properly render the music of their songs. They generally displayed a discriminating taste in the choice of forms of verse in which to express their sentiments. Some of their poems seem affected, as the adaptedness of the language to rhyme offered inducements to attempt a display of skill in overcoming difficulties. The form of the stanza is regular and uniform, the same rhyme being often repeated in the same place in each stanza. The rhymes were distinguished by a masculine and feminine, as in the French. They were varied so as to produce the greatest harmony in the verse.

The Troubadours had a variety of forms of verse, each with its particular name, which characterized those of a class expressing certain sentiments. The word *verse* had with them a generic signification. The *chanson* was a piece devoted usually to love or praise. The stanzas were ordinarily composed of five or six couplets. The *son* or *sonnet* was a *chanson* intended to be sung; though the signification of the word *chanson* shows that the original choice of this name was to designate a piece intended to be sung or chanted.

* *Treatise on the Study of Romantic Poetry*, part I.

The word *cobla*, couplet, was sometimes applied to distinguish amorous poetry, and sometimes to designate lyric pieces for which new music was made. The *planh*, or *complainte*, was employed to celebrate the memory of a deceased lover, a friend or a benefactor, or to deplore a public calamity. It had usually the same form as the *chanson*, and appears to have been designed to be sung. The *tenson* was a poem in dialogue, upon subjects of love, chivalry, morals, &c. It was sometimes a medium for the exchange of vows between lovers, and sometimes a vehicle for invective, the word *tenson* being derived from the Latin *contentio*. It was often the work of more than one hand, each author taking one part of the dialogue. The *sirventes* were satirical pieces, political, moral, or personal. One of the most successful composers of *sirventes* was the famous Bertrand de Born. The *sixtine*, supposed to have been invented by Armand Daniel, was a musical piece, complicated but regular. The *descourt*, probably meaning discordance, was an irregular poem, whence its name. The *alba*, or *aubade*, was a love-song, generally expressive of the happiness which the lover had enjoyed in his mistress' society and of his regrets that the appearance of day compelled him to separate from the object of his affections. The *serena*, or serenade, was composed by the lover, in anticipation of his meeting with his mistress, and in complaint of the length of the day which so long kept him from happiness. Raynouard says: "The distinctive characteristic of these two sorts of pieces is a mixture of gracious sentiment with *naive* melancholy that one rarely finds in the other compositions of the troubadours. Nothing appears to me more delicate and more tender than the following *aubade*. It is the work of a lady whose name is unknown."* We give an original, rhymed version of this piece, though agreeing with Schlegel that the beauties of Provençal poetry are of a kind not communicable through the medium of translation:

"Within a grove, beneath a hawthorne tree,
A lady clasps her lover tenderly,
When the watcher cries that daybreak she can see;
Oh God! oh God! the daylight comes too soon!

* *Op. cit.*, t. ii., p. 236.

I would to God the night might last for aye,
He from my side be never forced away,
And that the sentry ne'er might see the day.
Oh God! oh God! the daylight comes too soon.

O fair, sweet friend, let us two kiss again,
There where the blithe birds wake a matin strain,
And feel and fear we now no jealous pain.
Oh God! oh God! the daylight comes too soon.

O beautiful and sweet, let's joy anew,
Where, in the garden, birds wake love-songs true,
Till the sentry's pipe proclaims the day in view.
Oh God! oh God! the daylight comes too soon.

I drink that amorous sigh, my friend so gay,
So sweet, so gentle! 'Tis a golden ray
From love's own sun which makes the glorious day.
Oh God! oh God! the daylight comes too soon.

O she is beautiful, and gracious too,
And many eyes her lovely form may view,
Yet loyally she loves, so kind and true!
Oh God! oh God! the daylight comes too soon."

Other kinds of verse were the *ballade*, the *danse*, the *ronde*, designed to embellish and animate the dance; also *epitres* and *nouvelles*, short poems, containing generally anecdotes of gallantry relative to lords, cavaliers and ladies. There are only four Provençal romances handed down to us. Three are in verse, *Gerard de Rossillon*, *Jaufre*, *the son of Dovon*, *Ferebras*, and the prose romance *Philomena*. These romances were much more in vogue with the Norman poets than with the troubadours. There are among the remains of Provençal literature several legends of the saints, and the rhymed chronicle of the wars against the Albigenses, by Guillaume de Tudela. There are quite a number of didactic poems, and the *Breviary of Love*, by Matfre Ermengan, consisting of twenty-seven hundred verses, which contains an epitome of nearly all the knowledge of the age. There are also the fragment of the *Life of Boethius*, and the *Mystery of the Wise and Foolish Virgins*, which is doubtless the earliest attempt at dramatic composition extant in modern language.

There was little learning displayed in the poetry of the

Troubadours, no considerable amount of thought or invention, but great depth of feeling, delicacy of sentiment, and richness of fancy. They are poems of the affections rather than of the intellect. The freshness and apparent spontaneity of the feeling which inspired them, and the gracefulness of their expression are their principal charm. They are very simple and direct in expression, as original as the Greek poets or Shakespeare, and more so than the Latin writers; very few of the composers being acquainted with the classics, they are not guilty of imitation, except of each other. They exhibit an ardent love of nature, a hearty detestation of tyranny and hypocrisy, and a fine appreciation of the delights of love. The troubadour's mistress was generally his muse, and his expression of his sentiments was more simple and more delicate than that of the Greeks and Romans. Christianity had its effect in refining and spiritualizing the sentiment of the age which displayed itself in the institution of chivalry as well as in the songs of the troubadours. As an example of the troubadour's sentiments regarding the tender passion, we translate a stanza of a poem of Bernard de Ventadour:

" He whose cold heart love cannot move,
Who feels its thrill no more, is dead;
Who values life when love hath fled,
What but a burden can he prove?
My God, permit me not to live
A month, a day, when love is dead,
When wearying and wearied
No pleasure I can feel or give."

We attempt a new version of a famous war lyric of Bertrand de Born, though doubtless we shall fail—as others have done before us—in giving any adequate impression of the spirit of the original, which breathes the very soul of conflict.

" It pleases me when lovely spring
Makes leaves and beauteous flowers appear;
It pleases me, when blithe birds sing,
Their joyous madrigals to hear
Through echoing thickets sounding;
And I am well pleased when I see around
Tents and pavilions deck the ground;

And my heart with joy is bounding
When on the field gay knights and steeds
Appear, equipped for glorious deeds.

Well pleased am I, to see the scouts
Make peasants and flocks in terror flee;
And to hear the soldiers' warlike shouts,
As they hasten after, rejoices me;
And greater is my pleasure
When the wall of a castle beseiged, at last
Comes crashing down, and the foemen fast
Before the yawning fissure
Are forming their ranks, whom palisade,
And compassing ditches and banks still aid.

I love to see a valiant knight,
On good steed mounted, lead the charge,
His followers, eager to join the fight,
Press after him, brandishing sword and targe,
His valor all inspiring;
And when they have gained the farther bank,
They close on the foeman's outer rank,
Every man of the host desiring
To give and take, for each one knows
That his worth is proved by valiant blows.

Lances, and swords, and helms blood-dyed,
And shields all battered and wrenched away,
Are strewn on the conflict's swelling tide,
And vassals are mingled in murderous fray,
And, pierced by swords and lances,
Steeds wounded and killed are scattered about,
And eager to join the furious rout,
Each high-born knight advances,
And thinks but of cleaving limb and head,
Resolved to be victor or sleep with the dead.

I tell you that nothing such joy can bring,
Be it food, or drink, or sleep, to me,
As to hear the battle-cry, "At them!" ring
From the closing hosts, and to hear and see
Steeds riderless rushing and neighing,
And the cry "To the rescue!" above the din,
And all to the ditch rush madly in,
And revel in cleaving and slaying,
And lifeless bodies thrust aside
To make room for the battle's advancing tide.

Ye barons pledge while you may
Your castles and villages, cities and lands,

And for glorious war prepare your bands!
And Papiol, hasten I pray,
And say to the Lord of Oc and No*
That the days of peace are too dull and slow."

We doubt if there is in literature a more perfect specimen of its kind than this wonderful lyric. It is almost an epic in five stanzas, and is thoroughly artistic. The poet expresses his pleasure in the beauties of spring and the singing of birds; then he tells us how he loves to see the preparations for war. The camp is first represented, and then the assembled troops. Then come the march and the peasants and flocks fleeing before the vanguard of the army. A castle is reached and besieged; the walls are breached, and both armies prepare for the deadly struggle. A valiant lord leads the onset of the attacking party; his example inspires others, and all rush eagerly forward. Then the deadly struggle begins, and its progress is described with stirring distinctness. This part of the piece seems, as Raynouard says, "to have been inspired by the intoxication of carnage, in the midst of the horrors of the field of battle."

In simplicity of diction and artistic directness of expression, Provençal poetry resembles the ancient classics. With less learning and thought, it has excellencies of its own which make it well worthy of study. It is impossible to transfuse its spirit by translation; its simplicity and artistic excellence, the nature of the Provençal language, and the difficult forms of verse, rendering abortive any attempt, even by an accomplished versifier, to communicate its beauties in another language. Like the poetry of the early period of nations generally, it is peculiarly excellent in structure. Greater affluence of ornamentation comes with advancement in knowledge and a more liberal supply of the refinements of civilation and the arts of life. We can learn much from troubadour poetry; in some respects it furnishes us models as valuable as the monuments of more ancient civilization.

Those were not barbarous ages and lands in which the troubadours flourished. Neither was war the chief occupation of the people of those times and countries. The most

* *Papiol*, his jongleur; *Oc* and *No*, Richard Cœur de Lion.

flourishing period of Provençal literature was an age of peace, and the martial spirit was kept alive by stirring lyrics and recitals of former deeds of glory, which were sung or narrated in court and hall. The rulers of Provence were more desirous of cultivating science and literature than of extending their dominions by conquest. The richness and passionateness of Arabian literature must have had its effect upon the Christian inhabitants of the south of Europe. Woman, in those days, was more devotedly as well as more passionately worshipped than with us, with all our superior civilization. We may be more refined, but we are generally less passionate than the troubadours, and that passion was a source of power which our greater knowledge cannot supply.

Pope said that unless poetry can come as naturally as leaves to the tree, it had better not come at all. What is most valuable in literature springs spontaneously from the life of a people and the heart of its writers. It is a record of real experiences, of emotions which will be expressed in some form, and whose strength or delicacy is indicated by the form that expression assumes. It is from a necessity of its nature that the bird sings and the flower blooms; the work of the true poet is equally spontaneous and irrepressible with the song of the bird. In crude times the poetry of a people is generally simple and lyrical, this form best expressing the simple and natural emotions of the heart. As knowledge advances there is engrafted upon this simple outpouring of the heart the results of science and thought. Then intellect has its share in the production, as well as feeling. An extension of knowledge makes writers acquainted with models of other times and countries than their own. Then they are apt to become imitative, and to merge their individuality in that of minds greater than their own. This is the danger attending too much study for the poet. He echoes the sentiments of others rather than records his own, his natural emotions in fact being obliterated or so much repressed by the influence of those he imbibes from his models as to entirely lose their native characteristics. Even adopting forms of verse from others is dangerous to the

poet. The forms which his verse will assume are as much a part of the individuality of the poet as the feelings which thus seek expression.

Culture, however, must not be deterred. The greater the power of intellect the more perfect will be the expression, provided originality is not dwarfed and spontaneity repressed. When intellect overpowers sensibility the poet is ruined. If the two qualities can be preserved together, the greater the cultivation of the mind the higher flights will the poet be enabled to take; at least the more excellently will he be able to communicate his emotions. The poetical faculty is a delicate one, and must be managed carefully. When it is great enough to bear the highest culture without injury, without being overpowered by intellect, it will produce the grandest results. Those who have had the poetical faculty so largely developed that they could bear thorough cultivation of the intellect, are the great poets of the ages. The lesser stars have been able to reflect less of the light of intellect, and many, no doubt, subjected to its full meridian blaze, have thereby become entirely invisible, or have appeared to shine by a faint, borrowed light.

A conventional education is always dangerous to the poet. He may not suffer from it, even though it be not the best for him, if he be great enough to rise above it, assimilating what is good for him in his teachings, and rising above his circumstances, his soul fed from the pristine fount of inspiration. But many of those who have had the greatest influence on mankind, who are watchtowers to the ages, have been developed in circumstances that have called forth their powers without subjecting them to conventional standards. Such are Shakspeare, Burns and Béranger. We do not say that any one should imitate any of these writers in externals, for that would be to destroy his own originality, and each must be governed by his own circumstances. Neither should he neglect any opportunities for culture within his reach. The circumstances in which each person is placed indicate to him the course which he is to pursue. They are his materials, and from them he must build his edifice. But he must be the master of these materials, and not permit himself to be buried beneath them.

We are greatly benefitted by considering how persons in a natural state express themselves. In this respect the poetry of the troubadours gives us most valuable models. They were not imitators, but original artists. We learn from their songs how the people of that day felt and what were their characteristics. In the natural emotions of the soul they did not differ from the people of to-day, however much customs have changed. We find that what interested the people of those times moves us of the present and in almost precisely the same way. And we shall find that the forms which gave utterance to their emotions, and which were pleasing then, are pleasing now. They had not the depth of feeling nor the lofty flights of imagination of the best writers of more modern times, but in what they expressed we shall find that they were more simple and natural than the majority of the poets of this age.

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ART. VI.—*Book of Summer Resorts. Guide Book to our Watering Places*, &c., &c. New York. 1869.

Now that the "season" is over, we cannot injure any legitimate interest by giving a few of our impressions of those institutions known as "Summer Resorts." We are in favor of respecting vested rights even in instances in which those who possess them would allow no rights, even to their patrons, which they could possibly withhold, without charging for them in their bills. It was this disposition to be just and charitable, even to those who have no sense of justice or of equity themselves, that caused us to abstain from treating this subject in our June number. We need hardly say that if it had been our object to make a sensation which would be likely to prove profitable to ourselves we would not have made this postponement; for we knew very well that fifty would buy a criticism on summer resorts in June for one who would do so now, in the middle of September. But it is not our purpose to pander to any degrading passion; we address ourselves, not to the credulity or morbid curiosity of the public, but to its reason and judgment. While we do not

pretend to be indifferent to the means of existence, or to despise the comforts of life, but freely admit that there are some of the luxuries of life which we like to enjoy, yet we would content ourselves with the most indispensable necessaries rather than sacrifice the public good in order to increase our own profit. But thanks to the most intelligent portion of the American people, we are not obliged to do anything of the kind. We have no charge of neglect or lack of appreciation to make; on the contrary, we have always had reason to feel grateful for the generous encouragement given us by the enlightened and liberal of all sects, denominations and parties.

Our worst enemies can hardly pretend that we have anything to gain by showing that if nine-tenths of our summer resorts were suppressed, the public would be served rather than injured by the catastrophe. Still less can it be said that we have any rejected offers, or any slights, to revenge. If any keeper of a summer resort can say that we have ever asked any patronage from him, in any form, he may charge us with vindictive motives; if, upon the other hand, he can say that we have ever received anything from him for which we have not paid in full, he may impugn our impressions in another way. But we defy any one to make either statement, or to attribute to us any worse motive than the wish to put the public on their guard, in the pursuit of our duties as a public journalist, against imposition and extortion of the most shameful and unblushing kind.

None but those who have visited many of those places, and become familiar with the *modus operandi* of their keepers, would believe that any class of men would be so blind to their own future interests—not to mention any other reason—as to treat their guests as they do. It is almost needless for us to remark that we do not place in this category the landlords of respectable city hotels who sometimes open hotels for the season at our principal watering places.* These are indeed exceptions;

* It is true that this class also have occasionally recourse to ingenious contrivances. It will be remembered that two or three of them made quite a hit during the past season, by engaging the services of some distinguished personages in *pantomime* and kindred performances.

but they are so few compared to the large number who keep "summer resorts" in all parts of the country, that they can hardly be said to affect the general estimate. Thousands prefer to go to other places; were it otherwise it would be impossible for the respectably managed houses to accommodate them. For every one thus comfortably and pleasantly accommodated, at least a hundred have to patronize the sharpers; the latter are quite aware of this, and they take every possible advantage of it. It is true that were this class judged by their garments, their watch chains and finger rings, none could seem more responsible or "high toned;" although there are some who assume the garb of humility, as a certain class of women sometime assume the garb of virtue, in order that they may be able to turn their lack of virtue to the most profitable account. In general the keepers of our summer resorts are persons who have been assistant clerks, porters, or runners at third or fourth rate city hotels, such as those establishments in the Bowery and Cherry street. It is not strange that this class are constantly boasting of their city experience in the hotel business, and that when any objection is made to their extortions, they pretend to settle the point by saying, "'Twas always the rule in the city hotels." This was the reply we heard made to a gentleman, who, although his boots were regularly polished by his own servant-man, found, among other questionable items in his bill, "Cleaning boots, $2 50." The rejoinder—quite good humoredly made—is, "It may have been the rule in the sort of city hotels to which you have belonged, but no such rule has ever been enforced at any respectable New York house."

A goodly proportion of summer resort keepers are furnished by that class of city boarding-house keepers who have failed to make their fortunes by half-starving their customers at the rate of six or seven dollars a week per head. It is true that the large majority of these are women—either widows, or spinsters of a certain age; but when they aspire to be keepers of summer resorts they enter into partnerships, so that instead of Mrs. Sausage, or Miss Nancy, standing at the head, or the bottom, of the bill, we have the firm of Tom Smith & Co., Dr. N. P. Brownrag & Co., &c. Sometimes the

owners of those resorts undertake to keep them—that is, those owners who have made a fortune by the "liquor business," or some kindred calling; and we think it almost superfluous to say that this class seldom prove much better than their city brethren.

But before we proceed any farther let us remark, parenthetically, that we are not speaking of those ranked as second or third rate summer resorts, but those regarded as the best in the localities in which they are situated. Nor shall we speak of any others, for we know nothing about them; we certainly do not want to know—and we hope we never shall—any worse establishments of their kind than those advertised as "first class," "equal to the New York Hotel, or the Fifth Avenue," &c.

All who have any experience in the matter will readily agree with us that those establishments are growing worse and worse from year to year, and that the number of respectable people who visit them and remain any time has diminished at a still greater ratio. For every hundred of this class who used to spend the summer at these places three or four years ago, scarcely half a dozen individuals do so now.

It is true that these few are as respectable and pleasant people as are to be met with anywhere. It has been our privilege to meet with such at the different places which we visited during the past season, and to which we will allude before we close, though only in a way which may have the effect of causing the bullies and "grabbers" to take lessons on decency and honesty before the next season. Indeed, at none of those places did we meet with more agreeable and interesting ladies and gentlemen, or more wit, beauty, grace and loveliness, combined, than at the very place at which "one of the firm" acted as if he thought it one of his "inalienable rights" to give the worst possible treatment, not only to the ladies and gentlemen that happened to stay at his "resort," but also to the poor horses that were so unfortunate as to depend for their daily rations on such a "boss." But there is reason for the apparent anomaly. There are many circumstances that may render one locality more desirable than another; the same

circumstances compel many to remain some weeks, though they discover the very first day that the "resort" is anything but comfortable or respectable.

It need hardly be said that the large majority of those who have taken the place of the guests of former years are not very fastidious in their tastes, either æsthetically or physically; if Nature has denied them other gifts she has at least endowed them with marvellously strong stomachs! It is altogether superfluous to give this class delicate food. The more flabby, tough, and black the steak is,* the better they seem to like it. Fresh vegetables or fresh fruits would be equally a sacrifice in their case; the stale, cheap kind, is all they expect. Even these they have no idea of at the beginning of the season. It is almost needless to add, that this class are entirely satisfied; they think everything "splendid." And if they will only drink freely in addition to this, as they are very apt to do, they are soon distingished as the model boarders of the "resort." They are much flattered with the attentions they receive, and, being very grateful, under certain circumstances, they are soon observed going about among the rest of the guests, asking subscriptions, to get up a champagne supper, a "grand hop," a grand display of fireworks, &c., &c.—anything to serve "the proprietor"—he is "such a noble fellow!"

Sometimes the food is passably good, but when this is the case it is served like hospital rations; in proportion as an article is dear in the market it is thin, or small, on the plate —often scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. By waiting about two hours, bribing the waiter, and head waiter, and persistently calling for more, one may get enough to subsist upon. If the waiter is not bribed it is nearly all the same how long one waits; very little attention will be paid.

"But, Sam," says one, whose patience is nearly exhausted, to the colored waiter, "how is it that these people just below are served so much better than we?" Sam gives a broad grin, and mutters, "Dat's de orders, ser—any one as drinks doze big bottles mutch must get de best ob ebery ting, and

* This reminds us that a gentleman remarked one day to his neighbor in regard to his steak, "It would puzzle your two dogs to tear this!"

get it furst, too; ha! ha!" This may well seem to be merely a joke, but it is too true. Hence it is that none fare better at most of our summer resorts than gamblers, butchers, keepers of lager beer "saloons," *et hoc genus omne*. More than once we have seen gentlemen order bottles who could not be induced to *drink* the villainous compounds sold for "the best wines;" their object in doing so being merely to secure tolerable attention to their other wants, or to protect themselves from insult!

When such is the treatment vouchsafed to ladies and gentlemen, it may easily be understood what their horses, if they have any, may expect. Accordingly, in no instance in which the hotel and the stable are kept by the same party, have we known those noble animals to get more than half enough to eat. Lest they should get enough their own grooms are not allowed to give them their feed. The "boss" has a person employed for that purpose, who is allowed a certain percentage of the price of the oats out of which the poor brute is cheated. Upon the other hand, in those instances, even at summer resorts, in which the stable is a separate establishment, kept by an experienced livery man, to the credit of that class be it mentioned, the horses generally fare pretty well—they are, at least, not half starved, as they are with the hotel sharpers.

As for complaining, in one case or the other, it is considerably worse than useless; it would be better fast the whole day, or go five miles to get a comfortable meal. We have seen a lady grossly insulted because she ventured to ask a more tender, or rather less *tough* steak than she got! One of the proprietors, being a graduate of a Bowery hotel, tells her that she must "clear out" if she finds any fault. She replies in a faltering voice that she is only waiting a few days to have her own cottage ready. The rejoinder is—made in the coarsest language—that she will not be allowed to the table even once if she doesn't "shut up." The partner of this worthy person boasts to other guests how spiritedly he had acted!

It is difficult to decide whether it is at those places nearest the city or most distant from it—at those on the mountain

or those by the seaside, that the game of grab is most persistently and unblushingly played. The question would be much more easily determined than it is, were it not that almost every keeper has a peculiar mode of practice. One charges for the same baggage at least three times, each time about twice as much as he should have charged first; if a bottle of wine is ordered, for the reason suggested by Sam, it would seem as if that cannot be paid for often enough.

The plan of another is somewhat simpler than this; one calls for a bottle marked on the "wine list" at two dollars; that important functionary known as the head waiter goes to get it. After some ten minutes he comes back with a very long face, and almost out of breath; "I'm sorry, sir, dat vine is just out, but won't this do as well?" Who could say "no" to so reasonable a question, especially as it may be easily concluded that all the "brands" are pretty much alike; the chief distinction consisting in the color and the presence, or absence, of certain drugs? In the price, however, there is a difference of a hundred per cent.; the article offered costing twice as much as the article called for!

If the latter be "champagne" the explanation is that "mine hóst" found that particular brand so inferior that he had returned several boxes of it. What he has now is "the very best," and of course he could not afford to sell it for the price of the inferior article. What is strange is that it requires but a very slight knowledge of chemistry, physiology and geography to ascertain that this "splendid, old champagne;" this "superior Widow Clicquot," had once, and not very long ago, been New Jersey cider! Now, however, it must be regarded as very cheap at five or six dollars a bottle; if any one ventures to think otherwise it is because he knows nothing about champagne!

Passing to another part of the country one finds that the keeper depends a good deal on certain "rules and regulations" hung up on the backs of his doors. According to these he sends a bill for a week before half a week is expired. On being requested to explain the reason of this he blandly replies that rooms, board, &c., have to be paid for from the time

they are engaged, although the engagement consisted in nothing more than that the party went to see the place and said he intended to come as soon as he could, but without at all binding himself to do so, or having the most remote idea that he would be required to pay for what he never got, as well as for what he did get—that is, pay for the privileges of two "resorts" at the same time!

In the state of New York this is regarded as a sort of swindling, and it is punishable as such thus: "No charge or sum shall be collected, or received, by any such person for any service not actually rendered, or for any item not actually delivered, or for a longer time than the person so charged, actually remained at such place. For any violation of this section, or of any provision herein contained, the *offender* shall forfeit to the *injured* party, *three times* the *amount so charged*, and shall *not be entitled* to receive *any money* for the *meals*, *items*, *services*, or *time* charged."* It is superfluous to say that this act was passed because such frauds and "fraudulent practices" were by no means unknown in the state of New York.† We can bear testimony that they are not unknown in New Jersey, at least in some of the high table lands of that thrifty state, which are sometimes called mountains.

It is not strange that those who charge their guests for eating, drinking, and lodging, they never had, should charge a lady five dollars a weak for a small pet lap dog; if she had two ten dollars, &c., that item being as prominently and unblushingly inserted in the bill as any other.‡ If it could be pretended that

* An Act to prevent *fraud* and *fraudulent practices* upon, or *by* hotel-keepers and inn-keepers. (Sect. 2.)

† In illustration of this we may mention that no longer ago than the year before last (1867) a friend of ours, who merely went to see a certain "resort" in Orange county, whose only attraction is a small lake in the vicinity, and paid the highest price for the day's accommodations, was furnished at the close of the season with a bill for a month's board, on pretence that he had promised to come! The bill was accompanied with the threat that if it were not promptly paid it would at once be put into the hands of "our attorney." "The firm" is informed in a quiet way, in reply, that "the doctor" may proceed with his case as soon as he wishes, and that if he got $200 a month from all who happened to go to see the place, without his having to furnish either room or board, he can soon be able to retire from business. Such low, gross abuse as this elicited could only emanate from such a source. If we are not mistaken this curious letter has been carefully preserved as a curiosity of "summer resort" literature.

‡ Just beside it stands this item: "Milk brought to room, 25 cents." The

this was intended as a prohibitory tax on the canine race, there might be some reason in it; but it is nothing of the kind. The keeper has no objection to the dog; he expresses his entire willingness to receive him before his arrival, remarking that he is very fond of dogs himself. Those who see his bills afterwards readily believe him in this, and do not hesitate to believe also that he would fill his whole house with dogs at the same rate per *caput*. Be this as it may, we have seen guests pay those items and many others of a kindred character without making any objection; not because they did not think them extortionate and fraudulent; not because they did not excite their contempt and scorn, but because they preferred even to be swindled rather than engage in any disagreeable altercation for the brief time they intended to remain.

There are many other contrivances made use of at our "summer resorts," which we think may be regarded as belonging to the swindling genus. But just when the patience of those victims who have submitted longest becomes exhausted, "our own correspondent" is invited to the house. Of course, he is very handsomely treated for the one or two nights he remains, and, accordingly, everything at the resort is perfection itself. In short, if there be a paradise anywhere, there it is! This causes a slight revival in business; but there is soon another reaction. Now is the time for the "grand hop of the season;" and the veritable Jenkins makes his appearance on the scene. It is not sufficient for Jenkins to eulogize the landlord as a paragon of generosity and all other virtues supposed to belong to hotel-keepers from the time of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp down to the present; all the guests, male and female, who have contributed their dollars to the "grand hop," receive their respective shares of the plastering. As for the ladies, they are endowed with attractions never dreamed of, even by themselves, before; still more wonderful, if possible, are their accomplishments. All belong to the "first families," and their full names are given in turn with their *couleur de rose* portraits, according

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explanation of this is that the lady wishes to make a cup of tea in her room, the flavor of which would be somewhat better than that served at the public table; she takes up a spoonful of milk for this purpose, and that spoonful costs 25 cents—at least $25 a quart!

as themselves, their fathers, brothers, beaux or husbands have done the handsome thing at the "resort;" while upon the other hand the world, at least the gullible part of it, is called upon to admire the generosity of the landlord, on the ground that he got up the affair "in honor of his numerous and highly respectable guests!" It is but justice to some of the leading daily papers to say that they occasionally gave an inkling of the real state of affairs. This is true of the New York Herald and New York Times; although each was sometimes deceived by statements of the opposite character made by "our own correspondent."

All capable of judging, who have visited Staten Island, know that there are few spots in the world of equal extent more beautiful or more attractive. It has its "summer resorts," also, but not one which we could recommend to either lady or gentleman. We do not mean that the buildings, or the localities in which they are situated, are objectionable; in these respects the Staten Island resorts would compare favorably with the best in the country. Still less do we mean to find any fault with those who have private residences or extensive farms on Staten Island. Indeed, the inhabitants in general are as hospitable, obliging and sociable as those of any other region whatever, but, by some inscrutable fatality or other, most of their summer resorts are in the hands of the Philistines!

In New Jersey there are also some beautiful places—some in valleys, some in mountains. There are "summer resorts," too, not far from Staten Island; but their keepers are by no means so greedy and unprincipled as their brethren elsewhere. Indeed, compared to those alluded to above, they are honest and honorable; but the society generally found at these peninsular resorts is anything but high-toned; decidedly of the Bowery type. Occasionally, it is true, there are exceptions; but in more than one sense they are like *angels' visits.*

Until lately, we thought that there was at least good air in the Jersey mountains; but an experience of a week or ten days satisfied us that it is rather impure; and as everything else is charged for in the resort bills, we conclude that the inhabitants themselves—at least the periodical and speculative part—must regard it as of doubtful quality. It occurred to

us that this defect might be accounted for by the utter absence, so far as we saw, of genuine *heath*, in the Jersey mountains, although we have neither time nor space to explain, at present, how that modest but interesting shrub furnishes so much oxygen to the atmosphere, while voraciously absorbing many other ingredients held in solution in that body.

But no other region of the same extent, within a day's journey of New York, has so many attractive spots as Long Island. If it had only a group or two of mountains, it would be worthy of comparison with the most delightful and most famous islands of the Old World. But nature has scarcely denied it anything else capable of adorning the landscape; no other place, at least in the state of New York, is capable of gratifying so large a variety of tastes. Its great South Bay is an inexhaustible source of pleasure to all who are fond of either gunning or fishing; and now, since the South Side Railroad was built, its attractions have been placed within the reach even of the poorest of our citizens. It is really delightful to travel in those beautiful, comfortable cars through that charming, picturesque region. Those who have only travelled on the old road can have no adequate idea of the vast improvement made by the owners of the new.

Many of those aware of the facilities and inducements thus offered had hoped that there would be a considerable improvment in the summer resorts along the South Bay last season; but we believe that in general those establishments rather degenerated than improved. Some years ago, while oppressed by the Charlock monopoly, Islip used to be quite a pleasant place to spend the summer at, and accordingly, it was regularly visited by some of our most respectable families. More than once we bore testimony ourselves to its attractions, especially to the honest, "live and let live" hospitality with which visitors from New York were treated. But now it seems all is changed. It is nothing any longer, it would appear, to receive the highest prices for very plain, not over-clean rooms and rather *fishy* board. In order to be popular, guests must drink liquor in and out of season; so that they may drink the more, they are expected to evince a taste for gambling, sitting up at night, &c. Nor is this all; they are also expected to hire a sailing

boat more or less regularly, for which they have to pay $5, whether they are out six hours or only one hour.

Is it any wonder, then, that very few stay at Islip more than a few days? As already remarked, the new road is certainly a very great attraction; and the pleasure of travelling on it is much enhanced by the attentive courtesy and judicious care of its officers. But we presume that most of our readers would prefer to travel on a bad road rather than be forced to burn the entrails out of them by drinking bad liquor, in order to please the "boss." Fortunately there are several other beautiful spots along the South Bay; and it is to be hoped that all who *take in* visitors do not expect them to become drunkards in order to oblige them, merely because drinking pays so well.

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ART. VII.—1. *The Chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon, comprising the History of England, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the accession of Henry II. Also the acts of Stephen, king of England and duke of Normandy.* Translated and edited by THOMAS FORESTER, A. M. London. 1853.

2. *La Mort d'Arthure. The history of king Arthur and the knights of the Round Table.* Compiled by Sir THOMAS MALORY, Knt. Edited from the text of the edition of 1634, with introduction and notes by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M. A., F. S. A. 3 vols. London. 1858.

3. *Six Old English Chronicles, of which two are now first translated from the Monkish Latin Original, Ethelward's Chronicle, Asser's Life of Alfred, Geoffrey of Monmouth's British History, Gildas, Nennius, Richard of Cirencester.* Edited with illustrated notes. By J. A. GILES, D. C. L. London. 1858.

WHO is there that has not heard of king Arthur and the knights of the round table? History, poetry, and romance have all contributed to the fame of Arthur. Was he, then, merely a mythic personage? Is it possible that there has been no real fire to occasion all this smoke? Can it be that so strong a credence in the existence of so popular a hero

has grown up out of nothing? Do nations invent heroes and then take them to their hearts and cherish them as their offspring?

We have very serious doubts as to the possibility of such a thing. We know that we shall be told by learned investigators that instances of such popular credulity are not uncommon. Romulus, for instance, and William Tell, are cases in point. Admitting, with Niebuhr and Arnold, that the early Roman legends were mythical, and that but a small amount of historical truth can be detected in them, there is nothing improbable in the story that a vestal virgin should have had twins, whom she sent away to a shepherd's wife to be nursed, and to conceal her own shame; that these twin brothers should have grown up hardy and daring, and have become the leaders of a band of adventurers; that they subsequently got possession of their grandfather's brother's little kingdom, and then founded one of their own; that they quarrelled; and that one slew the other, and became sole king. It is, on the contrary, very probable that some such series of events was the cause of the founding of Rome, even though the names of the chief actors in them may not have been Romulus and Remus. So, there is no reason why a Swiss mountaineer may not have been compelled to shoot an apple off his son's head by an Austrian tyrant, notwithstanding the fact that a similar incident is met with in several ancient Scandinavian tales, which discovery enables critics to establish the theory that the story of Tell was borrowed from Norway. Most readers like to believe in Tell, in spite of those critics, although his name does not appear in the list of the organizers of the Swiss confederation. So, we want to believe in king Arthur, though we are well aware that the majority of the exploits attributed to him are fabulous, and that we cannot, with certainty, establish the localities of those that were real. Nay, we can hardly be sure that he was not a Breton hero, instead of a British one.

The ground work of the cycle of romances relating to Arthur and his knights, which were so popular throughout Europe in the middle ages, is found in Geoffrey of Mon-

mouth's "British History." This was published in England in the year 1147, and the work, according to his statement, was undertaken at the request of his friend Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, (supposed by Dr. Giles to have been the same person as Walter Mapes, the poet, author of several ludicrous and satirical compositions,)* under the following circumstances. "Whilst occupied," he says, "on many and various studies, I happened to light upon the history of the kings of Britain, and wondered that in the account which Gildas and Bede, in their elegant treatises, had given of them, I found nothing said of those kings who lived here (Britain) before the incarnation of Christ, nor of Arthur, and many others who succeeded after the incarnation; though their actions both deserved immortal fame, and were also celebrated by many people in a pleasant manner and by heart, as if they had been written. Whilst I was intent upon those and such like thoughts, Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, a man of great eloquence, and learned in foreign histories, offered me a very ancient book in the British tongue, which, in a continued regular story and elegant style, related the actions of them all, from Brutus, the first king of the Britons, down to Cadwallader, the son of Cadwallo. At his request, therefore, though I had not made fine language my study, by collecting florid expressions from other authors, yet contented with my own homely style, I undertook the translation of that book into Latin."† Then follows the dedication of it to Robert, earl of Glocester, the brother of the Empress Matilda, and the most powerful noble in the realm.

Had Geoffrey said no more than the foregoing, we might have believed that somebody, somewhere, somehow, had found this ancient British history, though we are left in doubt whether it was his friend Walter or some other person who did so, and he gives us no information respecting the history upon which he "happened to light," whether it was similar to or entirely different from that which the archdeacon offered him, nor does he say what use he made of it. But at the conclusion of his work he makes the following remarks: "But as for the kings that have succeeded

* *Six Old English Chronicles*, n. p. 89. † *Ibid*, p. 89.

among them in Wales since that time, I leave the history of them to Caradoc of Lancarsan, my contemporary; as I do also the kings of the Saxons to William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntingdon. But I advise them to be silent respecting the kings of the Britons, since they have not that book written in the British tongue, which Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany, and which, being a true history, published in honor of those princes, I have thus taken care to translate."*

From this statement it appears that Brittany was the birthplace of these round table romances; but as for the narrative being a true history, it bears the most potent internal evidence of its being very much the reverse. Dr. Giles thus sums up the objections to its credibility: 1. It was first made known six hundred years after the events which it relates. 2. No manuscript copy is now in existence, nor any record of its ever having been multiplied by transcription. 3. It relates stories utterly at variance with acknowledged history. 4. It abounds in miraculous stories, which, like leaven, ferment and corrupt the whole mass. 5. It labors under great suspicion, from the mendacious character of the people whose credit it was written to support.†

These are very formidable objections, certainly; but they are not necessarily fatal to the theory that there may be some truth mixed up with a quantity of falsehood. It is quite possible that there may have been a prince of the Silures, named Arthur, who gained several victories over the Saxon invaders of his country, though the statement that he besieged and took Paris, and, after ravaging France for nine years, entirely subdued it, is notoriously false and ridiculous.‡ So is the story of the sack of Rome by the British kings, Belinus and Brennius. Yet Geoffrey's work met with great success, and became very popular. In fact, in a very short time, we find it came to be firmly believed in by the credulous people of England. In the times immediately following the age of Geoffrey of Monmouth the history of these ancient kings was so implicitly credited, that it was cited as

* *Ibid*, pp. 291-2. † *Six Old English Chronicles*, p. 291.
‡ *Six Old English Chronicles*, p. 241.

evidence in courts of law. In the dispute which took place during the reign of Edward I., A. D. 1301, between England and Scotland, respecting the claims of the former to sovereignty over the latter, the descent of the kings of England from Brutus, the Trojan, was solemnly embodied in a document put forth to sustain the rights of the crown of England, and it was not impugned by the opposing party.*

The illustrious poet, Milton, adopted the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth as the basis of his History of England, and defended himself for so doing.† Geoffrey was a learned monk, and was made bishop of St. Asaph, A. D. 1152. His work was first translated into English by Aaron Thompson of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1718, whose translation was revised and reprinted by Dr. Giles in 1842.‡ Mr. Thompson considered that the history was entitled to credence, and he gives a detailed account of the finding of the original British, or rather Breton work, by Walter Mapes, in Brittany, with which we need not trouble ourselves further than that he asserts that it was still extant in 1718; and that Archbishop Usher mentions an old Welsh chronicle in the Cottonian library, that formerly was in the possession of a learned antiquary, Humphrey Lhwyd, which was thought to be that which Geoffrey translated.§ Mr. Thompson further asserts that he had met with a manuscript history of Britain, written about a hundred years previously by a Mr. John Lewis, wherein the author stated that he had the original of the British history, in parchment, written in the British tongue before Geoffrey's time. We confess to sundry misgivings as to the truth of all this.

Geoffrey's history was soon resorted to for incidents by the metrical chroniclers in Anglo-Norman and English, some of whom, as Gaimar and Waca, were contemporary with him, and some, as Layamon, were of a later age. They versified it with more or less of variation and amplification; and by degrees the story of king Arthur and his knights became considerably developed, though by whom is not known.

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* Lingard, *History of England.*

† Milton's *History of England*, p. 2.

‡ *Six Old English Chronicles*, p. 9.

§ *Brit. Eccl. Prim.*, cap. 5.

A great variety of incidents and adventures were added, mostly borrowed from popular stories then current, but which had no real relation to it. The first of these romances was that of the Quest of the Holy Graal, or sacred vessel in which the passover was prepared for Jesus Christ at the last supper; which vessel was preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, after the crucifixion, and was pretended to have been brought, after many marvellous adventures, into England. The second was the history of the enchanter and prophet, Merlin, founded partly on Breton legends. The third was the story of Lancelot du Lac and his amours with Queen Guenevere. The fourth was an enlargement of the story of the search for the San Graal, in which the knights Perceval, Gawaine, Lancelot and his son Galahad are the heroes, the latter succeeding in obtaining the sacred vessel. The fifth and last of these romances was that which was more particularly known as the *Mort Artus* or *Mort d'Arthure*, in which Sir Lancelot's intrigues with Queen Guenevere, and the enmity of Gawaine's brothers, lead to the war which ended in King Arthur's death, and concludes the history of all his adventurous knights.*

These five romances are written in prose, in the Anglo-Norman dialect of the French language, and there can be no doubt that they were compiled by two writers of the reign of Henry II. of England, one of whom names himself Robert de Borron, and the other Walter Mapes. Borron wrote the Romance of the Holy Graal and the History of Merlin; while Mapes wrote the Adventures of Lancelet, the Quest du St. Graal, and the *Mort Artus*.†

Soon after the appearance of these romances—that is to say, the reign of Henry III.—Lucas de Gast and Helie de Borron—a kinsman of Robert de Borron—added to these romances that of Tristan or Tristram and Labelle Isaud, the story of King Pellinore, and of the feud between Sir Gawaine and his brethren. Helie de Borron also compiled a romance called Gyron le Caürtois. These were followed by a host of other tales of knight errantry, culminating in Sir

* *La Mort d'Arthure.* Introduction, p. 7. † *Ibid.*

Belianis, Sir Amadis de Gaul, Orlando Furioso, Morgante Maggiore, and finally, the grand parody on them all, Don Quixote. After the introduction of printing, the French printers produced a number of editions of the romances relating to king Arthur, the Holy Graal, and Sir Tristram, whose story appears to have become the most popular of them all. These romances were far more popular in France than they were in England, probably owing to the more poetical and *chevaleresque* temperament of the French.

Geoffrey of Monmouth's British History is by far the longest of the six old English chronicles presented to us in their present form by Dr. Giles. It fills 204 pages out of the 512 which the volume contains. It is divided into twelve books, through which the course of the history is traced for a period of 1878 years, viz., from the fall of Troy, B. C. 1189, to the death of Cadwallader, A. D. 689. As the only authentic history of Britain during the long period previous to the Christian era is derived from scattered notices of the island in the Greek and Roman historians, whose information was very scanty and derived mainly from the traders who visited the coasts of it for tin, sheep and slaves, and from Julius Cæsar's own account of his expedition into it, we are the more amazed at the assurance which could, by putting together a few local traditions and borrowing incidents from Greek and Roman history, fabricate and put forward as authentic such a record!

With the early portions of the work we are not at present concerned. It will be sufficient for us to observe that Geoffrey commences with the escape of Æneas from Troy, his flight to Italy, and his establishment there as king—a pure fiction of Virgil's. He then gives an account of the birth of Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas; his expulsion from Italy and escape to Greece; his adventures and exploits there; his departure thence; his conquest of Gaul and of Britain, and the division of the last-named country between himself and his comrade Corineus; also of the foundation of the city of New Troy, afterwards called Lud's Town, whence the name London. It is unnecessary to remind the classical reader that the historians of Greece and Italy make no mention

whatever of Brutus and his adventures. These incidents form the contents of the first book.

The history first becomes of importance to our present object when the Saxons invade Britain, and Aurelius Ambrosius and his brother Uther Pendragon (the one the uncle, the other the father of Arthur) appear on the scene. Merlin, the magician, is also introduced; we first hear of him in connection with Vortigern, the British king, who married Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, and sold his country to the Saxons. Vortigern consults Merlin respecting the emergencies of the times, and that wonderful wizard is made to utter that series of prophecies as to the future of Britain which was so much studied during the Middle Ages. It occupies the whole of the seventh book. Aurelius Ambrosius, having put Vortigern to death, becomes king of Britain, defeats and beheads Hengist, and performs such prodigies of valor that the Saxon invaders are everywhere subdued [which we know to be untrue]. He then sends an expedition to Ireland to remove the Giant's Dance—a wonderful structure of stones *in* (not *on*) Mount Killarans. This expedition is successful; the stones are brought over to England and set up near Devizes, in Wiltshire, in a circle, known as Stonehenge, to commemorate the British heroes who had fallen in the wars with the Saxons.

This absurd fable is related with all seriousness, as having been done under the auspices of Merlin, though we know no more of the origin of that venerable pile of stones than that they must have been erected by a people who lived long before the beginning of authentic history. Had Geoffrey made Brutus import them with him when he invaded England, 1100 years before the Christian era, he would have been much nearer the date of the rearing of Stonehenge.*

Arthur, having vanquished the Saxons, leaves Cador, duke of Cornwall, to follow them up and exterminate them, while he himself marches into "Albania" against the Scots and

* *British History*, book, 8, chaps. x., xi., xii.

Picts, who were besieging Alchid. Arthur gains three victories over them, forces them to take refuge in the sixty islands of Loch Lomond, and would have destroyed them to the last man, but that a deputation of bishops and inferior clergy, barefooted and bearing relics of saints, implore his mercy for them. This he grants, after cutting to pieces an Irish army which had come to their relief, under Guillamurius, king of Ireland. He reinstates lot and his brothers, Urian and Augusel, in the government of Scotland, and on his return, visits and beautifies York, appoints his chaplain, Pyramus, archbishop of that province, and then marries Guanhumara (or Guenevere), who had been educated by Cador, duke of Cornwall. The next summer after this happy incident, Arthur fits out a fleet and an expedition into Ireland, takes Guillamurius, the king of that country, prisoner, and reduces the whole of it to subjection. He then sails north to Iceland, which he also conquers, and a rumor having gone abroad that no country was able to withstand him, Doldavius, king of Gothland, and Gunfasius, king of the Orkneys, voluntarily submit to him and promise to pay tribute. Then, as soon as winter is over, he returns to Britain, where he resides twelve years in peace.* With regard to this portion of the history, it is sufficient to say that in the history of Ireland there is not the faintest trace of so great an event as the conquest of the island by the Britons,† and the native historians of Iceland inform us that that island was not inhabited at that period.‡

Mr. Knight, one of the most recent of them, says on this subject: "Mr. Macaulay has startled many a reader of the most familiar histories of England, in saying, 'Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena, Arthur and Mordred, are mythical persons, whose very existence may be questioned, and whose adventures must be classed with those of Hercules and Romulus.' We derive Hengist and Horsa from the old Saxon authorities, and history generally adopts them. Ar-

* *British History*, chaps. v.–x.

† See Moore's *History of Ireland*, vol. 1, p. 234, for an account of the island at this period.

‡ Guthrie, *General History of England*, vol. i, p. 99.

thur and Mordred have a Celtic origin, and they are generally rejected as mythical persons. It appears to us that it is as precipitate wholly to renounce the one as the other, because they are both surrounded with an asmosphere of the fabulous. Hengist and Horsa come to us encompassed with Gothic traditions that belong to other nations. Arthur presents with the attributes of the magician Merlin, and the knights of the round table. But are we, therefore, to deny altogether their historical existence?* Mr. Knight, however, passes over very slightly the portion of British history relating to the period when Arthur lived, (A. D. 485–542,) and thus leaves us to infer that he is inclined to adopt Macaulay's opinion.

Other historians, however, profess their belief in the reality of King Arthur, and these, too, the most eminent. Gibbon thus sums up his history and disposes of the doubts respecting it: "In a century of perpetual; or, at least implacable, war, much courage and some skill must have been exerted for the defence of Britain. Yet, if the memory of its champions is almost buried in oblivion, we need not repine; since every age, however destitute of science or virtue, sufficiently abounds with acts of blood and military renown. The tomb of Vortimer, the son of Vortigern, was erected on the margin of the sea shore, as a landmark formidable to the Saxons, whom he had thrice vanquished in the fields of Kent. Ambrosius Aurelian was descended from a noble family of Romans; his modesty was equal to his valour, till the last fatal action was crowned with splendid success. But every British name is effaced by the illustrious name of ARTHUR, the hereditary prince of the Silures, in South Wales, and the elective king or general of the nation. According to the most rational account, he defeated, in twelve successive battles,† the Angles of the North and the Saxons of the West; but the declining age of the hero was embittered by popular ingratitude and domestic misfortunes. The events of his life are less interesting than the singular revolutions of his fame. During a period of five hundred years the tra-

* *The Popular History of England*, vol. 1, p. 60.
† Gibbon here refers to the *Chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon.*

dition of his exploits was preserved, and rudely embellished, by the obscure bards of Wales and Armorica, who were odious to the Saxons, and unknown to the rest of mankind. The pride and curiosity of the Norman conquerors prompted them to inquire into the ancient history of Britain; they listened with fond credulity to the tale of Arthur, and eagerly applauded the merit of a prince who had triumphed over the Saxons, their common enemies. His romance, transcribed in the Latin of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and afterwards translated into the fashionable idiom of the times, was enriched with the various, though incoherent, ornaments which were familiar to the experience, the learning, or the fancy of the twelfth century. The progress of a Phrygian colony, from the Tiber to the Thames, was easily engrafted on the fable of the Æneid; and the royal ancestors of Arthur derived their origin from Troy, and claimed their alliance with the Cæsars. His trophies were decorated with captive provinces and imperial titles; and his Danish victories avenged the recent injuries of his country. The gallantry and superstition of the British hero, his feasts and tournaments, and his memorable institution of the knights of the round table, were faithfully copied from the reigning manners of chivalry; and the fabulous exploits of Uther's son appear less incredible than the adventures which were achieved by the enterprising valour of the Normans. Pilgrimage and the holy wars introduced into Europe the spacious miracles of Arabian magic. Fairies and giants, flying dragons and enchanted palaces, were blended with the more simple fictions of the West; and the fate of Britain depended on the art or the predictions of Merlin. Every nation embraced and adorned the popular romance of Arthur and the knights of the round table; their names were celebrated in Greece and Italy; and the voluminous tales of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram devoutly studied by the princes and nobles who disregarded the genuine heroes and historians of antiquity. At length the light of science and reason was rekindled; the talisman was broken; the visionary fabric melted into air; and by a natural, though unjust, reverse of the public opinion, the severity

of the present age is inclined to question the existence of Arthur.*

The mediæval historians, Gildas, Nennius, Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury, were very positive in their assertions respecting Arthur. The first of these was, indeed, personally acquainted with Guenever, and probably with the king himself, for the author of the life of Gildas tells us it was one Meluas who stole Arthur's queen, and that Arthur, upon his return from abroad, besieged him for a long time in the marshes near Glastenbury. Caradoc of Lancarven, a Welsh author of more credit than Geoffrey, and supporting him in those passages quoted from him in reference thereto, says that the lady was at last restored, not through the terror of Arthur's arms, but *by the intercession of Gildas*, who had retired to the monastery of Glastenbury.†

Nennius, from whom Henry of Huntingdon derived his information, gives a list of the twelve battles of Arthur, referred to by Gibbon. Speaking of the progress of the Saxons, he says: "There it was that the magnanimous Arthur, with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror. The first battle in which he was engaged was at the mouth of the river Gleni [supposed by some to be the Gleni in Lincolnshire, but most probably the Glen, in the northern part of Northumberland.] The second, third, fourth, and fifth, were on another river, by the Britons called Duglas [or Dubglas, the little river Dunglas which formed the southern boundary of Lothian, though some think it was the river Duglas, near Wigan, in Lancashire,] in the region Linuis. The sixth on the river Basses, [not a river, but an isolated rock in the Frith of Forth, near the town of North Berwick, called "the Bass," though some think it was the river Lusas in Hampshire.] The seventh in the wood Celidon, which the Britons call Cat Coit Celidon, [the Calidonian forest, or the

* *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. xxxviii.

† Guthrie, *General History of England*, vol. 1, p. 101.

forest of Englewood, extending from Peurith to Carlisle.] The eighth was near Gurnion castle, [variously supposed to be in Cornwall, or Binchester in Durham, but most probably the Roman station of Garionenum, near Yarmouth, in Norfolk,] where Arthur bore the image of the Virgin, mother of God, upon his shoulders, and, through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ and the holy Mary, put the Saxons to flight, and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter.* The ninth was at the city of Legion, which is called Cair Lion [Exeter.] The tenth was on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit, [or Ribroit, the Brue, in Somersetshire; some think it was the Ribble, in Lancashire.] The eleventh was on the mountain Breguoin, which we call Cat Bregion, [or Agned Cathregonian, Cadbury, in Somersetshire.] The twelfth was a most severe contest, when Arthur penetrated to the hill of Badon [Bath, Somersetshire]. In this engagement nine hundred and forty fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance. In all these engagements the Britons were successful. For no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty."†

Henry of Huntingdon says: "In these times Arthur, the mighty warrior, general of the armies and chief of the kings of Britain, was constantly victorious in his wars with the Saxons. He was the commander in twelve battles and gained twelve victories. [Then follows the detail of them, taken from Nennius, with the slight variation of recording that at Mount Badon '440 of the Britons fell by the swords of their enemies in a single day, none of their host acting in concert, and Arthur alone receiving succor from the Lord.'] These battles and battle fields are described by Gildas the historian,‡ but in our times§ the places are unknown, the providence of God, we consider, having so ordered it that popular applause and flattery, and transitory glory, might be of no account. At this period there were many wars, in which sometimes the Saxons, sometimes the Britons, were victors; but the more the Saxons were defeated the more

* William of Malmesbury says Arthur did this at the battle of Mount Badon: see *post*.

† *History of the Britons*, § 50. ‡ He means Nennius, not Gildas. § 12th century.

they recruited their forces by invitations sent to the people of all the neighbouring countries."*

William of Malmesbury tells us that "When this man (Guortimor, or Vortimer) died, the British strength decayed; their hopes diminished, fled, and soon had they perished altogether, had hot Ambrosius, the sole survivor of the Romans, who became monarch after Vortigern, quelled the presumptuous barbarians by the powerful aid of the warlike Arthur. This is that Arthur of whom the Britons fondly fable even to the present day†—a man worthy to be celebrated, not by idle fictions, but by authentic history. He, indeed, for a long time upheld the sinking state and roused the broken spirit of his countrymen to war. Finally, at the siege of Mount Badon,‡ relying on an image of the Virgin which he had affixed to his armour, he engaged nine hundred of the enemy, single handed, and dispersed them with incredible slaughter."§

Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most impartial of historians, says: "It was not until fourscore years after the disembarcation, that Cerdic, at the head of the West Saxons, made a lasting impression on the western Britons in a series of battles, where he was probably resisted by the valiant Arthur."‖ Hume, generally considered the best historian of England, treats of Arthur as an undoubted personage and a most valiant warrior. He says: "Cardic was not wanting to his good fortune, and in order to extend his conquests, he laid siege to Mount Badon, or Banesdowne, near Bath, whither the most obstinate of the discomfited Britons had retired. The Southern Britons, in this extremity, applied for assistance to Arthur, prince of the Silures, whose heroic valour now sustained the declining fate of his country. This is that Arthur so much celebrated in the songs of Taliessin and the other British bards, and whose military achievements have been blended with so many fables as even to

* *Chronicle*, pp. 48–49. † 12th century.

‡ Said to be Banesdown, near Bath, Gerald Barry (Geraldus Cambrensis) says the image of the Virgin was fixed on the inside of Arthur's shield, that he might kiss it in battle.

§ *Hist. of the Kings of England.* ‖ *Hist. of England*, vol. i.

give occasion for entertaining a doubt of his real existence."*

Lingard, in some respects the best, and certainly the most graphic of the historians of England as relates to the history of that country during the early and middle ages, also admits that Arthur was a real personage, though he disposes of him in a very cynical manner. "The fame of Arthur," he says, "has eclipsed that of all his cotemporaries. Yet if we divest his memory of that fictitious glory which has been thrown around it by the imagination of the bards and minstrels, he will sink into equal obscurity with his fellows. We know neither the period when he lived, nor the district over which he reigned. He is said to have fought and gained twelve battles. In most of these, from the names of the places, he seems to have been opposed to the Angles in Lincolnshire; from the last, at Mount Badon, to the Saxons under Cerdic, or Cynric. This, whether it was fought under Arthur or not, was a splendid and useful victory, which, for forty years, checked the advance of the strangers. Perhaps, when the reader has been told that Arthur was a British chieftain, that he fought many battles, that he was murdered by his nephew, and was buried at Glastonbury, where his remains were discovered, in the reign of Henry II., he will have learned all that can be ascertained at the present day respecting that celebrated warrior.†

The most recent writer on English history, professor Creasy, of University college, London, says: "If king Arthur, the favorite hero of mediæval romance and of Welsh antiquarianism, was a real historical personage, he must have been a leader of the British against the West Saxons when Cerdic and Cerdic's sons commanded. An Arthur may have lived, and an Arthur may have gained some temporary advantage over the invaders; and he may have been conspicuous both for personal valour and for the indomitable energy with which he strove to uphold the falling fortunes of his race. But his successes, as told by lay and legend,

* *History of England*, vol. i., p. 19. † *Ibid*, vol. i., pp. 83, 84.

must have been grossly exaggerated; and there is no doubt of the grand result of the strife between the German and the Romanized Celt in Western England having been, as everywhere else, the defeat and displacement of the old inhabitants, and the establishment of the new comers as lords of the land."*

We think that abundant evidence as to the historical reality of such a personage as king Arthur has been produced. There can be no doubt that there was such a prince of the Silures—as the Romans named the people of South Wales, or, to speak more accurately, those of Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire—at the commencement of the sixth century of the Christian era; that he bravely resisted the Saxon invaders of Britain, and, on account of his military prowess, was elected commander-in-chief of the various tribes of Britons throughout England. That he was unhappy in his married life, owing to the infidelities of his queen, is a fact which may be questioned, since we find that they were buried side by side at Glastonbury, and that the only statement respecting it, at all worthy of credence, is that she was forcibly abducted by a robber chief, who infested the marshes of Somersetshire, and that she was restored to her husband through the intercession of Gildas, who was then residing close by, at Glastonbury. We may believe that he became involved in a quarrel with his nephew Mordred, the son of Mark, king of Cornwall, who resisted his claim to supreme authority, and that both perished in battle against each other. All tradition, both local and general, confirms these incidents. But there is an end to all doubt, if the account given by Stowe† of the exhumation of the remains of Arthur and his queen, be founded on fact. And what reason is there to doubt it? The testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived at the time when it took place (A. D. 1189,) and was well acquainted with the abbot of Glastonbury, who presided over the proceedings, by direction of the king, Henry the Second, is that of a man eminent for his learning, piety, and high rank. He was the son of a powerful Norman

* *History of England.* † *Chronicle*, p. 55.

baron, William de Barri, and his mother was a descendant of the princes of South Wales. He was educated at the University of Paris, and became distinguished for his genius and his lectures on rhetoric and polite literature. He entered into holy orders in England in 1172, and obtained several benefices. His uncle, David Fitz-Gerald, was bishop of St. David's, and on the decease of that prelate, the chapter made choice of him as his successor, but Henry II. refused to confirm the nomination. In 1185 he accompanied prince John to Ireland, as secretary and privy counsellor, where he compiled his "Topographia Hiberniæ." He became the author of several valuable works which have come down to us, and he is generally admitted to have been one of the brightest ornaments of his age.* If the testimony of such a man cannot be credited, on whom can we rely? Stowe, at all events, placed implicit reliance upon it.

The era of Nennius is uncertain, some assigning A. D. 796, and others, A. D. 994, as the period when his history was written. It is valuable only as proof of the traditions respecting Arthur which were current in his time. He records one which prevailed at Wedale or Wodale, a village in Lothian, six miles from Melrose abbey, to the effect that the fragments of the image of the Virgin, which he bore in his battle with the Saxons at Gurnion castle, (or, according to William of Malmesbury, at Mount Badon,) were preserved there. He says: "For Arthur proceeded to Jerusalem, and there made a cross to the size of the Saviour's cross, and there it was consecrated, and for three successive days he fasted, watched and prayed, before the Lord's cross, that the Lord would give him the victory, by this sign, over the heathen; which also took place, and he took with him the image of St. Mary, the fragments of which are still preserved in great veneration at Wedale, in English Wodale, in Latin *Vallis Dolaris*."†

The traditions respecting the knights of the round table, and the table itself are as unworthy of credit as the one we have justed quoted. Sir Thomas Malory's statement, that

* *Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales.* Ed. by Sir Richard Colt Hoare. London, 1806.

† *History of the Britons*, § 50 n.

in his time was to be seen in Westminster Abbey, at Saint Edward's shrine, the print of Arthur's seal, in red wax, enclosed in beryl, bearing the inscription *Patricius Arthurus, Britanniæ, Galliæ, Germaniæ, Daciæ, imperator*, is a manifest falsehood. Who put the seal there? St. Edward did not live till five hundred years after Arthur, and the latter never was "emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany and Dacia." His assertion that Sir Gawaine's skull and Cradoc's mantle were to be seen in Dover castle is equally ridiculous, although Leland, the antiquary, says, that Gawaine's bones were shown to him when he visited the castle.* So in his statement that the round table was still preserved at Winchester. It is true that a round table is still exhibited in that ancient city, as that at which king Arthur's knights were wont to seat themselves, but it belongs to a far more recent date. The whole story of these knights and their round table is pure fiction, invented in the middle ages to suit the then prevailing taste for splendid courts and knightly shows and tournaments. Moreover, Arthur never held his court at Winchester. He first appears in history as prince of the Silures in South Wales, and his capital or principal residence was at Caerleon-upon-Usk, the Isca Silurum of the Romans. He afterwards removed his seat of government to Camelot, now called Camel, near South Cadbury, in Somersetshire, where the vast entrenchments of an ancient town or station are still to be seen.† Considering the turbulent state of the times, and the impoverished condition of the country, owing to the ravages of the Saxons, the Picts, and the Scots, and the perpetual broils which existed among the multitude of petty chieftains or "kings," who held sway in England, it is not probable that Arthur's court, if he had one, could have been very splendid. He probably chose Somersetshire as his residence on account of its military position, and the defensive nature of the ground, intersected with streams, and covered with fens and marshes near the sea coast. Glaston-

* *Collectanea*, vol. iii., p. 50.

† On Camelot, a steep hill, in the parish of Queen's Camel, Somerset, are interesting remains of a Roman or British camp, called by the inhabitants "King Arthur's palace."

bury, where he was buried, was built on an island, named Avallon, Avallion, or Avelyon, *i. e.*, the island of apples.

A recent French writer* is of opinion that the wonderful exploits attributed to Arthur, especially those which relate to his wars with the Romans and his conquests in Europe, are but mediæval imitations of those recorded of Charlemagne. This is by no means an improbable theory; but inasmuch as we have been endeavoring to ascertain what historical truth there is in the legends relating to the British hero, and care very little about the absurd and extravagant account of his exploits in France, we need not trouble ourselves further on this point.

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ART. VIII.—*Catalogues, Circulars, Reports, &c., &c., of Colleges, Universities, Seminaries and Institutes,* male and female. September, 1869.

We have not so large a pile of these documents on the present occasion as we had in former years, although even now it is nearly as large as our table! Quite a number of those whose catalogues we have criticised in the past have refused to furnish us their new publications. This, we think, is neither wise nor manly. That we criticised a catalogue, or the institution which it represents, last year or two years ago, is no reason why we should do the same this year; on the contrary, it would afford us pleasure to show that an improvement had been made. In proof of this we could refer to many of our former articles. Those really qualified for their positions, who perform their duties faithfully, are not afraid of criticism. If, perchance, they are criticised, they are not discouraged. Conscious of their abilities, they can afford to wait for their vindication, and it is but seldom they have to wait long.

This time, however, none need have been afraid of their catalogues; unfortunately, we have too much to criticise in this article besides them. But we have some in the pile before us that are veritable curiosities in their way. These shall not

* M. Gaillard, *Histoire de Charlemagne.*

be forgotten; we promise to amuse our readers with them on a future occasion. There are others to which we shall be pleased to return for their merits; for we have schools and seminaries, as well as colleges and universities, whose catalogues always contain suggestions worthy of attention.

But, unfortunately, there are not many of our educational institutions of which this can be said; none could regret more than we that the number is exceedingly small. It would be much more agreeable to us to say the contrary, if it were true; and we are perfectly aware that if we only consulted our interests we would eulogize all our colleges, universities and seminaries, male and female, rather than find fault with any. We are also aware that there are instances in which the truth may be left untold without injury; but is this one of them? What would be said of the physician who would let his patient fall into consumption and die—persuading him that there is no danger—that his constitution is excellent, &c., rather than annoy him by giving him medicine to save his life? Even supposing the patient to be a lady, would it not be better to give her some pain for a few hours—nay, for a whole week—than to allow her lungs to become perforated by tubercles?

Now, our collegiate system is precisely in this danger. It is overdosed with sugar-pills. This treatment is rendering it feebler and feebler, from year to year; it needs both strengthening medicine and the lancet. All our really educated men understand this, especially all who have travelled; they are painfully aware that some of the poorest and pettiest states of Europe can boast much better colleges and universities than those of the great Republic. It is humiliating to admit that even the huge despotism of the north, which is more Asiatic than European, can boast more learned institutions than ours; but, unhappily, the fact cannot be denied.

We presume we need hardly remark that we are now speaking in general terms, and do not deny that there are exceptions among our colleges, universities and seminaries, male and female—institutions whose excellence would be acknowledged in any country. Far be it from us to depreciate the just claims of these on the public gratitude; we maintain, on the contrary, that they deserve to be honored, and, as long as they persevere

in the good work, we shall always regard it as a privilege to vindicate their merits. We only regret that there are so few of them.

It is very true, that nowhere is knowledge more generally diffused than it is in this country; but it is a superficial knowledge. If we can boast that in proportion to the population more of our people know how to read and write than of almost any other, we must admit, at the same time, that we have fewer learned men; in other words, we have more smattering, but less real learning, than any other great people of modern times.

The latter is a much more serious fact than it might seem at first sight. This could be illustrated in many forms, some, at least, of which will readily suggest themselves to the reader; it must suffice for us, in the present instance, to remark in passing, that if we had more learned men than we have, or if learning were more thoroughly cultivated than it is, the masses of our people would be much more polite, at least, less rude than they are. They have sufficient intelligence to know that, in general, those who are educated in colleges and universities know very little more than they do themselves—sometimes, in fact, less. Not unfrequently those who have never been at any higher institution than the common school are able to see that there are graduates of our colleges and universities who do not understand the first principles of the vernacular tongue?

Superior knowledge always exercises a controlling influence; no other advantage which one man possesses over another inspires more respect or confers more honor.* Accordingly, we see that where the attainments of all are pretty nearly equal, but limited, the sentiment of respect, or deference, can scarcely be said to exist. And in proportion as this sentiment is wanting rudeness prevails; and if we are in the habit of being rude or "independent" to our neighbors, we are apt to be so to our friends—even to our parents and teachers. Thus it is that old age, instead of inspiring reverence, is too likely, at the present

* "The command of knowledge," says Bacon, "is higher than the command over a free people; as being a command over the *reason*, *opinion*, and *understanding* of men; for there is no power on earth that sets up *a throne in the spirits of men* but *knowledge and learning*." Bacon's Works, vol. i., sect. iii.

day, to excite scorn and contempt, so that we hear expressions applied by young men, if not by young women, to their parents which it would be improper to apply to the commonest servants.

Those who deny that all this results from want of high culture must incur the charge of having but a very imperfect knowledge of the history of mankind. It needs no elaborate argument to show that just in proportion as a nation declines in culture it declines in politeness, and *vice versa*. In the time of Pericles, Plato and Aristotle, the proudest youths of Athens refused to occupy their seats in any assembly, public or private, while the aged or the infirm were obliged to stand.* To pursue the opposite course was regarded as disgraceful. As for those who were wanting in respect to their parents or teachers, they were shunned as disreputable.†

The Romans of the Augustan age—the age of Virgil, Horace and Sallust—were similarly distinguished,‡ though not to the same extent, because their culture was not so thorough as that of the Athenians. And is it not true that in proportion as their culture declined their manners declined? in other words, in proportion as their knowledge diminished under the oppression of the barbarians, their "independence" towards each other increased, until the revival of learning rendered them polite again.

The same facts are abundantly illustrated in modern times. Thus, for example, it is admitted by all that for centuries France has taken the lead in European civilization; but it is also admitted that during the same period she has had literary and scientifie institutions, at once the oldest and greatest that any nation of modern Europe can boast. In proof of this, we need only mention the famous Academy whose teachings commence where those of other literary and scientific institutions cease. Accordingly, what people are more polite than the French? Who are more willing to treat all who deserve it with respect and deference?

The English and Germans have each noble institutions of

* See Thirwall's Hist. of Greece, c. x., xliii.' Mitford's Hist., c. iii., sect 3.

† See Potter's *Archæologia Græca*, bk. i., c. cxxvi.

‡ See Dillaway's Roman Antiquities; also Hume's Essay on the Populousness of Ancient Nations, &c.

learning; each have an intellectual aristocracy—an aristocracy of knowlege—and, accordingly, the sentiment of respect and deference is strongly developed among the masses of both; and it pervades all the relations of life. Except among a very small and insignificant portion of the people the principle of "equality" is regarded as one that has been tested and proved spurious; it is borne in mind, even by those least in the habit of thinking for themselves, that when there was most faith in "equality," most mischief was done, most outrages were committed, and most innocent blood was wantonly shed!

But nowhere does the noisome weed take such deep root, at the present day, as among us; and nowhere does it do so much mischief. It is it that places all power in the hands of the most ignorant class; it is it that causes justice to be bought and sold like the vilest commodity in the market; it is it that enables the murderer to gratify his thirst for blood with perfect impunity, on the most frivolous pretext. Our colleges cannot destroy it, because there is too much "equality" among themselves; they are too much alike, and too much like the second or third rate grammar schools of Europe; in a word, because they are too feeble—because, while knowledge is power, the want of it is weakness, especially in a college.

We trust it is needless for us to explain that we do not mean that any power should destroy the legitimate equality of any class of our people. It is not what is right in any proper sense that we would have destroyed, but what is radically wrong, and fraught with danger to the republic.

But what is the evidence that our collegiate system is thus defective and feeble? Alas! it is to be found in a hundred forms. It is not our intention on the present occasion to exhibit the defects of particular institutions in support of our allegation. We have no disposition to do anything of the kind when it can be avoided without prejudice to the great cause; on the contrary, most carefully would we abstain from giving the slightest pain to individuals in our discussions on education did we think that our doing so would be consistent with the public good. But no reform worthy of the name was ever produced without what is called personality. Those who stand in

the way must be told in plain terms to move aside. It will not do to hint at them in general terms; precisely because they do not know better than to be in the way a hint is no use to them. This we know from long experience, and it will explain why it is that we may sometimes seem rather harsh.

Fortunately, it is not necessary, in the present instance, to enter into particulars; it will be sufficient for us to mention some facts which are too obvious to be denied. Thus, for example, the chief means of culture relied upon by all our colleges are the classic languages—Latin and Greek. A most excellent means, we readily admit; but, in order to teach them properly, so that the end sought may be attained through their medium, it is necessary that the teachers understand them. How can one be said to understand a language in which, if you remove him from his books, he cannot express the most ordinary ideas orally, or in writing? Now, is not this the case with nineteen out of every twenty of our Latin and Greek professors? If you ask them do they teach their students to speak either language, they look at you with surprise, as if such an idea had never occurred to them before; they think you must either jest or be a pretender. Nor is it strange that they should. Since they find it sufficiently difficult to read a Latin or Greek book with the help of a dictionary and grammar, it is absurd to expect that they could speak or write the language in which it is written; when translating into the vernacular has to be studied to-day for hours, in order to be taught for one hour to-morrow, it must be admitted that speaking the original is out of the question. Sometimes it happens that the professor is so situated that he cannot study the lesson; in this case he finds that some of his students are much better translators than himself! Would it not be something miraculous if such a professor could speak the language?

We have seen a professor in one of the largest and most "popular" colleges in the United States, studying anxiously in the recitation room, with dictionary in hand, the passages in one of the "easiest" of the Latin authors, in which he was to teach his class an hour hence. It was our privilege to be present at his lecture; we confess we did not expect much from it, and therefore were not disappointed! If the case of this gentleman were pecu-

liar we should say nothing about it; but we are convinced that his classical attainments were no worse, or no more limited than those of scores of other college professors. Again we repeat that there are exceptions—that we had the pleasure of meeting with professors who did not need to subject themselves to the cramming process before entering the class-room—professors who, because they understood the language they undertook to teach, could express their ideas in it off-hand with more or less fluency.

All who have paid any attention to the study of languages are aware that it requires much less familiarity with a language on the part of an educated person to be able to write it than to be able to speak it. Such is the structure of the Latin that any one who has even a tolerable knowledge of its principles can write it grammatically. But how many of our professors attempt to write Latin that is destined to meet the public eye?

In no other country do so many undertake to edit Latin text-books as in ours. Those who do so in Germany, France, England, or Italy deem it incumbent on them to write their preface at least in the language of the original; indeed, except in the most elementary editions, their annotations are in the same language. The European Greek text-books have generally the prefaces and notes in Latin, but sometimes both are in Greek. Generally, the arguments of the Greek poems or dramas are in Greek, but never in the vernacular, as with us, except when intended for young children who have to learn at home from persons not supposed to have more than a smattering of the original.

We have now before us editions of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes and Plato, as well as of Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, Juvenal, Sallust and Livy—some printed in London, some in Paris, some in Edinburgh, some in Berlin, &c.; but not one of them contains a preface or a note, a sentence or a word, in the vernacular, although all are copiously annotated, and most of them have introductions historical or biographical, or both. Poor as Ireland is, and has been for centuries, our Irish editions form no exception to the general rule. Thus, for example, our Dublin edition of Homer, in four octavo volumes, does not con-

tain a sentence of any language more vulgar than the Latin. The editor is Samuel Clarke, S. T. P. Yet it is the tenth edition; it is dedicated, in Latin, to William Augustus, duke of Cumberland. It has a critical Latin preface. All the arguments are in Greek; it contains a Latin hexameter version of the Iliad and Odyssee. The notes, which are numerous, are partly in Latin and partly in Greek. So are the *variæ lectiones.* It has also a Greek index and a Latin index, "*rerum et verborum.*"

Now, why will not some of our professors give us editions like any of those mentioned above? It is no use to deny that until they can do so, the instructions which they give in Greek or Latin must must be regarded as more or less defective. If any editor of ours gives either his preface or notes in the original, his work has escaped our attention. Far be it from us to deny that there are American editors of text-books who are competent to write Latin, but they are very few—perhaps two or three among all! These few know very well that nine-tenths of those to whom their prefaces are addressed—and they are not addressed to the students, but to their professors—only read Latin with considerable difficulty; and, therefore, they are obliged to put whatever suggestions they have to make in plain English. This would be unfortunate if for no other reason than that it enables persons who have but the merest smattering of the classics to publish Latin and Greek text-books, which bewilder the student much more than they enlighten or aid him. Thus, it is notorious that, except in two or three instances, none of our colleges or universities even pretend to use either Latin or Greek for the chief purpose for which language is designed—that is, as *a medium of thought.*

But, assuming that it is sufficient to translate, scan and prepare "compositions" that are never to be seen outside the recitation room, we fear that, judged even by this test, our colleges in general could not claim a very high rank. It will be admitted that if no use is to be made of a language further than to translate it, the translating ought to be thorough; but in the most pretentious of our institutions it is notoriously otherwise. Except in some rare instances, the most that is re-

quired of the student is to give a tolerable rendering of a passage in Greek and Latin; it seems to be regarded as entirely superfluous to ask the students any questions about the author's style; the peculiarities of his language; his views of morals, or religion; the character of his philosophy, &c. If it be deemed necessary or useful to compare the author in hand with any other author, or to indicate the points in which he is unlike or similar to any other, either in his style, or his opinions, we have seldom seen any evidence of the fact. We seldom hear any questions asked about his education; whether he was born in the capital or in the country; whether he was indebted to any friend or patron by whom his views have been influenced, &c. There are but very few of our professors who appear to bear in mind that in addition to questions of this class it is necessary to require the student to give his opinion, not only of the hero, but of each of the principal characters in the poem or drama which he is engaged in translating. Still more rarely do we hear any questions asked about the structure of the Latin or Greek, or the points in which those languages differ most from each other.

Need we say that many questions may be asked relative to the structure of each language which are not merely useful? questions which could easily be rendered highly interesting as well as instructive. How much, for example, could be said of the various forms of the Greek infinitive; of the Greek participle; of the exquisite art with which the Greek tenses and moods are formed, so as to express, without any redundancy of words or letters, the nicest shades of thought? Then the Greek article, the partitive, the pronoun. How many interesting questions does each of these suggest, without mentioning the wonderful resources even of the Greek adjective, which, for example, has different terms to express the comparative or superlative of *good*, according as a good thing, a good person, a good artist, a good animal, a good quality, &c., &c., is meant? Then, what advantage has the Greek over the Latin? Is the latter defective or otherwise because it has no article, or because its forms and tenses of the infinitive mood, or its participles, are so scanty compared to those of the Greek?

At least in nineteen cases out of twenty these essential things

are neglected. If the student learns to repeat the rules from his grammar with more or less accuracy, that is thought sufficient; the result is, that this fine translating which is to accomplish everything that is to be expected from the study of Greek or Latin, is done by rote. Such use of language is sometimes compared to that made of it by the parrot; but Polly not only talks to the purpose, though only to a limited extent, in the dialect she learns; it is certain that she understands a good deal of what is said to her, or in her hearing; while our students can talk none in the language which they are supposed to have learned. The latter can only translate at best, and even their translating must be limited to the books, nay, the pages, which they have actually learned! In order to test the truth of this, and see whether we indulge in any exaggeration, let any one choose the most intelligent Latin student of his acquaintance who has just finished the translation of one of the satires of Horace, and ask him to have the goodness to translate the next satire in the same book, without the aid of his dictionary. It is true that we know American students, female as well as male, capable of doing so; but they belong to the very few who have not learned, or been taught, by rote.

It may be objected that our ideas of what constitutes a classical scholar, or a competent teacher of the classic languages, is erroneous. Most readily do we admit that our views on the subject are entitled to no further consideration than they are found to be correct. If it be true that one may be competent to teach Latin in a college, or university, without being able to express the most ordinary ideas in that language, either orally or in writing, except, perhaps, while he is armed with his English-Latin dictionary, the same as some of our travellers arm themselves with phrase-books, then we are wrong, our classical professors are right, and there is as profound learning to be had in our colleges as there is any need for. But let us see what those whose authority cannot be disputed say on the subject.

A very plausible argument used at the present day by those who do not like the trouble of studying the classics, as they should be studied, is, that it may be right enough for Roman

catholic colleges to devote so much time to Latin, it being the language of their church, but that protestants may pursue much more profitable studies. But the most earnest and powerful opponents of the catholics are precisely those who have most strongly urged the study of the classics. This is true, for example, of Luther himself, who did not hate even Satan, with whom he quarrelled so often, more cordially than he loved the classics. In Luther's time, also, there were persons who pretended to teach the classics by mere rules, without making any attempt to speak or write them. In exposing the absurdity of such pretentions in his "Table Talk," he reasons on the subject as follows: "We learn German, or other languages, much better by *word of mouth*, at home, in the street, or at the church, than out of books. Letters are dead words; *the utterances of the mouth are living words*, which in writing can never stand forth so distinct and so excellent as the soul and spirit of man bodies them forth through the mouth. * * Is it not true that even those languages, like the Greek and Latin, which possess the most unerring rules *are much better learned by use and wont* than from *these rules?*" Referring, further on, to those teachers and professors who undertake to teach the classics, precisely as they are taught now in our colleges, Luther says: "There is an old proverb which runs thus: 'If you do not know what you are talking of, *you may talk for ever, and no man will be the wiser.*'" Alas, there are a great many of our professors who may talk on for ever about Latin, and no man, nor woman either, will be the wiser!

In Luther's time there was opposition to the study of the classics, as there is at the present day. Ridiculing precisely the same arguments used now against the languages, Luther proceeds as follows: "I wonder you do not say, 'what have we to do with silks, wines, spices, and other productions of foreign lands, inasmuch as we have wine, corn, wool, flax, wood, and stone, here in Germany, not only to supply our wants, but enough, and in variety enough, to minister either to comfort, dignity, or luxury.' And yet these languages (the classics) which do us no harm, but are *agreeable and useful*, alike *sources both of honor and profit*, throwing light upon the Scriptures and imparting *sound wisdom to rulers*, these we despise, while the

productions of other lands, which do us no good whatever, we fret and worry ourselves after to that degree that even success often proves no better than failure. Of a truth we are rightly called German fools and beasts!"*

Be it remembered that one of the principal charges of Luther against the catholic hierarchy was that they were opposed to the study of the classics lest it might lead to the study of the Scriptures. "The cases are rare indeed," he says, "where the devil has suffered the languages to be in repute in the universities and the cloisters; nay, these have almost always raised a hue and cry against them, in the past ages, as likewise they do now. For the prince of darkness is shrewd enough to know that where the languages flourish, there his power will soon be so rent and torn that he cannot readily repair it. But now, since he cannot keep them from expanding into a vigorous growth, and from *bearing fruit*, he is at work devising how he may *render them dwarfed and sickly*, if so be, that they may *decay* and *die of themselves*."†

Now, we do not think so ill of any of our colleges or universities as to believe that they are under the influence of the devil. No two parties are more opposed to each other as teachers than our presbyterians and our jesuits; no two differ on so many essential points; but they are singularly in accord with each other in rendering the classic languages "dwarfed and sickly." Without saying anything for the present of the degeneracy thus suggested, we proceed to give the views of another great protestant, only premising that we shall consider catholic testimony, in the proper place, on the same subject, with our wonted impartiality.

That Luther was a profound scholar is beyond dispute. If all other monks were so stupid and ignorant as he sometimes represents them, those who instructed him in Latin and Greek were at least good teachers of human lore; but those who instructed the gentle Melancthon were still better. Melancthon was himself the author of several valuable works on classical education. His Latin Grammar, Greek Grammar, Manual of Logic, and Manual of Rhetoric, afford suffi-

* *Table Talk*, Longman's edition, vol. ii., p. 49 *et seq.* † *Ib.*

cient evidence of his scholarship. His "Book of Visitation" is still highly valued in catholic France as well as in protestant Germany, for the excellent views it contains on what constitutes a good education. In this little work is embraced the "School Plan," which Luther admired so much that he copied it entire in one of his works on the same subject. Referring, at the beginning of his plan, to the objections made by vulgar minds in all ages to the study of the classics, Melancthon remarks: "Some imagine that it is enough for a teacher to understand German (that is, the vernacular); but this is *a misguided fancy*." In his school plan he divides the students into groups, and mentions the studies in which each group should be engaged. We fear that most of our college professors would find it difficult to teach their classes all that Melancthon prescribes for his third group. "They should *also*," he says, "be *rigidly confined* to *Latin conversation*, and to this end the teachers themselves must, *as far as possible, speak nothing but Latin* with the boys; thus they *will acquire the practice by use* and *the more rapidly*, for the *incentives held out to them*."

This, be it remembered, was in a boys' school; that is, before the boys went to college at all they were expected to speak Latin; and we may add parenthetically that it is the same at the present day in all the principal grammar schools of continental Europe, and in most of those of the British Islands. It is not to be supposed that the Germans in general, even of the higher classes, were highly educated because Melancthon prescribes these studies. We have his own testimony in proof of the reverse, as we shall presently show; and if we compare it with the acknowledged facts in regard to the German scholarship of the present day, we shall find that the devil failed to "dwarf" the languages in Germany; that instead of their "decaying" or "dying" under his malign influence, they have not only taken deep root since Luther's time, but have borne, and are still bearing, rich fruits. In proof of this we need only remind the reader of what comparative philology has accomplished; what discoveries it has made.

But to return for a moment to Melancthon. So anxious

was this profound scholar and accomplished, amiable gentleman, to encourage the study of the classic languages, that he frequently lectured on them *gratis*, although by no means independent in his pecuniary resources. Some of his announcements of these lectures are still preserved. In advertising his lecture on the fourth philippic of Demosthenes he says: "I had hoped by disclosing to my hearers the grace of the second Olynthiac to have *allured* them to a nearer acquaintance with Demosthenes. But I perceive that this generation has no ear for such authors. For there remain to me but a few hearers, and these have not forsaken me lest I should be wholly discouraged; for this courtesy I thank them. But I shall nevertheless continue to discharge the duties of my office. I will commence these lectures to-morrow." When announcing his exposition of the Antigone of Sophocles he says: "I would utter an admonition if I thought it would be at all heeded, in rebuke of the *shocking barbarism of manners* that prevails around us."* He had but little expectation of a large audience when proposing to lecture on the Prince of Poets. This announcement was made, it appears, at Wittenberg, in December, 1531. "I shall," he says, "according to my custom, read *gratis*. But as Homer, in his life-time, was needy and a beggar, so the same fate follows him now when he is dead. For this noblest of poets is compelled to wander about imploring men to listen to him. He does not, however, seek out those *grovelling souls, bent only on gain, who not content with resting in ignorance themselves, delight in crying down all noble learning*, but turns rather to those free spirits who aim after perfect knowledge."

This would be sufficient to show how absurd it is to pretend that the thorough study of the classic languages is "popish," or, at least, needless to protestants. But let us give another illustration or two. What protestant thinkers are most admired by those whose vernacular is the English? In reply, may we not mention Bacon, Milton, Newton, and Johnson? Each of these had thoroughly mastered the

* "It is certain," says Bacon, "that learning softens the barbarity and fierceness of men's minds; but then *it must not be superficial*, for this rather works a contrary effect"—Bacon's Works, vol i., sect. iii.

classic languages; each not only wrote Latin and Greek; but also spoke those languages to a greater or less extent. As for the Latin, all could use it as freely as the English. Bacon's works were written in Latin; Newton wrote not only his *Principia* in that language, but most of his other works; Milton wrote both poetry and prose in Latin and Greek; and Dr. Johnson did the same.

And here we are reminded of another objection made to the study of the languages at the present day. There are educators who agree with the thoughtless crowd, that it is best to devote less attention to the classics, even in our colleges, and more to the sciences; nay, there are some who consider themselves first-class educators, who would be willing to set aside the classic languages altogether, in order that the sciences might be studied more thoroughly. These forget that there has not been one of the great scientific discoverers, of modern times, who has not also been distinguished for his profound classical erudition; not one who did not speak Latin as well as write it. This is true alike of Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Leibnitz, and Newton. Now, we may ask, in passing, was the time wasted which was devoted by these renowned investigators to the study of the classic languages? It is well known that there is not one of them who has not gratefully testified how much he was indebted to the study of those languages, not only for that valuable knowledge which cannot be obtained by means of the best translations, but for their wonderfully invigorating influence on the reasoning and perceptive faculties.

It is well to remember, also, that of all the peculiar views of Milton, none displeased Dr. Johnson more than the favor shown by the poet at one period of his life to scientific studies, as compared to classical studies. This had much more to do than is generally supposed with the severity of Johnson's criticisms in his Life of Milton. "Let not our veneration for Milton," says the great lexicographer, "forbid us to look with some *degree of merriment on great promises and small performance*, on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and when he reaches the scene of action vapors away his patriotism in a

private boarding school." The "great promises" consisted in announcements on the part of the poet that his pupils would be taught "what after all was most useful." "The purpose of Milton, as it seems," continues his great biographer and critic, "was to teach something more solid than the common literature of schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects." After showing in rather sarcastic terms what the aim of Milton was Johnson proceeds: "But the truth is that the knowledge of external nature and the sciences, which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. *Whether we provide for action or for conversation*, whether we wish to be *useful or pleasing*, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of *right and wrong;* the next is an acquaintance with the *history of mankind* and *with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions.* Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we *are perpetually moralists*, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is *necessary;* our speculations on matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergency that one may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears," &c. In Johnson's time, also, utilitarianism had its votaries; accordingly he excuses himself as follows: "Let me not be censured for this digression, as pedantic or paradoxical; for if I have Milton against me I have Socrates on my side. It was his labor to turn philosophy *from* the study of nature to speculations on life; but the innovators whom I oppose are turning from life to nature. They seem to think that *we are placed here to watch the growth of plants* or *the motions of the stars.*"*

So much, then, for the "popery" of making students really acquainted with Latin and Greek—so much for the time said to be wasted in learning those languages. As for

* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets—Life of Milton.*

the catholic colleges, they cannot even pretend to assign any other excuse for not imparting a thorough knowledge at least of the Latin, than utter inability. Most cheerfully do we admit that some of them need no excuse, but perform their work so faithfully and thoroughly that we have taken pleasure more than once in comparing them to our favorite American university (New York) and to Columbia College, as regenerated under its present auspices, &c. It is to be regretted that there are so few catholic colleges of this class; but all honor be to the few. These are the exceptions to which our criticisms do not apply, and to whose efforts we have never referred but in the language of approbation and respect.

To be honest, our catholic colleges must either teach the classics thoroughly, or frankly admit that they do not know how—that they cannot teach anybody, young or old, what they do not understand themselves! But above all other educators the jesuits have least excuse for not teaching their pupils to speak as well as write Latin. "Not a mere knowledge of syntax," says one of their own writers, "but a practical mastery of it—in other words, *readiness and skill both in speaking and writing;* this is the aim of grammar."* Further on the same writer says that the pupils of the jesuits are "to make a *living language* of the Latin; hence they should be taught on the principle of the maxim, "*lege, scribe, loquere.*" "Those alone," he adds, "possess a perfect knowledge of a language who not only read it, but who can *likewise speak and write it.*"† In the *Instituti Societatis Jesu* the same rules are everywhere maintained.‡ There are jesuits still who speak and write Latin, but they are very few. In all the United States there are not half a dozen who can, and of this half dozen not one is to be found in either of the New York jesuit colleges.

It will be admitted by every unprejudiced reader that we have done our utmost to encourage the catholic colleges. We have done so in the spirit of the teacher who takes more pains with the timid student whose progress has been slow, on account

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* *Educational System of the Society of Jesus.* Landshut. † *Ib.*

‡ *Vide, Tom.*, ii., p. 42; *Tom.*, iv., p. 412; *Tom.*, vii., 301, &c., &c.

of having labored under certain disadvantages, than with all the other members of his class, partly in order that he might be respected by his fellow students, and partly in order that he might be prompted to improve and persevere. No sensible person takes it ill of the teacher to say, even to one of the most stupid of his class, "James, why, you have been doing admirably during the last month; you are now very nearly as far forward as Thomas, William and Joseph; and if you will only study a little more and avoid billiard playing and other kinds of gambling you will outstrip them in a very short time." If the teacher is aware that family pride is one of the weak points of James, there is no harm in his proceeding to add: "You ought to remember what accomplished scholars your grandfather and great grandfather were; they were great authors as well as great teachers. What a burning shame it would be for you not to be able to read their works!" But need we say that if this method fails the faithful pedagogue should try another? If James, instead of studying more, fancies he knows enough since he is thus commended, puts on the airs of a philosopher and takes it as an offence to hear any of his fellow students praised at all, he must be addressed in a different strain!

This, it may be remembered, is the course we have pursued towards some of our catholic colleges, especially towards one or two of our jesuit institutions; but they have rewarded us for our pains by employing female commentators to make an onslaught on us with pop-guns, as enemies of the true faith, and of the chief official exponents thereof, in this region! We do not allude to this peculiar mode of reward because we have any particuliar objection to be attacked in so harmless a manner by the ladies, especially as we take pride in knowing that the amiable sex are in general our friends. For the sake of the many, nay, for the sake of what our fair castigators themselves would say and do in their calmer moments, if allowed to consult their own better feelings, we will not utter a harsh word in reply, but confine ourselves to a single line from Homer in which a beautiful and amiable lady who, on a memorable occasion, having finished a speech

not altogether lady-like in its tone, is requested to be a little more civil in her language.

μη με, γύναι, χαλεποτόιν ὀνείδεσι θυμον ἐνίπτε.*

The only reason why we do allude to the circumstance is that it illustrates some of our views but too plainly. How degenerate the jesuits have become, when they are obliged to engage a female pen to defend them from the charge of incapacity as teachers! O shades of Sirmond, Petavius, Tursellini, Gonzaga and Kostke. To this list we could add those of a dozen of jesuits that have written works in Latin and Greek, which bear the classical stamp. But these works our New York jesuits would really be puzzled to read. This is the difficulty. This renders them feeble, and that alluded to is not the first time that woman came to the aid of the weak. Accordingly, far from blaming her, especially as she is kind enough to perpetrate a bull in our favor, admitting, at the close, the very fact for which she belabors us! we honor the lady for it; but we would honor her still more, if, for the sake of sound education, she would give the good fathers of Fordham and New York some wholesome advice—better advice than they gave her in our case! Thus, for example, she might tell them in one of her editorials that they ought to study a good deal more, or go back to Canada, and devote themselves to missionary purposes.† Even in New York there is work enough for them of this kind; and we do not doubt that they are qualified to do it. But the sort of classical teaching they do is, we are pained to say, a sad specimen. They, perhaps, might reply with some justice, as follows: "It is true that we are indifferent teachers; *entre nous*, we need to

* *Ib.*, iii., 438.

† Since writing the above, two important statements have been made to us by two catholic gentlemen in whose veracity we have implicit confidence; one has informed us that the Very Rev. Father Perron has been removed from the superiorship of this province; the other gentleman has corroborated this, and added that the Rev. Father Loyzance has also been removed from the presidency of St. Xavier's College. It is quite possible that both may have been mistaken. If otherwise, our feeling in regard to the matter is simply this: we regret that the provincial, as well as the president, did not evince broader views, and a more enlightened intelligence; and we hope their successors will profit by their failure, bearing in mind that the learning and ability possessed by jesuits two hundred years ago cannot make up for the lack of those qualifications at the present day; although a certain credulous, imaginative class may the *cheer* semblance as if it were the reality.

It is true that we have taken the liberty of criticising both those gentlemen,

be taught ourselves; however, it is also true that the society still numbers many great educators among its members; but our superiors have the idea that only indifferent teachers are required in New York."

Whether the fathers of New York and Fordham would be thus frank or not, there is too much truth in it; yet they are very much displeased with the teachers of another catholic order, because the superiors of the latter pursue a course diametrically opposite; that is, they send their most accomplished teachers to the United States, especially to New York, because that class are more needed here than in Europe. That the good teachers succeed in making good scholars while the indifferent fail to do so, is no more than might be expected; and perhaps it is equally natural that those who fail should be jealous and sometimes lose their temper; nor is it unnatural that they should pretend, when criticized, that it is their religion and not their education, or rather their want of education, that is "attacked!" It may be, indeed, that they are sincere in attributing motives to those who criticise them, for it requires something more than mere smattering to trace effects to their causes; and Virgil tells us that there is blissful knowledge as well as blissful ignorance.* Be this as it may, it is well known that we condemn nobody's religion; but that we condemn the mere pretenders of all religions, and this we shall continue to do, let who will scowl or assume the airs of martyred innocence and worth.

It is needless for us, then, to assure our readers that we do not find fault with the professors of St. Xavier's Col-

from time to time, but only as educators—never as clergymen or private individuals. Father Loyzance, especially, we have always regarded as a courteous and amiable gentleman; and whatever may have been thought to the contrary, we regretted all the more on this account that we could not approve of his educational system, without stultifying ourselves.

Another fact has recently been mentioned to us, on excellent authority, which not only explains certain recent movements, altogether independently of the removals just alluded to, but also augurs well for the future. It seems that Dom Pitra, at Rome, who now has the supervision of the various educational orders of the catholic church, is a highly educated Frenchman, of liberal and enlightened views, and the author of several works, some of which have been translated into different languages. We are assured that this gentleman will show no favor to any order, except the favor which should always be awarded to *present* merit.

* *Felix qui potuit* rerum cognoscere causas. G. ii., 491.

lege, New York, and St. John's College, Fordham, because they are jesuits; did they belong to any denomination of protestants, we would criticise them quite as freely as we have done. It is sufficient to remind the reader, in proof of this, that we have not spoken in higher terms of any protestant colleges than we have of Georgetown* and Holy Cross; we did so most cheerfully, because we found competent and faithful educators in charge of those institutions, and we do not esteem those gentlemen less to-day on account of their being jesuits, or for any other cause.

But our experience is, that there is at least one point in which the protestant educators greatly excel the catholic educators in this country; the former bear criticism in a manly, dignified, manner; the latter cannot bear it all! As already intimated, we have criticised in this journal the institutions of episcopalians, presbyterians, methodists, baptists, congregationalists, and unitarians, but none have pretended that in doing so it is their religion we have "attacked." Let us only say a word of the obvious incapacity of certain catholic educators, upon the other hand, and a general howl is raised against us; the bishop, and the archbishop, and all the small fry of catholic newspapers—in short, heaven and earth, if not purgatory, and even hell itself—are moved against us! We do not object to this for our own sake; we are rather amused at it; but we can assure those who have recourse to such clap-trap, that the intelligent portion of their own people—the very best and most pious of them, including timid ladies—are heartily ashamed of it. The thoughtful portion of the public, catholic as well as pro-

* Our readers may remember that our admiration for the educational talents of Father Maguire, the present president of Georgetown, has been somewhat limited. Last year we took the liberty of expressing our regret that his chief claim on the public gratitude was that he had *enlarged the playgrounds* and *embellished the towers*. We have now to thank him; for he has proclaimed, in his great "commencement" oration, and announced in all the orthodox papers, as well as in the new catalogue now before us, that, "It is *in contemplation* to establish a chair of English literature in the College at the opening of the fall term." We omit most of the capitals, while admitting that they are highly characteristic. All we have to do with now is the new "chair;" we hope the "contemplation" of it has had a favorable issue, for we think it might be made useful in various ways. In our humble opinion it is an excellent antidote against littleness of mind, arrogance, bigotry, bombastic speeches, &c., &c. By all means, then, father, let us have the new chair, if only on account of its being so near the White House, the Treasury, &c., it might be made a capital thing!

testant, do not fail to remark the contrast, and the conclusion they draw from it is by no means favorable to the howlers.

It is not therefore the colleges of any sect or order, as such, those of catholics or protestants, whose educational system we condemn. We only condemn shallowness and pretension wherever we find them, and unfortunately they are but too apparent in the colleges of all sects and denounciations; with very few exceptions all indulge in a sort of charlatanism for which they ought to blush. Anybody gifted with the least perception knows how much they depend on the newspaper reporters. In nineteen cases out of twenty the honest reporter knows nothing of either Latin or Greek, or of any science more profound or abstruse, than the science of puffing. It is well known that "our own correspondent" gives a long or short report of the "commencement" according to certain circumstances; nay, it is pretty well understood that in many instances he is one of the professors; although his style has to be somewhat pruned down and improved in other respects before his eulogies on "Alma Mater" are permitted to see the light; yet these eulogies are sent to all parts of the country as testimonials the authority of which it would be rash to dispute—the longer they are the more highly they are prized! We have received piles of such ourselves—quite a large number from Pennsylvania.* All have a family resemblance; they are pretty much the same this year as they were last year, or seven years ago. Their chief ingredients are such as "this time-honored institution," "the learned faculty," "the refectory of the college," "the graduating class," "highly interesting and able essays," "an eloquent poem by L. D. Jenkins, Esq., of the class of 1769," "the Hon. Tom Smith, M. C., delivered an eloquent oration to the graduates," "the

* Thus, for example, a member of the faculty of Lafayette College favored us with *eight long columns* of this sort of matter, cut from Philadelphia papers, two of those columns being occupied by a "poem," the first stanza of which closes as follows:

> "The thousand joys that once *impregned*
> The generous soul of youth,
> The myriad hopes that *dawned and reigned*
> As truth unfolded truth."

This, of course, is convincing, as to the high classic standard at Lafayette!

honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on the Hon. Tim Barleycorn, judge of the court of dernier resort," &c., &c.

We have already remarked that all our educated men are aware of the failure of our college system; and it is almost superfluous to add that they deplore it as a national misfortune. They regard it not only as a loss, the extent of which cannot be estimated, but also as a reproach to our civilization. This is particularly true of those who travel and take some interest in education; for they find American students at every European college and university which they visit. The number of our young men who have thus to seek a thorough education abroad would seem incredible were it not fully attested by official statistics. For the present, however, we will not state the approximate number any more definitely than that it amounts to over two thousand, and is largely increasing from year to year.

It is gratifying to observe that there are some of our scholars who do not merely regret this; they are also anxious to remedy it. The remedy generally proposed is to establish a *great* American university. This would undoubtedly prove a remedy, but how is it to be established? Before any number of colleges, however large, can be made to constitute a great university, they must, individually, possess the elements of greatness; each must possess a high standard in its own sphere. Accordingly, before we can hope to have a great university, either our colleges must raise their standards very considerably, or we must imitate the examples of Prussia and Russia. But here a serious, if not a fatal obstacle pretents itself. It was the governments of those counries who established their great universities; whereas our government seems never to consider itself called upon to do anything of the kind.

Then how can "the people" be expected to do what they know nothing about? Need we say that one of the last boons they would ask, is a great university for the purpose of teaching the "dead languages." If they had such we fear they would think it was no boon at all, but rather something to be looked upon with suspicion and jealously—some-

thing at least that cost too much and ought to be reduced to the cheap standard.

If they wanted any colleges, institutions like Wabash, Ind.; Paducah, Ky.; Seton Hall, N. J.; Upper Alton, Ill.; Fordham, N. Y.; Gambier, Ohio; St. Xavier's, N. Y.; Meadville, Pa., would be abundantly learned for them; all the better for not giving very "hard lessons," especially in the "dead languages." Should they take a liking for universities, because the name sounds so well, they would think it entirely superfluous, if not injurious to the brain, to have any higher learning than that afforded by institutions like the University of Indiana, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Oregon, the University of St. Louis, the University of Kansas, the University of Kentucky, the University of Utah, &c., &c.

But in the countries mentioned the case has been different. When the king of Prussia wanted to establish a great university, one which would impart strength to the Prussian nation, he had the money voted for the purpose at once. To the learned men of Prussia he gave the preference as professors; but if he found Austrians, Saxons, or even French or English, more learned than they, or better qualified for the chairs they were required to fill, then the latter were the successful candidates. The czar of Russia pursued exactly the same course; hence it is that even Russia has a great university—one in which not only Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Sanscrit are thoroughly taught, but also the Persian, the Arabic, the Hindostanee, &c., &c. And this sufficiently explains the disagreeable contrast, that while our ministers plenipotentiary are, in general, unable to understand the language of any court of continental Europe to which they are accredited, the diplomats of Russia are quite at home in that respect, not only in Berlin, Paris and London, but also at Constantinople and Ispahan, and even at Jeddo and Pekin.

We are quite satisfied that those who will bestow any thought on the various facts we have thus hastily glanced at will not think that we have been needlessly harsh or hypercritical in our remarks on the condition of our colleges.

Could we do so conscientiously it would afford us much more pleasure to speak of them in the language of approbation, as we always have spoken, and shall speak, of the few whose faithful, efficient labors give them a just claim to that distinction. Wherever we meet educators of this class our opinion of them, or our wish to encourage them, or to induce others to profit by their teachings, is not in the least influenced by our knowledge, or want of knowledge, of their religious faith.

This reminds us that of the many invitations to attend college commencements with which we have been favored during the past summer, the only one we accepted was that of Manhattan College. This arose partly from the circumstances in which we were placed in regard to time and opportunity, and partly from what we expected in those classical exercises, which for various reasons we deem the best calculated to insure the chief purposes for which all colleges worthy of the name are designed. It so happened that it was out of our power to do ourselves the pleasure of attending either the University of New York or Columbia College, although we need hardly say that we yield to none in profound esteem for each of those institutions, or in implicit confidence in the fidelity and thoroughness with which they perform all they promise.

In going to enjoy the attractions of the Central Park, we have often taken pleasure in extending our ride to Manhattan College, on being assured that we should be welcome to be present at the exercises of any of its classes. Accordingly, we had an opportunity of seeing what the students were doing some weeks before the "commencement." It is not our habit to indulge in long eulogies; however much we admire what we see and hear, we do not wish to expand our impressions of it. We bear in mind that we do not address ourselves to the class who cannot be made to understand, in less than a column or a page, the simple fact that a college is doing its work well. This is our report of Manhattan College, and it embraces all.

It is not without good reason that this modest, youthful institution has produced the results it has; it is not without

good reason that so many of the most intelligent of all denominations attend its commencements. Only a brief explanation is needed however; both the president and vice-president are not merely well-trained, experienced educators—they are excellent judges of what an educator ought to be. This gives them powerful influence over their assistants, as well as over their students. While none are more indulgent or more kind to their professors, none more earnestly insist on their performing their work thoroughly. If, as may happen in the best institutions in the world, a Manhattan professor becomes too indolent to penetrate beneath the surface, or shows by the general results, or lack of results, of his labors, that he was never very profound or thoughtful, he soon learns that clap-trap will not do—that he must not regard his position as a sinecure; that there are certain essential things which he must study, and master, if he does not understand them already. When one, depending on his salary for a livelihood, is thus addressed in a tone and language which could not offend the most sensitive, it is easy to understand that at Manhattan none can consider themselves too old, or too learned, to learn. But in addition to this laudable and exemplary solicitude the Christian Brothers are, undoubtedly, the most liberal in their feelings towards "heretics" of all the catholic orders. While none are more pious than they, or more attached to the church, none make so little distinction in good will and kindness between protestant and catholic. In our opinion these facts are quite sufficient to account for the success of that vigorous but unassuming institution. We might add others, but we are not disposed at this moment to increase the jealousy of certain other catholic colleges.

As all who take an interest in education would be glad to see educators like those of Manhattan multiply, we may remark, in passing, that the Christian Brothers have several other colleges and academies in the United States, as well as numerous schools. Their colleges at St. Louis, Mo., and Elicott, Md., would compare favorably with the best similar institutions of any denomination in the country, of the same age. For some time we have not seen any details or statis-

tics from either, but we are assured that both are in a flourishing condition. It is our privilege to know the president of the St. Louis college personally, and we know no one better qualified for his position, by experience as an instructor, devotion to the great cause in which he is engaged, and a disposition to treat protestant students with the same kind solicitude with which he treats catholic students, without making any attempt at proselyting.

As long as our male colleges, universities, and seminaries, are in a defective condition, it is not to be expected that our female institutions can be of a high order. If, in the order of nature, the male proceeds from the female, it is not less true that in the order of education, the female institutions proceed from the male institutions. Whenver the latter are superficial and flimsy, it may safely be taken for granted that the former are not profound or thoughtful. The reason of this is so obvious that it is superfluous to mention it. Need we say, then, that a large number of our female seminaries, institutes, academies, and colleges, are little better than those costly baubles which a certain class of people buy merely for show? We do not, indeed, like to say so, for it seems rather ungallant; but however agreeable and proper gallantry may be in the drawing room and other places, the truth is much better in a discussion on education. We have no intention, however, of exhibiting the defects of any particular institutions in this article. As we have found no fault in the present instance with male catalogues, we shall observe the same course in regard to female catalogues; but we must reserve the right of taking up the latter, as well as the former, when we have more time to enjoy the curious things which many of them contain than we have now. In the meantime, it is much more agreeable to us to point out merits than defects. As there are honorable exceptions among our male institutions, so there are among our female institutions, and it is to this class we prefer to devote the small space now left for this paper.

We have not to pass abruptly from male to female institutions. There are those at which both sexes are educated

that are eminently entitled to be ranked among our exceptions. This is true, at least, of the Hudson River Institute, and Claverack College, an institution the superior merits of which are acknowledged in every town and city on the Hudson which we have visited in the prosecution of our educational researches. Even at Poughkeepsie it is admitted that the Rev. Alonzo Flack, its principal, has accomplished more solid and permanent results, as an educator, "than the most pretentious of his rivals." So far as we have been able to learn, under no other auspices in this country has the plan of educating young ladies and young gentlemen together, in the same halls, proved so remarkably successful. At Claverack, if no where else, the educational influence of the male and female students on each other has been decidedly beneficial; and that institution seems also to enjoy the distinction of having afforded fewer opportunities for injudicious or ill-assorted marriages than many seminaries we could mention that are devoted exclusively to young ladies. We find several rules and regulations in its catalogue which serve to explain this, at least to some extent; such, for example, as the following: "Ladies and gentlemen will not visit each other's rooms, nor will they associate with each other in walking or riding." To this we can only add, for the present—not having yet had the pleasure of seeing the Institute—that educated men from different parts of the country, including clergymen and professors in male colleges, who have examined its several classes, speak in the highest terms of the attainments and culture of both male and female students.

The Fort Edward Collegiate Institute is on the same plan as that of Claverack. The former is also very favorably spoken of; and we have no doubt but the Rev. Dr. King, its principal, is a faithful and accomplished educator. Nor should we omit to mention that while on our recent visit to Poughkeepsie in search of educational information, our attention was particularly called to the Rev. Mr. Rice's Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies. We were assured significantly that it is much better than "some institutions that have more money and make louder pretentions;" but even those who gave us this estimate, and whose estimate we accepted be-

cause it was sustained by cogent arguments, readily yielded the palm of superior excellence to the Claverack institution. As all the gentlemen mentioned seem disposed to afford us full opportunity to judge for ourselves, we may soon be able speak more definitely of the progress made by each.

Much has also been done in New Jersey by those engaged in female education. Plainfield College for young ladies seems to have many admirers; and from what we learn of the scholarship and abilities of its present principals we have no reason to doubt its worthiness. But there is one school in New Jersey of which we can speak confidently. We have had the pleasure of being acquainted for years with the accomplished but modest principal of the Passaic Falls Classical Institute for Young Ladies, at Patterson, the Rev. P. E. Stevenson. We knew Mr. Stevenson when he was professor of Latin and English literature in the Deer Park Female Institute, Port Jervis, N. Y., in connection with the Rev. Mr. Northrop, another worthy man and excellent teacher. More than once we had the privilege of hearing Mr. Stevenson lecture, and we were readily convinced that he was eminently qualified for the position he occupied—an opinion in which Mr. Northrop fully concurred. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that "the system of thorough, practical instruction enjoyed by the pupils of this institution has been fully tested, and has received the marked approval of the most eminent thinkers." Indeed, had it been otherwise we should have supposed that Mr. Stevenson had lost much of his characteristic energy, vivacity and enthusiasm as an instructor.

Now, in accordance with the wish we have had for many years, that at least the educators of all Christian sects should entertain a friendly feeling towards each other, we place in juxta-position with the Passaic Falls Classical Institute, conducted by a presbyterian minister and his wife, the Mount de Chantal Academy, conducted by the Sisters of the Visitation. In a former number of this journal,* we gave a brief outline of the character and

* No. XXXVI., pp. 376, *et seq.*

objects of this Academy, together with our impressions of the qualifications of the estimable ladies, who have charge of it. Mr. Stevenson, it must be admitted, is no lover of "popery;" but no one loves scholarship, culture, and talent better. Accordingly, we are sure that if he knew three of the ladies who have charge of Mount de Chantal, he would have no objection to their company, but be quite as willing as we to acknowledge their just claim to a liberal patronage, at least from that class, whether protestant or catholic, who are in the habit of sending their daughters to convents. The same feeling would actuate every intelligent and generous mind. Especially may it be said, that at no other school in America is music, both vocal and instrumental, more thoroughly taught, than at the Mount de Chantal Academy. The ladies who have charge of the higher classes in all departments would occupy a distinguished rank in any country or city; but it is one of the characteristics of this sisterhood to seek a field for their labors where least earthly reward is to be expected. As the nightingale chooses the most lonely and neglected, though beautiful spot, for her sweet and melancholy song, these good ladies seek to establish themselves where their services are most needed, and where they can do most good, without regard to remuneration.

In some respects St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, whose catalogue also lies before us, is different from Mount de Chantal; but in scholarship, accomplishments, enlightened liberality to "heretics," and devotion to the great cause of education, there is a remarkable similarity between the leading members of both communities. Several years ago we availed ourselves of the honor of an invitation from the lady superior to visit St. Mary's while on a western tour, and we shall never forget how agreeably surprised we were at the high character of an institution situated in a part of the country supposed by most persons in the Eastern States to be almost at the outskirts of civilization.

The case of Vassar College affords rather a melancholy illustration of the fact that it is by no means those institutions that boast of having most money, that furnish their

students most knowledge for their money; it also illustrates rather unpleasantly the influence of what is called association of ideas in determining the ultimate value of money, considered as a refining agency. This idea occurred to us most forcibly while present at the closing exercises of the Rev. Dr. Van Norman's School for Young Ladies in this city, some nine or ten days after our visit to Vassar. From an acquaintence of a dozen years with this unpretending, but thoroughly efficient institution, we had expected much from its graduates; it was precisely because we had this implicit confidence in its work, that while having reluctantly to decline many kind invitations from the principals of other similar institutions, we took pleasure in availing ourselves of that of Dr. Van Norman. And far from being disappointed, we were, if possible, more pleased with the exercises than on any former occasion. Our readers are so well acquainted with the high standard of this school in all the essential requisites of a thorough female education, that even were it proper to introduce details into a cursory article of this kind, it would be entirely superfluous. All we wish, therefore, is to congratulate Dr. Van Norman on his distinguished success—a success of which his new school building, now nearly completed, serves as an agreeable and enduring evidence.*

Another New York educator who is entitled to the congratulations of the friends of liberal female education, is Dr. Pierce, president of Rutgers Female College. That he has succeeded, by energy, perseverance, and an enthusiastic love for the great cause of intellectual development, in establishing a highly respectable educational institution, will be readily admitted by every intelligent and impartial gen-

* The new building is situated in Forty-sixth street, just beside the Fifth Avenue. The lot is 40x100; the building 35x100. Thus five feet are left for a passage between the School and the next house, for light and air. When complete, the structure will be six stories, including basement, with Mansard roof. The study hall, or lecture-room, is 68x25, capable of comfortably seating four hundred adults. The school building being connected with the private residence of the principal, the entire front extends to sixty feet. This fine edifice would go far to prove, by itself, that the intelligent portion of our people know how to appreciate superior culture, and have the good sense to understand that a liberal education is no less necessary for their daughters, than for their sons, but rather the contrary.

tleman or lady who visits Rutgers and takes time to examine its system, and the results of that system as unostentatiously exhibited by the principal classes.

One excellent characteristic of the American people is, that any one who does his work faithfully for them—especially if it be intellectual work—may safely calculate, whatever difficulties he may have to encounter at the outset, that if he will only persevere he will ultimately be encouraged, not only liberally, but generously. It is, in fact, only pretenders that fail to secure recognition for their intellectual labors in this country; and hence it is that Dr. Pierce, as well as Dr. Van Norman, has to procure more ample accommodations for his institution in order to be able to avail himself of the increased patronage with which the public wishes to reward him. A branch of Rutgers Female College opens at Harlem on the 20th of September, at which, all the studies, professors, class arrangements, &c., will be precisely the same as those at at the Fifth Avenue.*

As we have always entertained, and often expressed, the highest respect for female teachers, none can charge us with indulging in any new-fangled notion when we rank Mlle. Rostan with the most accomplished and most successful of our metropolitan educators. To most of our New York readers, if not to all, the lady is well known through her excellent French and English School for Young Ladies in East Thirty-sixth street, near Park Avenue. Accordingly, they would assign her that rank themselves. But, probably, our readers in other cities do not know her so well. In

* Since the above was written we have accepted a polite invitation from Dr. Pierce. to be present at the inauguration of the College at Harlem, and we were much gratified to witness the enthusiasm manifested on the occasion. by the most intelligent and respectable class of our up-town citizens. The Congregational church was filled to overflowing, with ladies and gentlemen, anxious to welcome Rutgers to Harlem. Several very sensible and excellent addresses were delivered by clergymen and educators. The majority perfectly understand, and frankly admit, how very few of our institutions, male or female, have any just claim to be considered thorough in their teaching; and it is precisely because we know that our readers will join in the admission, that those that are thorough should be encouraged, that we have mentioned the above male and female institutions. which, however they may differ in their general plans, or religious, or political opinions, substantially agree as to the main object of a college, a seminary, or a school.

order to show the latter that we are not peculiar in our estimate, we will make a remark or two. When opening her School in this city several years ago, Mlle. Rostan was introduced to the friends of female education by the Rev. Dr. Barnas Sears—recently president of Brown University, and now general agent of the Peabody educational fund—in the following language:

"Having intimately known Mademoiselle Louise F. Rostan for many years, first, when she was pursuing her studies under the best masters in Paris, and afterwards as a teacher in several distinguished seminaries for young ladies, and in private families in this country, I am able to speak with great confidence of her *superior ability, her finished education, and her excellent personal and religious character.*"

Writing to a friend in this city last year (July, 1868), and referring to this testimonial, "after ten years' observation of the lady's success," as the head of her present school, the same gentleman says: "I can speak with still more confidence of her eminent fitness for such a responsible position." Several other distinguished educators bear testimony equally emphatic to the superior abilities and worth of Mlle. Rostan. Now this lady does not call her institution by any other name than a school, but had certain colleges done their work half so well we should never have felt it our painful duty to criticise them. Mlle. Rostan addresses herself to those who desire to see their daughters become good and useful, as well as accomplished. Her school is divided into three departments, which are under the care of about twenty competent professors and teachers, including lecturers, tutors in the languages, and instructors in the ornamental branches. To all students who have been "perfect" thirty-two out of thirty-eight weeks, premiums are awarded; and those who complete the *seven years'* course with credit to themselves receive diplomas. A friend who has a daughter at this school assures us that the lady, being entirely alone, regards her boarding pupils as her own family, and loves them as if they were her sisters. If an institution, possessed of these characteristics, had only a dozen students, we would as unhesitatingly discuss its merits as if it had five hundred. To this we need hardly add that it affords us much pleasure to learn

that Mlle. Rostan has from eighty to one hundred students, including boarders.

Although we sincerely believe that we render the public a service by calling attention to the few female institutions thus briefly glanced at, we readily admit that this is not our exclusive object; we are quite as sincerely and decidedly of opinion, that the faculties of several male colleges to which we have also taken the liberty of alluding, would profit by examining the excellent systems of teaching pursued at those institutions, whether they be called colleges, institutes, or merely schools. In other words, what we have said in this desultory manner, at the close of our article, is to be regarded as a part of our argument in proof of the fact, that if we have but very few educational institutions in America that can claim high rank, it is because we have very few professors or teachers that are properly qualified as such; whereas we have shown, upon the other hand, that those who are properly qualified, produce as good results here as in any other country in the world.

We are quite aware that the majority of "faculties," whose systems and practices we have criticised in this and other articles, will rather scowl at our arguments, than thank us for them, but we would say to all, including jesuits, anti-jesuits, Vassars, &c., &c., with the best wishes for their improvement, as Demosthenes once said to the Athenians on their murmuring at his having denounced some of their failings: "My counsels are not such as tend to aggrandize me and diminish you, but sometimes *not expedient for me to give*, though *always expedient for you to follow.*"

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ART. IX.—*Note to Vassar College Article in our last number.*

We do not recur to this subject for the purpose of making any further criticisms; but as it would be impossible for us to reply, individually, by letter, to all who have written to us about our article, we beg leave to say a word here which may answer the same purpose. When we inform our readers that we have not received fewer than five hundred letters from educated ladies and gentlemen, in all parts of the country, warmly thanking us for that paper, we must seem to many to indulge in exaggeration; yet any one who doubts the fact may easily satisfy him-

self, for we will place pile after pile of letters at his disposal. Nor is it any mere boast to say that the compliments which we receive in many of these letters are far higher than we have ever been sanguine or ambitious enough to expect; indeed they are so much so, that were we required to quote them they would put our modesty—if editors may be said to have any—to too severe a test. But this also we can prove; and we are all the more proud of it from the fact that it is the most accomplished scholars, and ablest and most successful educators who are most flattering to us in their encomiums.

None appreciate more highly than we the approbation of the good and judicious; but in the present instance we have to return our thanks for more than mere compliments; more subscriptions have been enclosed to us since June last, than during any previous whole year. Seeing that we could not supply the demand for our June number, we ordered a large edition of the Vassar article printed alone, in pamphlet form; but we find that also utterly inadequate.

To the most intelligent portion of the daily and weekly press, both secular and religious, our respectful acknowledgements are also due, for its liberal and complimentary estimate of the same article. Had we any disposition to injure those who tried to intimidate us, we could show by many quotations, that the leading journals of the United States have pursued a very different course from that of undertaking to overwhelm us for the exercise of a right which every American citizen worthy of the name holds to be inalienable.

But we have no such disposition or intention. We made our criticisms on Vassar partly because we are opposed to certain modes of procedure, and partly because we felt that those modes did gross injustice to some of the best female institutionsin America. As for any malice toward Vassar, or any one connected with it, we certainly had none; nor have we now. If we saw an improvement in its system to-morrow, none would more cheerfully give it full credit for that improvement.

Among the hundreds of letters we have received are three or four that make certain objections; but they do so in courteous language, and it is our wish to treat them accordingly. It is due even to the gentleman who supposed, before our article was published, that he could frighten us to say that after it was published he manifested to us no bad temper; nor has he intefered with us since in any manner. So far as we are concerned, therefore, he may consider himself disposed of like the woman taken in adultery, who was told to sin no more.

Among the very few who have objected are Mr. Benson J. Lossing, author of "Vassar College and its Founder," and the Rev. Dr. Lyman Atwater, one of the editors of the "Princeton Review." Mr. Lossing complains, in a gentle manner, that our criticisms on his book would imply that he would encourage intemperance, whereas he has all his life been opposed to it. We certainly did not mean to attribute to him any such

unworthy motive; nor was it our intention to make any charge whatever against him. Our idea of his book was that he was engaged to write it, as an architect is engaged to build a house. No matter what may be the taste, or the artistic skill, of the architect, he is bound to construct the edifice as directed by his employer. If the latter wishes to introduce hen-roosts, or other things having an unpleasant odor, into the main building, that is his affair; upon the same principle, if the gentlemen who engaged Mr. Lossing to write this book wished him to introduce into it a brewery or two, a little beer, a few stanzas from "John Barleycorn," &c., he had either to comply, or come to a rupture with his employers.

This was our view of the case. We were very unwilling, therefore, to disoblige Mr. Lossing; but, as we told him, in reply to his polite note, we bore in mind that, in all wars the innocent have sometimes to suffer with the guilty; and that when there is a prospect of eradicating a cancerous growth, the skilful and honest surgeon does not hesitate to apply his lancet to a portion of the sound flesh, in order that the rest may be saved. To this we need hardly add that, without being influenced by any consideration whatever, but our own love of fairness and justice, we entirely acquit Mr. Lossing of all intention of predisposing the young ladies of Vassar, or any other young ladies, in Poughkeepsie or elsewhere, to the use of beer, or any kindred beverage.

We wish to satisfy Dr. Atwater also, in any way in our power, for any injury we may have done him, in the exercise of our acknowledged "belligerent rights." There was no reason why we should impute any improper conduct to the Princeton Review, or to any of its editors, publishers, or proprietors. Our readers will bear us testimony that we are not in the habit of seeking to disparage any contemporary: we never speak discourteously of any periodical; much less would we make wanton attacks on its conductors.

But had we even been in the habit of making such, what could have been our motive in this case? The Princeton Review, as we understand, is exclusively theological; and we never discuss theological subjects. So far as we are aware, the interests of that respectable periodical do not conflict in the slightest manner with those of our own. We had never heard that any one connected with the Princeton Review had disobliged or injured us in any manner. What, then, could have been our motive in attacking it in our Vassar article? There was none whatever; nor did we attack it. We merely mentioned statements made to induce us, as we be believed, to do a certain thing; that we did not give those statements as facts will be readily admitted by any one who will carefully and *calmly* read our remarks on the subject. At the same time, it is but justice to say that we did not think, for a moment, nor do we now, that the gentleman who made those statements did so for the purpose of injuring, or disparaging, the Princeton Review. We regarded

his whole representation in relation to it simply as an argument; and it was as such we presented it to our readers—as an illustration of the extremes to which injudicious zeal will sometimes lead even those who mean well.

We were not at all surprised, therefore, when we received the polite note of the Rev. Dr. Atwater, which explicitly denied that any such article as that spoken of had ever appeared in the Princeton Review. Most cheerfully do we place this denial on record; and having done so, we take leave of the whole subject, with sincere gratitude to many—with ill-will to none.

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## NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

*The True Story of Lady Byron's Life.* Atlantic Monthly, September, 1869.

It is with feelings of sorrow and surprise that we have perused this article—sorrow that the author is an American lady, and surprise that a publishing house once ranking among the first and most respectable in the United States, should give it forth to the world. During the life time of Mr. Ticknor no such effusion could have appeared in the Atlantic; for Mrs. Stowe, we regret so say, is not merely indelicate, in the article referred to. Some of her details are positively obscene, notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of scriptural phrases, and allusions to things and persons sacred, interspersed here and there, probably to serve as amulets to ward off the effects of the pruriency.

And what is the object of the article? Ostensibly, to vindicate Lady Byron from certain aspersions of her husband's mistress, the Countess Guiccioli. Mrs. Stowe, acting on the strength of certain real or pretended credentials, has taken up the gauntlet in her defence. Passing over the improbability of Lady Byron's having entrusted to a casual acquaintance the most important secret of her unhappy life, to the exclusion of hundreds of English women worthy of her confidence and quite competent to carry out her wishes, we regard Mrs. Stowe as having offended against public propriety, in her unprovoked attack on the memory of the poet, and in her efforts to render him odious in the eyes of the world. Were the virtues of Lady Byron of so faint and subdued a tint as to require the contrast of the intense blackness with which her husband is here painted? The darkest crimes in the calendar are laid to his charge, and the writer gloats over her presumed discovery.

If all men of genius are to be discarded on account of their gallantries, the world must lose Ovid and Catullus, Dante and Tasso, Goethe and Shakespeare, and many others who have been the brightest ornaments of their respective ages and countries. The private vices of public

men are often magnified through the glass of popular exaggeration; and calumny sometimes falls heaviest on those who merit it least. Socrates himself, the purest and noblest character in Grecian history, was the victim of the vilest slanders from his contemporaries; nor did his nearest and dearest relatives, or his favorite pupils, escape their share of the unmerited abuse. The effect of this malevolence is still to be seen. Modern students are too apt to base their estimates of this great philosopher on the low, grovelling satire of Aristophanes, who prostituted his genius to the cause of personal or political enmity. And what sort of idea should we form of Pericles, if the history of Thucydides had been lost, and the comedies of Cratinus preserved?

There are, moreover, a certain class of mankind who, without personal motives, take particular delight in searching for flaws in the character of men greater, if not better, than themselves; some from pure malice, others from the love of *notoriety*, for we cannot call it fame. We fear the latter motive was what chiefly determined Mrs. Stowe to publish the article now under discussion. At all events, we prefer to attribute it to this rather than to a sordid love of gain, of which, however, she has been repeatedly accused by those who know her perhaps better than we.

It is also true that, to many minds, trained under a certain gloomy religious system, a crusade against vice is the most attractive of all enterprises. But it too often happens, in such cases, that the company of the demons of iniquity whom they have undertaken to exorcise acquires for them so strange a fascination, that they are fain to linger among them, and display them to the reader in all their deformity.

Thus Mrs. Stowe has forced upon the attention of the ladies of America certain objectionable poems of Lord Byron, and has even gone so far as to form a chrestomathy of indecent passages from Cain and Don Juan, of which she makes a personal application to Lord Byron himself, as if a writer of fiction in any form should be held personally responsible for the speeches and sentiments of his characters! If this mode of arguing be legitimate, what is to become of the reputation of all our great dramatists, poets and novelists?

The evidence of the article in question is as fragile and nugatory as its publication is ill-judged and reprehensible. Public opinion, both in England and America, has unhesitatingly condemned this attempt to drag into the light of day the private vices of a man who has lain in his grave for nearly half a century. Whatever may be the faults, or even the crimes, of a man of genius, their most remote effects soon disappear from the earth. The poetry of Byron still lives, but all to whom his vices may have caused the slightest pang during his life time are now dead. The mystery, of whatever nature it may have been, in the domestic relations of Lord and Lady Byron, was preserved by the latter, as long as she lived, an inviolable secret from the world; and even now her solicitors, far from show-

ing any disposition to reveal it, have expressly disclaimed all connection with the pretended revelations of Mrs. Stowe.

But the attack, although probably intended only for Byron and his defender, is, in reality, directed also against the memory of several of his relatives. His sister and her daughter are held up to the public as objects of loathing, the former being stigmatized as the guilty partner of his crime, and the latter, innocent as she was, as tainted by both the sin and the relationship! Nor does his own legitimate daughter escape—that daughter whom Byron loved so tenderly. If Lady Byron were a true wife, or endowed with the feelings of a true woman, and were still living, there can be little doubt that she would repudiate this unworty effort, purporting as it is to be in her defence, and repent of her haste in selecting, if she ever did select, so indiscreet a champion.

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*Le Monde et l'Homme primitif selon la Bible.* Par Mgr. MEIGNAN, Evêque de Chalons-sur-Marne.* 8vo, pp. 403. Paris: Victor Palmé. 1869.

In this work we have an elaborate and ingenious attempt to sustain the biblical record of creation and the unity of the human race. In separately discussing the six days of the Mosaic cosmogony, the author displays considerable geological and zoological learning, but he relies too modestly on a careful accumulation of the opinions and conclusions of others rather than on any original application of facts. He always prefers to cling to authority; and even in the pages under the head of "M. Darwin réfuté par les faits," he does not tell us what the facts are, but simply gives us an array of names and opinions. Altogether, Bishop Meignan shows a better acquaintance with the literature of the natural sciences than with the sciences themselves. No attempt is made to sustain the *literal* veracity of the first chapter of Genesis; the six *days* are regarded as indefinitely long periods of time. (p. 19.) Nor is this all:

"C'est une erreur de croire que la foi catholique enferme l'existence de l'homme dans une durée qui ne peut dépasser six mille ans. L'église ne s'est jamais prononcée sur une question aussi délicate, et cette abstention est pleine de sagesse." (p. 163.)

And yet the author hesitates to accept such a long period as twenty thousand years. The chapters on the chronology of the Egyptians, Hindoos, and Chinese display extensive reading on those subjects; but when the bishop comes to discuss the primitive unity of language, he shows himself to be somewhat puzzled. He is manifestly no philologist, and has not read his authorities with sufficient care to be able to understand the width of the gulph that separates the Indo-European and the Semi-

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* The French works reviewed in this department are furnished by Mr. F. W. Christern, foreign bookseller, New York.

tic forms of speech. In answer to Pott's well known assertion that there is no instance of a language developing itself from the monosyllabic into the agglutinative, or from the agglutinative into the inflexional stage, he only alleges the somewhat doubtful instance of incipient inflections in the Chinese, and the intrinsic probabilities that such transitions have taken place without our knowing it. Professor Pott may be right and may not, but a scholar of his calibre does not deserve to have one of his theories dismissed so cavalierly. On the whole, however, although it may be seen almost at the first glance that the book is of a controversial character, the spirit that pervades it is by no means bitter, and a tone at once moderate and courteous is preserved against all opponents.

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*Vie de Madame de Lafayette.* Par MADAME DE LASTEYRIE, sa Fille. Deuxiéme edition. Paris. 1869.

Though purporting on its title-page to be simply a biography of the wife of General Lafayette, at least one-third of this volume is occupied with other matter. First, we have a revision of the life of the dutchess d'Ayen, written by her daughter, Mme. de Lafayette, while in the prison of Olmutz, and "printed, but not published," (*imprimée sans publicité*) after the return of the latter to France. Then follows Mme. de Lasteyrie's biography of her mother. Anything that throws additional light on the most important epoch in modern European history, the era of the French revolution, is of more or less importance; and anything connected with Lafayette has some interest for the American people. It may be doubted, however, whether any readers, save those especially interested in the details of French history from 1759 to 1807, would care to give this volume more than a cursory examination. To some future historian of France, however, its contents will be valuable *mémoirs pour servir.* The close family connection of Mme. de Lafayette with some of the celebrities of that day, and the numerous letters of important historical personages interspersed through the book, are sufficient warrant for this. At the end of the volume we have a long letter of General Lafayette himself, as well as several state papers of greater or less importance, but of no interest to the general reader.

Madame de Lafayette is here represented as, what she undoubtedly was, a highly religious, amiable, and generous woman. A fondness for dwelling on her virtues and eulogizing her conduct amid so many sufferings is what we are to expect from the pen of a tenderly attached daughter, but it sometimes becomes a little tiresome to the reader. It gives us great pleasure, however, to be told that General Lafayette's exertions in favor of the civil rights of the French protestants, in 1787, were warmly and actively seconded by his wife, as far as the *convenances* of her station would allow. (p. 209.) Though a zealous catholic, and pos-

sessed of a strong desire to make proselytes, she deeply regretted the persecutions that only widened the breach between the church and the protestants of France. She was also charitable to the poor, and occupied herself with good works without neglecting her duties toward her own family.

"Elle ne croyait pas pouvoir en conscience dépenser la moindre somme pour son plaisir; jamais elle ne s'est permis une fantaisie qui n'eût rapport qu'à son agrément. Elle pensait que l'argent qui n'était pas employé aux dépenses que la convenance rend nécessaire, appartenait aux pauvres, et qu'il était formellement interdit d'en détourner la moindre chose."

The authoress then goes on to inform us that her mother not only entertained these theories, but rigorously practised them. At the beginning of the revolution she was an ardent republican, and more than approved of her husband's course. "*Elle admira sa conduite, elle s'identifia avec ses sentiments.*" Her mother, the dutchess d'Ayen, took a very different view.

"Ses opinions à elle étaient aristocratiques. Elle avait horreur du mouvement et terreur de tout le bouleversement qu'entraine une révolution." (p. 216.)

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*Champfleury. Les Chats.—Histoire, Mœurs, Observations, Anecdotes.* Paris: Rothschild. 1870. Quatrième Edition.

This little book is certainly unique in its kind, and, notwithstanding the seeming triviality of the subject, is neatly and elegantly printed, containing also no less than eighty designs by eleven artists, whose names appear on the title page. The author goes deeply into his subject, and brings to bear on poor puss all the batteries of his extensive learning and research. The historical chapters of the volume are interesting, but not always sound. The statement (p. 25) that no mention of the domestic cat can be found between a figure on an Egyptian monument, B. C. 1638, and one of the idylls of Theocritus, B. C. 270, will not stand fire. It is true, there is no perceptible trace of the cat in the Hebrew Scriptures, nor in Homer, nor Hesiod; but Herodotus speaks of it in connection with Egypt, under the name of *αἴλουρος*, which word in later Greek acquired the meaning of *weasel*. Whether the Greek word *γαλέη*, which the author takes as signifying *cat*, was ever applied to our domestic animal of that kind is more than doubtful. In Aristotle it is the *ferret*; in Aristophanes* it is the pole-cat; and in Herodotus† it is most probably the weasel. Movers,‡ though he calls the latter "Tartessian cats," always encloses the words in quotation marks, and also tells us that they were used in hunting rabbits. Be this as it may, the book deserves to be recommended to all cat-fanciers.

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* Plutus, 692, ed. Tauchnitz.

† IV., 192. *εἰσὶ δὲ καὶ γαλαῖ ἐν τῷ ὀιλφίῳ γινόμεναι τῇσι Ταρτησσίῃσι ὁμοιόταται.*

‡ Die Phönizier, 2 Theil, pp. 605, 606.

## EDUCATION.

1. *Manual Latin Grammar.* Prepared by WILLIAM F. ALLEN, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and History in the University of Wisconsin; and JOSEPH H. ALLEN, Cambridge, Mass. Boston: Edwin Ginn. 1869.
2. *Latin Lessons; adapted to the Manual Latin Grammar.* Prepared by WILLIAM F. ALLEN, A. M., &c., and JOSEPH H. ALLEN, &c. Boston: Edwin Ginn, &c. 1869.
3. *A Latin Reader; consisting of Selections from Phædrus, Cæsar, Curtius, Nepos, Sallust, Ovid, Virgil, Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Pliny and Tacitus. With copius Notes and Vocabulary.* Prepared by WILLIAM F. ALLEN, A. M., &c. and JOSEPH H. ALLEN, &c. Boston: Edwin Ginn. 1869.

We regard it as incumbent on the authors of these volumes to defend the English of their title-pages. Remarkable as our language is for the facility with which nouns can be used as adjectives without the slightest change of form, there is something rather harsh and uncouth in the phrase "Manual Latin Grammar." We feel called upon to explain the authors' meaning, without, however, attempting to defend the slight violence they have done to the vernacular.

They tell us that it is their object to present the public with a Latin grammar sufficiently complete to meet all the wants of the student, at least until he is safely launched into the broader channel of the college course, at the same time avoiding that "prodigious multiplication of details" by which complete Latin grammars are generally swelled out into uch bulky and unmanageable volumes. Their new-fangled title implies that the latter are not worthy to be considered hand-books, while their grammar *is*. "A Manual *of* Latin Grammar" would not express the idea; it was too common a title. The little word *of* was in the way. But by striking out the underpinnings of the noun, they have caused it to collapse into an adjective, and obtained a title remarkable at least for its originality! This is the explanation we have gleaned from the general tone of the preface, and of the fifteen pages of laudatory letters and newspaper-notices bound up with the volume. Nor does the spirit of originality end here. We shall have more to say about it when we come to examine the reader.

If neat and elegant typography alone constituted a perfect Latin grammar, this would call for naught but praise from the reviewer. But a slight infusion of other merits being necessary, our admiration must be moderated in proportion. In the first place, there is visible throughout the book a perfect mania for economizing space. The first symptom of this appears in the paradigms of the third declension of nouns, where but five forms are given in the singular, and only three in the plural! This will do very well in a grammar intended for advanced students, but for beginners it is only perplexing, not to mention the additional

labor of explanation it must cause to the already overworked teacher The authors seem to forget, not only here, but in numerous other places, that Latin is the first language besides his own that a boy attempts to learn. The exceptions to this rule are so very rare in this country that they may be set aside altogether. Familiar with his native tongue only, and knowing nothing whatever of the general principles of language, the learner is sure to find the transition from his simple and almost grammarless English to the elaborate and complex Latin a painful one. What is the use of having all these cases? Is not the difference between nominative and accusative all humbug? We have known boys who have begun Latin at the advanced age of fourteen years, and have afterward become well versed in the language, to ask themselves these questions over and over again. The tables of declension and conjugation should be complete, and printed out at full length; or else it will be much longer before the ideas of the pupil crystalize into a proper comprehension of the subject.

The same remarks apply with still greater force to the paradigms of the verbs. The problem which the authors were attempting to solve would appear to have been this: given four regular verbs, one of each conjugation, required to pack them, in all their modes, tenses, persons, numbers, &c., into the smallest space compatible with the typographical good looks of our "Manual Grammar!" And if they had been trying to accomplish this feat on a fat contract, the job could not have been done better.

This is a false system. What is gained in space is lost in other things of far greater value. The learner becomes at once terrified at the dense array of words directly under his eye; and unnecessary fright is not a desirable element in the business. Equanimity is essential to his rapid progress, and to secure it at his impressionable age no pains should be spared. It will not do to grudge space. The "Manual Grammar" contains only 143 pages, and double the number would be no drawback, but a gain. Full paradigms of some of the more important irregular verbs should have been given, but they are not. *Volo*, *nolo*, and *malo* are disposed of in less than half a page, and the same miserly allowance falls to the lot of the difficult and troublesome third declension of adjectives.

On the other hand, some small details are here and there introduced which had better be left out. Why should the pupil's memory, at the very beginning, be overloaded with such forms as *homost* and *periculumst*? And, under the head of Prosody, is the musical notation (p. 112) at all likely to convey the shadow of an idea even to a far advanced school boy?

In the sections on Syntax, it would have been far better if the authors had adopted a system of translation rather more literal. The ablative absolute can generally be translated literally without violence to our

language, and often without a sacrifice of ease or elegance. To render *equitatu praemisso* (p. 27) by "having sent forward the cavalry," is liable to convey a wrong idea. The passive participle can here be translated passively; at all events we consider it a bad plan to substitute the English active. It is not every modern language that can boast of such an admirable participial construction as our own; and we need not be afraid to make use of it. We do not wish to be understood as advocating slavishly literal translations in the school-room, but simply remark that our authors are inclined to run into the opposite extreme.

In the "Latin Lessons," which is intended to be taken up simultaneously with the grammar, much that is contained in the latter is unnecessarily repeated. The exercises are at first very simple and easy, but gradually increase in difficulty until the pupil is at last supposed to be able to begin part second, which consists of the first twenty-nine chapters of Cæsar's Gallic War. The Messrs. Allen do not consider Cæsar "in the main, a good author for young scholars." We are not disposed to join issue with them on this point, but doubt whether it would be easy to find a better. Part third, which consists of a collection of verses for exercise in scanning, we must regard as out of place in this volume. Probably, although we are not so informed, it is intended to be taken up when the pupil comes to the poetical extracts in the reader. If so, he will then be encumbered with three "manuals" instead of one!

In the reader we have 213 pages of text, in the selection of which the originality already spoken of comes conspicuously into play. First we have nineteen fables of Phædrus. There may be no objection to this, considering that the pupil has already translated a long extract from Cæsar in the lessons. Then follow three short extracts from Cæsar, describing his two invasions of Britain and the people of Gaul and Germany; then forty pages from various parts of Quintus Curtius, after which come Nepos' life of Hannibal, and eleven extracts from the Jugurtha of Sallust. Thus far we make no particular objection. The above pieces all possess the merit of interest, and the selections may be said to have been made with good judgment. The same is true concerning the story of Phaëthon, from Ovid's Metamorphoses; that follows; but the succeeding sixteen pages from the Fasti are hardly so appropriate. No one deprecates more than we the neglect suffered by this admirable poet in American schools and colleges; but the Fasti are not so calculated to excite the interest of a young student, as the Metamorphoses, from which the authors would have done better to multiply their extracts. The same remark applies with equal force to the three selections from the Eclogues and Bucolics of Virgil. Why not rather from the brilliant, glowing Æneid? The most serious lack of judgment is, however, shown in what follows. We have the first scene of the first act of the Amphitruo of Plautus, and the corresponding portion of the Heautontimorumenos of Terence, for neither of which is the

pupil yet prepared. The wit of these authors must appear to him dry and heavy. No serious objection lies against the letters of Cicero and Pliny that follow, nor against the account of the conflagration of Rome, and Nero's persecution of the Christians, from the Annals of Tacitus, which closes the text, though, as a historian, we greatly prefer Livy for the young student. On the whole, we regard the reader as by far the best book of the three, and the grammar the most objectionable.

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*A Latin Reader; adapted to Bingham's Latin Grammar, with Notes and a Vocabulary.* By WM. BINGHAM, A. M. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1869.

Bingham's Cæsar has already been examined in these pages, and its obvious merits have been cheerfully acknowledged.* The volume now before us is intended to serve as a bridge over the troublesome gulf intervening between the works of that favorite author and the best Latin grammar. The young student generally finds it a cold plunge from one to the other. The old adage, that "there is no royal road to learning," is indeed true; but the broad highway which does exist can be improved indefinitely. Such is the object of this reader. At the beginning Mr. Bingham gives us a selection of fifty-three of Æsop's fables, the last four being from the poetic paraphrase of Phædrus. Then follow half a dozen pages of mythology, after which come the well-known six books of Roman history, twenty pages of ancient geography, and two extracts from Cæsar, one of them being his amusing account of the animals in the Hercynian forest. He would be a dull school-boy indeed who could not laugh over the description of the *alces*.

Finally we have some pages of the terrible *oratio obliqua*, which youthful readers of Cæsar are wont to anathematize, collocated in parallel columns with the same matter thrown into the *oratio directa*. This difficult idiom, recurring again and again in Cæsar, and often carried through such lengthy periods, is a serious drawback on the utility of that author's Commentaries as an introductory text-book. Hence, too much pains cannot be taken to make the beginner at home in that peculiar style of narrative so natural to the Latin tongue. It is to the author's credit that he has not allowed himself to be led astray by a desire for innovation, but has adhered to the old series of selections which have stood the test of time.

Whatever objections may be urged against the practice of marking the quantity of the vowels in Latin text-books generally, it is certainly to be preferred in such an elementary book as this, as a means of familiarizing the student with the accent. In the Reader the quantity of every single vowel, when not determined by position, is carefully marked.

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* No. XXXIV., September, 1868.

The vocabulary is as complete as could be desired; the notes are short and judicious, chiefly consisting of references to the author's grammar, translations or explanations being rarely given. The volume is very neatly printed, the vocabulary elegantly. Altogether it is worthy of the publishers whose imprint it bears, and those acquainted with the general character of Butler & Co.'s text books need no higher recommendation than this.

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*The First Six Books of Virgil's Æneid, with explanatory notes, a lexicon and Map, &c.* By EDWARD SEARING, A. M., professor of Latin in Milton College, Wisconsin. 8vo., pp. 421. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The vocabulary appended to this book is a good feature. It bears every appearance of being complete, and the author professes to have compiled it from the best sources, both English and German.

In making a judicious selection of notes he appears to have found himself confronted with a more difficult task. Now and then some unnecessary explanation has been given, while on the other hand a difficult passage is sometimes passed over without comment. In the very first line of the poem the pupil does not require to be informed of the figurative meaning of *arma*, while the celebrated *Quanquam O!* in the fifth book, demands a more lengthy notice than is vouchsafed to it. On the whole, however, the notes are to be commended for their terseness and adaptability to the wants of students who are obliged to be their own instructors.

Whose text has been chosen, or whether it be an eclectic one, we are not informed. Are we to infer from the author's silence that no particular care was taken on that point? Our attention has already been often called to the superficial and uncritical character of our classical text-books in general, to which the present one forms no exception. It may be said, without exaggeration, that any naturally intelligent person with a bare smattering of Latin could have prepared a text-book as good as this, merely by compiling from the works of European scholars. To this book, however, we do not hesitate to assign a respectable rank among American editions of the classics. It is especially to be commended for the clearness and neatness of its typography.

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1. *Guyot's Elementary Geography for Primary Classes.*
2. *Guyot's Intermediate Geography.*
3. *Guyot's Common School Geography.* New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

What rank this series occupy amid the profusion of school geographies

in circulation we shall not undertake to decide, but content ourselves with the remark that they are by no means the best. The Elementary one begins with questions and answers suitable enough, perhaps, for the nursery, but entirely out of place even in the lowest class of the *Kindergarten*, and very soon introduces the tender-aged pupil into the usual course of definitions, maps and long foreign names. In grappling with the somewhat difficult task of making the definitions lucid to the "young idea," the author tells us that "an island is a *small* body of land surrounded by water." We should make no criticism on this, if we were not directly afterwards told that "an island is represented on a map *by drawing its shape*." How the other natural divisions are to be represented, or why an island was singled out as the peg to hang this lucid explanation on, the child is not informed.

On taking up the Intermediate book, one of the first things that strike us is the complex system of outlines for map-drawing. It is far inferior to the usual system of exclusive triangulation, and still more so to the rectangular mode adopted in the little hand-book of Keam and Mickleborough. In some of the simplest maps we have triangles, trapezoids and trapeziums jumbled together in a style most bewildering to a young beginner.

The third book of the series is distinguished by no particular features from the generality of school geographies in use. It differs from the Intermediate only in size and diffuseness. To judge from the care taken in giving lengthy explanations of some very simple things, one might suppose it to be intended for pupils almost as young and unsophisticated as those whom the Elementary is designed to instruct. Moreover, these definitions, instead of being all collected in one place, are sometimes to be found scattered here and there throughout the book. Thus, in the lesson on Brazil, we are regaled with the following extremely juvenile comments:

"The government of Brazil is very unlike ours. The highest ruler, called the *Emperor*, is not elected by the people, but *inherits* his office; that is, he becomes emperor at the death of some relative who ruled before him. A government in which the ruler thus inherits his office is called a *monarchy*, the word meaning a government with *one ruler*. The country so governed is called an *empire* or a *kingdom*."

Still more injudicious and thoughtless is the following:

"The blacks worship serpents and other animals; idols of wood and stone; the spirits of their relations who have died, and other things. They are, therefore, *pagans* or *heathens*." (p. 49.)

No reservation from this sweeping assertion being made in favor of the "blacks" of America, the child is left to form his own ideas of them, and they are likely to be as exact as those formed by the eagle, in the fable, of the owl's young ones.

It is a glaring defect in this series that in the maps of the various states of our own country, the counties are not indicated. In fact, we have only the most general features, all useful details being carefully

avoided. The same remark applies to the maps of the different countries of Europe, in none of which has the author seen fit to give the subdivisions. A pupil might study the whole series thoroughly and yet have no knowledge of the shires of England, the departments of France, the provinces of Spain, or even the counties of his native state. Altogether, no one can compare this series with Mitchell's, which the reader will find in a former number,* without recognizing at once the unquestionable superiority of the latter.

Most cheerfully do we admit that Mr. Scribner has published some good books, and whenever we see such from his press, it will afford us pleasure to recommend them.

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*A Hand-book of Map Drawing; adapted especially to the maps in Mitchell's New Series of School Geographies.* By PETER KEAM and JOHN MICKLEBOROUGH. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

Little need be said of the value of map-drawing as an aid in the teaching of geography. More lasting impressions of the forms of countries are thereby acquired than by any other means. We are glad to see that the practice is becoming more and more common in our schools; it is now reduced to an art depending upon principles simple enough for all school-children to understand with ease.

The old system of allowing every pupil to take his own course in tracing the outlines of the different countries, has been discarded in all good schools since regular text-books in this branch have been in such extensive circulation. We have seen several such, some of them being of considerable merit, but, after a careful examination of this slender volume, we do not hesitate to say that it deserves to be recommended in preference to any other with which we are acquainted. The main feature of superiority is the simplicity of its system, which is a great improvement on the usual one of triangulation. The rectangle is made the basis for the outlines of every map, except those of the British Isles and of Italy, the former requiring a triangle, and the latter a rhomboid.

As teachers of geography in the public schools of Cincinnati, the authors of this book have had ample practical experience, the result of which we now have before us. The manual will be a worthy escort for Mitchell's series of geographies, the peculiar merits of which we have indicated in a former number. With the exception of a short preface and introduction, the "Hand-book" consists entirely of maps and outlines, for drawing which clear and terse directions are appended. The most difficult task the learner is ever called upon to perform, is the trisection of a straight line, and even that very seldom.

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* No. XXX., Sept., 1867.

## BELLES-LETTRES.

*Rhymes of Contrast on Wisdom and Folly, a comparison between Observant and Reflective Age, derisively called Fogie, and a senseless and unthinking American Go-Ahead, intended to exemplify an important agent in the working plan of the human intellect. A Narrated Dialogue.* By JAMES RUSH, M. D., author of "A Natural History of the Intellect," "The Philosophy of the Human Voice," and of "Hamlet, a Dramatic Prelude." 8vo., pp. 76. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

We have transcribed the whole of this long title, because the author evidently designed it as descriptive and explanatory of the nature of the work. There is a long preface in which the principles of the poem are attempted to be set forth in philosophic prose. In addition to this, there are numerous and lengthy foot-notes explanatory of the text. This is the second work that has come into our hands from the same house within the last three months, wherein the author attempts to disarm criticism of bad verses, by convincing us in prose that there is some occult meaning in his poetry which is beyond our comprehension. It is natural enough that both publications are from the same press. One we disposed of in our last number, but remembering the adage "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," we concluded to retain this for a future dose.

The writers apparently have a suspicion that their verses are worthless, and the means they take to prevent an honest critic from saying so is rather unfair. "Good wine needs no bush," and a creditable poem does not require an apologetic and deprecatory preface, or explanatory foot-notes, to show that what is apparently inscrutable *may have* a sensible meaning. Good sense is as evident in poetry as prose, and an author insults the understanding of his readers by assuming that they are not qualified to judge of the value of his effusions without a prose commentary. If the writer knows or suspects his verse to be incomprehensible, why publish it at all? or if he has anything to say which he thinks really valuable, why not say it altogether in prose, which readers *can* understand? Dr. Rush says of his rhymes:

"I do not publish them with reference to their anapestic canter or jingle, their humor, oddity, or even the needed satire they may contain, which, whether passable or indifferent, are not offered as 'something new'—that eye and ear trap of the day. * * * If the mere literary critic, overlooking the intention of the trifle before him, should successfully retort jest and ridicule against its invasive attack upon folly, ignorance, and vice, it would require no great effort; for wit, whatever its originality or power, can always be answered by wit, rendered brighter, perhaps, by the light it was designed to extinguish." (p. iii.)

Such an attempt to disarm criticism is neither dignified nor fair. As to the "originality or power" of the doctor's wit, our readers will judge when we have given them some specimens. He says further:

"It is not to be supposed that the reader can receive the whole meaning of this preface, as it is only an abstract of a more elementary explanation of the subject, and of its practical

application in another work. He is therefore referred to the 'Natural History of the Intellect' if interested to learn more of its character and use than is here described." (p. viii.)

That is, a preface is necessary to assist the reader's comprehension of the poem, and to enable him to understand the preface he must buy and read the author's work on the "Natural History of the Human Intellect"(!) Possibly when he gets to the last-mentioned work he will find a whole library necessary to explain it! We have not read Dr. Rush's "Natural History of the Human Intellect," and shall assume that we are qualified to criticise the volume before us without taking that trouble. The poem is intended to be satirical; the nature of the satire may be judged from the following:

"And if measured in motion, they'd seem not unlike
To that keen water-hawk, quick ahead darting pike;
But a pike's sometimes quiet, preparing to dart,
While a human fast-onward can't stop for a start.
Thus our pike of a man was a queer-looking fish,
With the cap of gay Fortunatus to wish." (p. 17.)

The "quick ahead darting pike," and the "human fast-onward," are examples of the author's "power or originality" of wit. He evidently prides himself upon his strength of expression, and with reason:

"Disregarding what tongue-running progress had said." (p. 19.)
"A young blind running fool for slow wisdom awake." *Ib.*

Our politics, social customs, and even our religion, are satirized, deservedly in general, but seldom if ever happily. We doubt, however, if this volume is destined to become a great reformatory agent. With good intentions, the author has not, we candidly believe, the power or originality of wit, nor the facility in versification to make a good poetical satirist. Here is a specimen of his manner of showing up a national delusion:

"When man in God's image at first was created,
Still, whether in body or soul is not stated;
Yet proving all equal, for if it so be
That we all are like God, so alike then are we;
Though in this we declared ourselves one and all equal,
'Self-evident truth' changed her mind in the sequel." (p. 25.)

This may be good sense, although we call it absurd poetry. But, as the author says,

"Let us come to our harmless excitement and jokes,
That are every day making such fools of the folks." (p. 34.)

The wit is generally of a heavy sort, intended to be severe. We would quote some creditable passages if we could find them. Perhaps the following are as good as any:

"With a Public Speech Banknet for public applause,
Where the tongue lets out more than goes in by the jaws." (p. 37.)

"And poets, all hens hatched their newspaper ditties." (p. 50.)

"If by a, b, c, system we strive to obtain
Honest voters and presidents, 'twill be in vain;
And some power'll turn up who'll ordain the best school,
For the wise to teach children, and fool to teach fool." (p. 61.)

This may be brilliant wit and calculated to do good; but of the author and his admirers we are disposed honestly to quote his own lines:

> "Still it's ignorance all with the led and the leader,
> For both live on words, one the fed, t'other feeder." (p. 76.)

Dr. Rush may be actuated by purely humanitarian motives in writing and publishing his book, but again we quote his own words as containing a possible explanation of his position, and what may be good advice to his readers:

> "Yet you must not believe all Tom Fools retinue
> In whatever the folly, to be mere folly due;
> 'Tis some sap of ambition concealed in the root,
> That produces the show of its foolery fruit!" (p. 35.)

If he has any design of further attempts to protect society from vice and folly, we would, by way of advice, repeat to him his couplet:

> "So in all else you do, why not do it in quiet?
> You'll do it much better, and lose much less by it." (p. 39.)

The doctor's book is, however, a good specimen of the sort of home literature manufactured under the enlightened and liberal auspices of the Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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*Aspasia.* By C. HOLLAND. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

We have here a plain, unassuming tale of New England life in the form of an autobiography. Aspasia Horton, the heroine of the story, brought up in the country, enters at a very early age on a career of usefulness. Her father is a sturdy, pious farmer of the old school, and may be taken as a fair representative of his class. In the course of the narrative he meets with his full share of afflictions, all of which he bears with Christian resignation. The loss of his wife, that of a son who is killed by a railroad accident, and finally that of his entire property, all fall upon him in old age. These events, and the family sorrow consequent thereon, cannot fail to awaken the sympathy of the reader.

While still a mere child, Aspasia becomes the means of converting an irreligious family dwelling in the neighborhood of her father's house. At a later period, while attending boarding-school in a neighboring town, she succeeds in making a similar change in Miss Rose Blackwell, one of her school-mates, who never falters in her friendship for her in after years. She at last becomes the wife of a wealthy young merchant of Boston, in which city she takes up her residence. If her adventures as a maiden were of a subdued and common-place character, as a wife and mother she encounters the storms and vicissitudes of life in all their rigor. Her husband, after a few years, becomes dissipated, and sinking gradually lower and lower, at last ruins himself at the gaming table. His family are obliged to leave

their palatial residence and retire to an humble cottage in a side street, the husband still continuing in his dissolute habits. All these misfortunes are borne by the wife with the calmness and fortitude of a Christian woman. She finally succeeds in reforming her husband, who is enabled to re-establish himself in business and to regain a high position in society.

The book is written in a simple, unaffected style, and is well calculated to interest a large class of readers. Though deeply religious in its tone throughout, there is nothing morbid or melancholy in it. It is, moreover, decidely American in character, and may be regarded as a faithful reflection of certain phases of life in the extreme eastern section of our country.

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*Wayside Thoughts.* By SAMUEL H. LLOYD. 16mo, pp. 83. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1869.

This little volume consists, as its title indicates, of short, unconnected fragments, varying in length from two lines to about one page, nearly always of a religious character, though not pretending to be either original or *récherché*. Some pleasing metaphors are, however, occasionally introduced, and now and then an uncommon vein of reflection is struck. Thus:

"True knowledge and true humility are not antagonistical. The tree that is most laden with fruit bends the most lowly to the ground." (p. 58.)

And again:

"Fear is the angel of a flaming sword, who occupies the outskirts of the temple, to warn the unwary traveller; but love only can introduce us into the temple and to the Father." (p. 67.)

All who are piously inclined, of whatever sect or belief, and have not time for extensive reading, will be interested in the perusal of this book.

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TRAVELS.

*France et Chine; Vie Publique et Privée des Chinois Anciens et Modernes; Passé et Avenir de la France dans L'Extreme Orient.* Par M. O. GIRARD, ancien curé et témoin synodal de Saint-Paul aux Iles Mascareignes. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Hachette. 1869.

The reader of these volumes will not fail to ask himself why the name of France appears on the title pages. They treat of China and China only; and the author is faithful to his subject, very seldom digressing. Why, then, have we the title "France et Chine?" In answer to this query, we would reply that Father Girard, like a true Gaul, regards his own country as the Delphic omphalos of the world. This national egotism, how-

ever, he never displays in such a form or so frequently as to make it offensive to an unprejudiced non-Gallic reader. That a French missionary should believe it to be part of his country's destiny to regenerate and christianize China, and should feel his heart expand with delight at the thought, is a very pardonable offence, if it be an offence at all. The idea is never entirely absent from the mind of our author, even when most deeply absorbed in China and the Chinese, and sometimes it displays itself in a manner, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

"La France (qui pourrait en douter?) est appelée à contribuer, dans une large mesure, à cette grande œuvre de régénération. En Chine, comme partout, l'apostolat de ses missionaires sera fécond, et là comme ailleurs la volonté généreuse et l'intelligence politique de ses hommes d'Etat seconderont les desseins de la Providence. Or, parmi tant de choses voulues de Dieu et accomplis par la "nation très-chretienne," la fidélité à remplir la mission civilisatrice que l'avenir lui réserve chez les vieux peuples de l'extrême Orient, ne sera pas la moindre de ses gloires."

No occidental nation has at present more reason to be interested in China than our own, and hence every new work on that country has a claim on the notice of the American reviewer. These volumes bear marks of a very extensive acquaintance with the subject of which they treat, and form a valuable addition to the stock of European knowledge of the extreme Orient. The author has here embodied the results of careful and prolonged personal observation in the land itself, and seems as familiar with the petty details of a Chinese lady's toilet, to which a long section of one chapter is devoted, as with the scheme of government and administration, which he analyzes and explains with anatomical exactness, from the imperial "son of heaven" himself down to the lowest official subaltern. In a word, the American reader will find this work a valuable storehouse of information concerning the country and people that have begun to attract our national attention. The finance, currency, weights and measures, army and navy, judiciary, public works, religion, literature, language, sciences and arts, manufactures, natural productions and commerce of the great empire, all come in for their share of treatment and explanation.

In the chapter entitled "Physionomie des Chinois," M. Girard complains of the erroneous European idea of the personal appearance of the Chinese, and attributes it in a great measure to the figures so often seen on porcelain and tea-chests, which are mere caricatures; as well might a Chinaman judge of Europeans by the pictures in Punch or Charivari. The writer forms a high estimate of the Chinese character, and years of missionary labor in the country appear to have given him a deep and earnest sympathy with the people. He does not attempt, however, to draw a veil over their faults, vices and habitual crimes. He informs us that the great curses of China are opium-eating, intoxication, pauperism, infanticide and piracy, the last of which the imperial navy is powerless to repress. In spite of the absolute character of the monarchy, M. Girard finds among the people some strong traces of a democratic spirit. The

press is free, and clubs and associations are not forbidden; and all who have misgivings in regard to the final success of our late treaty will be glad to learn that our author foresees a certain change in the hitherto seclusive spirit of China, and tells us that the rulers are themselves aware of it.

"A ne considérer que la Chine, il est incontestable qu'indépendamment des influences du dehors, on aperçoit présentement chez elle des symptômes avant-coureurs d'une révolution intérieure, plus ou moins prochaine, il est vrai, mais certaine; et si nous en croyons de sérieux témoignages, ses hommes d'Etat eux-mêmes sont les premier à les pressentir."

Although the title implies that the work embraces the ancient as well as the modern Chinese, the author generally confines himself to the present condition of the empire, referring to the past only when it may serve to illustrate the existing state of things. When speaking of the remote past he is, in fact, sometimes unsound. On the very first pages, China is called the most ancient empire that ever existed, and the conflicting claim of Egypt scarcely honored with a notice. The interesting question how far it was known to the ancient Europeans is summarily disposed of in the single clause, "probablement ignorée des Grecs et des Romains." This is too abrupt a cutting of the Gordian knot. To say the least, a very respectable case could be made out on the other side. The Sinæ of Ptolemy, and the Seres, who are spoken of by as early a writer as Ctesius* and were known to Mela and Pliny by their commerce and seclusive spirit,† imply too close a resemblance to be dismissed in that style, not to mention the *aggeres Serium* of Ammianus Marcellinus, which many scholars have referred to the great wall of China. We cannot but deplore the habit so often indulged in by authors who describe present things, of giving a hasty and careless summary of the antiquities of their subjects without faithful and accurate study of them beforehand. Some widely diffused errors may be traced to this source. On the whole, however, we feel bound to give a favorable report of this work, and to add that it merits translation into our language.

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*Le Grand Ouest des Etats-Unis.* Par L. SIMONIN. Paris: Charpentier. 1869.

This little volume contains a series of observations on America and Americans, in the form of letters written during a journey from New York to California and back, in 1867. The author displays an extensive acquaintance with our country, having previously visited California in 1859, and is an ardent admirer of American democracy, though this does not prevent him from occasionally touching on certain of our national peculiarities with a humor truly French; always delicate and never querulous. For instance, in speaking of American railroads, he says:

* P. 371, n. 22, Ed. Bähr. † Pomp. Mela, iii. 7. Pliny, N. H. vi. 17.

"Il n'est permis que dans quelques compartiments de fumer; mais *on mâche partout de tabac*, et vous savez combien les Américains sont—*chiqueurs*."

Then, after speaking of the privileges enjoyed by those who travel in company with ladies, he relates that our late English minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, who was a bachelor, always travelled in America accompanied by his cook, and, on the strength of this *lady* companion, obtained admission to the most comfortable apartments on both railroad and steamboat!

M. Simonin is quite enthusiastic in his admiration for the American girls, and humorously begs pardon of the English ladies for considering them their superiors. He, however, falls into the same error as Mr. Hepworth Dixon in attributing too much importance to certain spasmodic disturbances that alternately rise and subside on the outskirts of American society, such as the women's rights movement. Though the book contains really nothing new for us, it is a valuable contribution to that branch of French literature relating to the United States, which has of late received such a stimulus, particularly from such men as Gasparin and Laboulaye. The author fully recognizes what important lessons France may receive from the example of America, and deprecates the great amount of over-regulation in his own country, and its deleterious effects on the energy of the people.

"Essayons d'imiter, dans tout ce qu'il a de bon, le peuple Américain qui forme aujourd'hui comme le synthèse des autres peuples. * * * Croyez-vous que nous ne serions plus capables de fonder des colonies, si nous avions moins de réglements administratifs et des institutions plus libérales?"

As its title imports, the volume is mainly occupied with the western section of our country, more particularly California.

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## APPENDIX.

### INSURANCE.

1. *Tenth Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department*, State of New York. Part II. Life and Casualty Insurance. Albany. 1869.
2. *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Insurance Commissioners* of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Part II. Life and Accident Insurance. Boston. 1869.
3. *Reports and other documents of Insurance Companies, for the quarter ending September* 15, 1869. New York, Boston, Hartford, Philadelphia, &c.

Among the most curious recent incidents in insurance is what is very generally, but perhaps ill-naturedly, called "the white-washing process of the Mutual Life." A large number have asked us "what is the meaning of that 'Report of a special committee upon the assets, liabilities, &c., &c., of that company.'" One asks, "Will the public be satisfied with that sort of thing?" Another remarks "that the praises of a mutual ad-

miration society ought to have great weight, especially when they are adopted by the newspapers in which they are advertised *in extenso*." "It is a good idea," says another, "to employ those learned professors; although their statements have no bearing whatever on the accusations made against the Mutual Life." "Supposing," observes another, "that a bank is suspected of being in a precarious condition, will those who suspect be convinced of their error, if all who are allowed a share in the management get up a report in which they express very high admiration of the president and cashier? Is not this somewhat suggestive of the familiar adage, 'Ask my brother am I a rogue?'" "Let us assume," intimates another, "that the account of the paying teller exhibits a deficit of a few millions, can a professor from West Point, or anywhere else, show that the missing money is not missing at all?" "But you must take into account," quoth a passer-by, "what may be the value of a puff to the bank, its management, &c., from some official at Albany; especially if the official says that an attack on that bank is an an attack on all banks!"

These are but a small portion of the comments which are still made; but our people are endowed with large faith. The very parties to whom they pay large salaries for protecting them may aid in throwing dust in their eyes, so that none *can* protect them!

According to our worthy state functionary, a part is equal to the whole. Find fault with the Mutual Life, and you attack "the whole business of life insurance!" Thus Mr. Barnes says exactly what Mr. Winston wants him to say; for everybody knows that the latter personage is so arrogant and thoughtless as to pretend that none should take any other policies than those of the concern whose recent whitewashing has cost poor Tom, Dick and Harry, and their numerous brethren of the dupe family, so large a pile!

There is no effect, however, without a cause. Had the money come in as freely as usual during the last year, there would have been no need for recommendations from learned mathematicians, fussy insurance superintendents, and pious and impious newspapers, &c., not to mention the modest recommendations of the directors. But even Barnes cannot conceal, in his tables, that there has been a slight falling off in the affairs of his favorite. Thus, in Table V. we see opposite the Mutual Life the following figures under the head of "total number" and "amount" of policies," &c.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1867,..... | 19,056 | $62,061,915 |
| 1868,..... | 18,787 | 59,022,136 |

This, it will be observed, is a falling off in one year of nearly three millions of dollars. Turning to the report of the Massachusetts commissioner, we find, under the head of "increase or decrease over 1867," the following figures, with their appropriate signs prefixed:

| No. of Policies. | Amount Insured. |
|---|---|
| —771 | —$4,730,232 31 |

Be it observed that the sign *minus* — is prefixed both to the number of policies and to the amount which those policies insure. It may be said that the diminution arises from a general stagnation in business, but if this were the cause it would operate on other companies as well as on the Mutual Life. That such is not the case, however, except in instances in which the companies are also somewhat suspected, or are so young that they are subject to fluctuations when business is dull, we will show from the same reports; we will show that while the Mutual Life retrogrades at the rate of millions a year, those companies whose fair and honorable dealings we have noted in these pages continue to make steady progress. Take as examples the following:

| | Year. | No. of Policies. | Amount. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Knickerbocker | 1865 | 2,447 | $6,557,850 |
| | 1866 | 5,422 | 17,049,060 |
| | 1867 | 10,300 | 31,378,681 |
| | 1868 | 10,767 | 33,577,667 |
| Security | 1865 | 2,133 | 4,841,280 |
| | 1866 | 3,328 | 7,525,912 |
| | 1867 | 3,482 | 9,107,938 |
| | 1868 | 4,386 | 11,563,123 |
| New England Mutual | 1865 | 2,677 | 8,501,934 |
| | 1866 | 5,342 | 15,635,175 |
| | 1867 | 4,183 | 13,525,212 |
| | 1868 | 5,518 | 16,378,355 |
| Phœnix Mutual | 1865 | 4,302 | 8,779,425 |
| | 1866 | 4,120 | 9,152,509 |
| | 1867 | 5,828 | 15,300,660 |
| | 1868 | 8,256 | 22,602,549 |
| Equitable | 1865 | 3,397 | 13,670,750 |
| | 1866 | 7,293 | 30,267,742 |
| | 1867 | 10,527 | 45,453,700 |
| | 1868 | 11,986 | 51,893,345 |
| Manhattan | 1865 | 2,558 | 8,700,931 |
| | 1866 | 3,717 | 13,450,715 |
| | 1867 | 3,521 | 11,778,601 |
| | 1868 | 3,601 | 12,090,882 |
| Continental | 1866 | 1,405 | 3,907,800 |
| | 1867 | 4,188 | 11,970,000 |
| | 1868 | 6,006 | 16,367,280 |
| Charter Oak | 1865 | 4,946 | 13,057,440 |
| | 1866 | 6,758 | 17,353,701 |
| | 1867 | 7,487 | 19,278,151 |
| | 1868 | 8,094 | 19,741,904 |

Such is the report which Mr. Barnes has to make of other companies.* Yet an attack on any of these companies would be nothing, while an "attack" on the Mutual Life is simply an attack on the whole business of life insurance!

The same contrast is much more plainly indicated in the report of the Massachusetts commissioner. Thus, while the Mutual Life is distinguished by the sign *minus* — each of the above companies is distinguished by the sign *plus* +.† Perhaps our readers will now understand that it was not for nothing the Mutual Life incurred the enormous expense of getting up its recent report, and fortifying it with recommendations from Mr. Barnes, the West Point mathematician, &c., &c. Supposing the report cost $50,000, including fees and "considerations" of various kinds, it would be well laid out if it should prevent another falling off

* Vide Table V., p. 834, Tenth Ann. Rep.

† Vide Mass. Rep., pp. xiv., *et seq.*

such as that indicated by the official reports of New York and Massachusetts.

Now, if the curious reader will turn to the criticisms which we have made on the Mutual Life in former numbers of this journal, he will see whether we ought to be suprised at anything that has happened recently. But there has not been sufficient time yet for the development of all. When a corporation has succeeded in possessing itself of a large amount of the people's money, before the latter can be brought to understand that they should be more careful, it is a long time before the truth becomes apparent. With those who commence to make fine promises after the public has had sufficient experience of such promises the case is different; it soon becomes evident, even to the most thoughtless, whether the reviewer, who has advised his readers to be a little sceptical, was right or wrong. Of this fact, also, we will give an illustration or two before we close, but let us first present the agreeable side of the question—let us show that those who were straightforward and faithful seven years ago prove themselves to be so to-day.

This is true of all those whose progress is indicated in the above little table; but there are others who are entitled to equal credit. For the proof of this we need not confine ourselves to our large cities—it will be sufficient to turn to Hartford and Newark. As we had no statistics of the Ætna Life in either of our two last numbers we may take up that intelligent and energetic company as one illustration. Its story is briefly told—a few plain facts will tell it all, without any jury, packed or unpacked, on its assets. We well remember that in 1861 the total number of its policies was 589, whereas in 1868 it issued, according to the official reports before us, 13,337 new policies. Its income during the same year exceeded six million dollars. The amount insured was $38,891,486, and yet it had a surplus fund of $2,675,999 at the close of the year. To this we need only add, that even its most jealous rivals admit that, far from retrograding in 1869, it continues steadily to advance.

The Mutual Benefit of New Jersey is another example. Although we have always entertained a high opinion of its integrity, we have criticised it in some minor details on one or two occasions. Those criticisms were, however, very different from those we made on the Mutual Life; while we blamed the directors of the latter for giving their president too much liberty, we blamed the directors of the former because they seemed to us not to give sufficient power to their president. Be this as it may, if the Mutual Benefit errs it is but very rarely, but, even on those rare occasions, its errors are but slight, nay, perhaps, if carefully examined, they would prove to be no errors. But, assuming that they are, we cheerfully admit that we have never heard of an error on the part of that company for which amends have not been made a hundred fold, by acts of generosity to the widow and the orphan. Accordingly, the several reports before us show that the public continues to sustain it without calling for any jury to examine its assets. Thus, according to the New York super-

intendent's Report, it has a re-insurance fund of nearly eleven millions ($10,978,308) and a surplus of $3,414,811.*

Now if, *per contra*, we turn to some of the companies which, while they were making the most extravagant pretensions, we criticised, as our readers know, we shall see what may be expected from them, even if we accept their own calculations. Thus, in Table II. of Barnes' Report, there is a column headed "surplus." The figures under this heading have no sign prefixed to them when all right, otherwise they have the sign *minus* — prefixed, which means that the party they represent are that much worse than to have no surplus! Two or three illustrative examples will be sufficient to show our readers whether those wishing to be insured should not have something more substantial than fine promises for their money, or whether, in other words, as we have often said in these pages, it is not necessary that some slight discrimination should be observed in choosing policies.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Standard, N. Y., | 1868 | $—2,032 04 |
| Fst. Nt. Ec. As. So. U. S., N. Y., | 1868 | —24,951 00 |
| Homœopathic Mutual Life, N. Y., | 1868 | —42,701 66† |

Such are the "marks of distinction" earned by most of those companies which we have deemed it our duty to criticise; and it must be admitted that they look rather unprepossessing surrounded by the dozens of those that have no mark, the sign *plus* being understood before each. In this instance, as in most others, Mr. Sanford leaves less to the imagination than Mr. Barnes, for the former uses both terms, as may be seen from an example or two. We extract the following from the column headed "*Surplus*, or *deficiency*, as regards stockholders:"

| | |
|---|---|
| American Popular, N. Y., | $—75,915 00 |
| Eclectic, N. Y., | —14,682 00 |
| Economical Mutual, R. I., | —10,577 00 |
| Excelsior, N. Y., | —27,300 00 |
| Homœopathic Mutual, N. Y., | —41,685 00 |
| Standard, N. Y., | —11,862 00 |
| United States, N. Y., | —192,456 00 |
| Widows' and Orphans' Benefit, N. Y., | —56,760 00 |
| World Mutual, N. Y., | —77,707 00 |

It may be remembered that there is not one of these companies whose "deficiency" we had not discovered before either the New York superintendent, or the Massachusetts commissioner, had done so. Even the great concern that boasts of having a capital of a million, that has blown its horn so loudly, and that pretends to have peculiar privileges,‡ stands marked in the same column, thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| National, Washington, | $—129,592 00 |

* See Table II., p. 820. † N. Y. Sup.'s Rep., pp. 816-17.

‡ Mr. Barnes has made amends for many blunders and shortcomings by his well-deserved rebuke to at least one of the unfounded representations of this company, in the following passage:

"The pretensions advertised by this company to rights and privileges superior to the life corporations duly incorporated by the state sovereignties of the Union, and the claim made that compliance with state laws was unnecessary, and that the corporation was co-extensive with the United States instead of the District of Columbia, could not have been very seriously entertained as a reality even by the corporation itself; any practical claim in this direction should be met *in limine* with a *prompt and decided refusal* to recognize any such *absurd and baseless pretensions*."—Rep., p. lxxx.

But let us now give some of the *plus* figures from the same source:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ætna, Hartford | $+1,546,052 |
| Continental, N. Y. | + 241,012 |
| Equitable, N. Y. | + 250,928 |
| Knickerbocker, N. Y. | + 435,445 |
| Manhattan, N. Y. | + 812,038 |
| Phœnix Mutual, Hartford | + 754,616 |

Thus our readers see that the comparisons which we make from time to time are fully corroborated, though sometimes rather tardily, by those who are employed by the proper authorities for the express purpose of protecting the public from fraud. Need we say that if a stranger only wants a night's lodging it is not sufficient to inform him, when he seeks for information on the subject, that, perhaps, it would not be advisable for him to put up at certain houses? the rights of hospitality, if no other right, require that we direct him to a place where he will be honestly and civilly treated. But in giving directions it is not necessary to be either wide-mouthed or long-winded. For our own part, if, on inquiring about a hotel, a person came up and delivered a long bombastic eulogy on a certain house, we should be rather inclined to avoid that establishment. It is true, that there are a class of persons, who, if addressed in the language of moderation and common sense, without any flourish, would not understand. It is not sufficient to inform these that the table is good, that the rooms are comfortable, and that the charges are not unduly high; but it is hardly necessary to describe, even to this class, how the kitchen looks, whether the cook is black or white; whether the pork steaks are done the same as the beef steaks; or whether the sheets that one has to lie on are linen or calico, or perhaps a mixture of both. Still more needless is it to tell what the cook or head waiter gets per month, or whether "mine host" was born in one state, or country, or in another. If there be any persons who need to be told all this—nay, who must also be presented with a biography and a portrait of that individual, before they can conclude to drink his soup, or eat his sausages—fortunately we have nothing to do with them!

When we undertake to give directions, we feel that it is quite sufficient to say that this house has one advantage, that house another advantage, &c., &c. Each of a dozen may have its own peculiar advantages, and thus each of a dozen tastes may be gratified, while the charges at the different establishments are pretty much the same. If, however, the traveller or the stranger, instead of going to any of these, will go to a house that proclaims it has new, unequalled features, that it only charges half as much for its soup as others, that it gives its dessert for nothing, and that after a certain time its customers can have their board, lodging, &c., for nothing, it is ten to one that he will find the soup, the dessert and all the dearest he ever paid for!

But before referring to any particular evidence of the progress made by our best New York companies, we will make a slight digression, only premising that the Fourteenth Annual report of Hon. John E. Sanford,

Insurance commissioner of Massachusetts, which gives the operations and standing of the various life insurance companies transacting business in the state of Massachusetts, for the year 1868, is the most valuable contribution to the literature of life insurance which has appeared during the year 1869. We learn from it that in 1858 there were fourteen companies doing a life business in Massachusetts, which had policies outstanding to the number of 42,502, insuring $116,482,196. In 1869 there were fifty-six companies, insuring $1,066,901,509 in 548,280 policies. Thus, in eleven years the number of policies had increased 506,000, and the amount insured more than $1,400,000,000.

The financial growth during the same period was equally wonderful. The income of the same companies had increased from $4,835,886 in 1858, to $77,279,145. The assets in 1868 were $175,554,426, and the computed premium reserve or valuation of liabilities, $140,190,288, showing that the companies had not only dollar for dollar of their liabilities, but a surplus—of course variously appropriated—of more than $35,000,000. The total claims paid in 1868 for deaths amounted to $11,475,837,000.

The fifty-six companies have, since their organization, paid out for death claims over $42,000,000. When we consider that probably as much more has been returned to members as surplus funds—and we can readily believe this from the fact that the report now shows a surplus of over $35,000,000—we have some idea of the great benefits which have thus far resulted to the public from the institution of life insurance in this country, as managed by honest and capable men.

Mr. Sanford deprecates the increasing expenditures of the business, and we heartily agree with him; but we admit that there is something to be said even in excuse of this. Up to the commencement of the late civil war the business of life insurance was in the hands of a few companies. Their economy of expenditures was as remarkable as their success. They seemed to do business, as one might say, almost for nothing. The average expenses at that date did not exceed 9 or 10 per cent. The last decade has trebled the number of companies, there being now fifty-six where there were then but nineteen. The great competition in business, the new modes of paying premium, the credits allowed, and the various new ideas introduced, have carried the average expenses from 9 or 10, to 15 or 16 per cent.; and yet we do not know that this increase of 50 per cent. is more than the average rate, as compared with other kinds of business. Labor of every kind is fully 50 per cent. more than formerly. Clerks cannot be had for the salaries of ten years ago. Rents are higher than in 1860, and the agent or solicitor who has to pay a higher rate for living, cannot, if he is to live at all, work for a rate which will not at least pay his expenses. But the trouble is, that while the expenses have increased the companies have not had the power to raise the rates of insurance. These have remained the same; hence, it must be admitted that

the companies appear at a disadvantage which should not show against them in view of their average excellent condition.

It must be confessed, however, that the "rock ahead" upon which life insurance will split is the expenditures into which companies are drawn by competition. But as the liabilities of companies are yearly valued by a *net* table (of itself a profitable table, inasmuch as the rate of interest is but 4 per cent.) the danger can be avoided if the management of the companies is honest, of which in most cases there is no reason to doubt. To show the difference in expenditures, we have taken some pains to ascertain from one or two of the older companies what they commenced upon and what they now pay. When the Mutual Life of New York, New England Mutual, Connecticut Mutual, and Mutual Benefit were put into operation, the rates of commission were 5 per cent. on first premiums and 2½ on renewals. Pressure from agents increased these rates to 7½ and 5 per cent. The increasing competition carried them to 10 and 5 per cent. Since 1860 the rates have been 15 and 7½ per cent. or their equivalent, which is perhaps from 25 to 30 per cent. and 5 per cent. renewals. Some of these companies—at least one of them—pays a brokerage of 35 per cent., and 1 per cent. for collecting the renewals.

Mr. Sanford has in his report a variety of tables, useful to those gathering statistics, but not to the general reader, who will be obliged to take his opinion, that the companies, under the high valuation required of them, are in a solvent condition. The table he presents of the standing of the various companies is, in our opinion, an imperfect one, and does not present the real condition of the companies, Jan. 1, 1869. We will briefly state wherein is the defect. Nearly all the companies make their returns of surplus to their members in the month of January, annually; and the law of Massachusetts which required the returns of companies to the commissioner to be made in November, annually, was changed to meet the wishes of the companies whose annual reports to their members were made in January.

To illustrate: the Mutual Life of New York, Jan. 1, 1869, had a surplus (see 14th Man. Report) of $1,915,485.95, the standing of which company was 106.65 or 6.65 per cent. above par. In February, 1869, it declared a return of surplus of $2,755,763.06 (see Report of Co. for 1869). Deduct eleven-twelfths of this sum from the assets, Dec. 3, 1868, and the ratio of standing is 97.88 per cent., instead of 106.65. In this case, although the *form* of return was literally complied with, the sense of it was not, because a large portion of the February distribution was the result of the business of 1868.

The standing of another appears to be 116.88, or 16.88 per cent. above par., after complying literally with the form of return. But this company, in January, 1869, less than one month after the return, declared a surplus from the results of the year 1866, due its members, of $149,488.66, which, if charged off among its liabilities, would have reduced its standing to par. The standing of the New Eng-

land Mutual was reduced to 101.47 or 1.47 per cent. above par, Dec. 31, 1868; but it appears that in January, 1869, the New England declared a return of surplus to its members of $786,000, which, in the report made to Mr. Sanford, *was included among the liabilities*, as it was surplus accruing from the business of the year 1868. Had this sum not been charged off Dec. 31, 1868 (it was not declared until Jan. 13, 1869), the standing of the New England would have been Dec. 31, 1868, 114.24 or 14.24 per cent. above par. It will be curious to know how many companies which declared surplus in January, 1869, made their returns in a similar manner to the New England. We have examined several annual reports to members, and although the fact is stated of a surplus being divisible that month, we can nowhere find the amount stated.

Thus our readers will see that the table of ratio of standing of the various companies, as given by Mr. Sanford, is not as perfect as it might be had the commissioner known the exact amounts of each return of surplus to be declared from the business of the year 1868. However, Mr. Sanford's report, as we have before stated, is the most important contribution to the literature of life insurance of the present year. No other state report has equalled it. Its author is entitled to credit, and we shall be surprised if we do not hear from insurance writers at home and abroad emphatic encomiums on the faithful and impartial manner in which he has discharged his duty to the public.

In resuming our estimates of the different companies, without entering into needless particulars, the first good results which attract our attention, as indicated by the reports before us, are those accomplished by the Knickerbocker Life. The number of policies which this company had in force at the close of 1868, was 20,113, insuring $62,353,529 20, and bringing its assets up to $5,070,883 17. Yet the business done during the present year exhibits a large increase on the corresponding period of last year, and makes an addition to the assets of nearly a million and a half—the present total amounting to $6,500,000. We have explained on former occasions why it is that the Knickerbocker has made such rapid strides within the last three or four years; suffice it to say now that the same causes not only continue to operate, but are rendered more and more efficient by the lessons of experience and the rewards of useful labors faithfully performed.

We examine and inquire, in order to learn how certain companies fare who affected, not long ago, to despise the Knickerbocker; but the result is more painful than pleasing. Thus, for example, while seeking for something good—something humane, or liberal in the recent record of the New York Life, we find in one of the insurance journals an account of a trial in which a poor widow woman named Bickford is the plaintiff, and the New York defendant. Some time ago we mentioned in these pages that it had become quite common to meet the claim of the friendless widow with the allegation that her husband had died of *delirium tremens*. Such, it seems, was the defence set up in the present case. "Per

contra," says the insurance journal, "the plaintiff claims that he died of heart disease."* But no use. Mrs. Bickford is poor, and the New York Life is rich; and the result of the trial is, "a verdict for the defendant." It seems the New York has a query in its policy which runs thus: "Are your habits *correct* and *temperate*, and have they *always* been so?" The person taking the policy answers, "Yes;" then if he dies sooner than is to be "expected," it must follow that he was a bad character, and *ergo* that his widow has no claim on the company! We may be entirely wrong in our opinion, but it strikes us that the sort of "benevolence" evinced toward poor Mrs. Bickford is of a doubtful character.

Somehow or other the New York always reminds us of the Globe Mutual; not, indeed, that we think the latter has any disposition to go to law with the widow whose husband it has insured. But while the New York pursued a more honorable course than it seems to pursue at present, the gentleman who is now president of the Globe, was the actuary of the former company. While Mr. Morris Franklin and Mr. Pliny Freeman had the power in their hands the New York was respectably managed; but in our opinion it is now grossly mismanaged. Upon the other hand, the Globe is rapidly gaining the prestige which the New York had in in its palmiest days. The young company has been doing so well that it has already been obliged to seek more extensive accommodations to meet the large increase in its business. It has now one of the finest offices in the city, occupying as it does the best and pleasantest part of the Devlin marble building, in Broadway. Having heard much of the increased progress of the Globe, we have made some inquiries as to the facts. Although it is contrary to our habit to give details, we make an exception in the present case, because we wish to show that while those whose management excites suspicion retrograde, those who energetically pursue a straight-forward course are quite as liberally rewarded now as ever. To this we need only add that the business of the Globe for the first six months of 1869, as compared with that of the corresponding months in the previous year, is shown by the following table:

| | Policies Issued. | | Amount Assured. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1868. | 1869. | 1868. | 1869. |
| January | 296 | 468 | 882,535 | 999,711 |
| February | 333 | 455 | 914,561 | 1,210,692 |
| March | 372 | 352 | 884,007 | 945,480 |
| April | 386 | 359 | 961,943 | 1,046,274 |
| May | 382 | 395 | 888,189 | 1,011,450 |
| June | 411 | 377 | 1,208,683 | 1,048,307 |
| Total | 2180 | 2407 | 5,739,918 | 6,261,914 |

It is pleasant to record results like these, when, as in the present case, they can be regarded as the reward of energy, intelligence, and fair dealing. The president of the Globe has always been opposed to building large houses chiefly for show; he has often been heard to say, that he would rather do business for ever in the humblest house in the city

* Monitor for August, p. 616.

than deprive one widow, by law-suits or otherwise, of what her husband had done his best to secure for her during his life time.

Of all our companies, none bear criticism, even when it is grossly unjust, with more dignity, than the Phœnix Mutual of Hartford. For our own part, we have never criticised it in any form, because we have never seen anything in its conduct or management that seemed to us worthy of any censure. And as it grows old it is distinguishing itself more and more by those qualifications and qualities which secured for it, almost in its infancy, an enviable prestige. Its fine surplus—already indicated—is the best proof that its policy holders are amply provided for.

Those who mark the career of the arrogant and pretentious will generally find, sooner or later, that humiliation awaits them. Very often, for example, we have advised the presidents of the United States of New York, and Economical Mutual of Providence, to stay away from the so-called Insurance Chamber, that they were only making themselves ridiculous by their speeches, while their legitimate business, if they had any, was unattended to at home. This they took very ill of us, but let them turn now to one of Mr. Sanford's tables (pp. xxxviii.-ix.), or to the part we have given above and profit by the marks set upon them in common with others of their class.

While the gentlemen alluded to, and some of their brethren, were being thus laughed at, other underwriters were commended for remaining quietly at their desks. Among the latter class were the officers of the Manhattan, the Security, the Continental, &c. As for the New England Mutual,* it will be remembered, that although its president had unanimously been elected chairman of the chamber, nothing could induce that gentleman to attend any of its meetings. The officers of the Phœnix Mutual, of Hartford, as well as those of the Knickerbocker and Equitable, of this city, were equally deaf to the appeals of Eadie, Bucklin, Morgan, Batterson, Stansbury, &c., &c.; and how great is the contrast to-day between those always "present," and those always "absent!"

In some instances we have already noticed the difference; as we happen at this moment to have some statistics before us, we will here show in passing, how two or three others have fared by attending to their own business. First take the Manhattan, and look at its surpassing surplus, as given by the Massachusetts commissioner, then at its comparative ratio assets to liabilities; then turn to the modest Security, which has issued 4,219 policies since the first of January, 1869, insuring $11,349,955, against 2,931 policies, insuring $7,822,197, issued during the corresponding period of last year. From the Security turn to the New York Continental, which is also pursuing the even tenor of its way, "with

* We have just seen the "Instructions to Medical Examiners," recently issued by this company. When we say that it is highly characteristic, we need not inform our readers that it is sound and creditable. Far from evincing any greediness for large numbers of premiums, the New England Mutual expressly declines to receive any which are not honest and legitimate in every respect.

charity to all and malice for none," and which has issued up to the middle of the present month, (September,) 17,085 policies.

We have no statistics as to the work done, or left undone, by its two twin children, the Commonwealth and the Empire, but we are still of opinion that the former will prove worthy of its parent. The latter may do the same; but we confess we begin already to entertain some doubt on the subject. Some think that the president of the Empire has rather mistaken his vocation, and suggest that he would have been much more likely to succeed had he chosen some business in which strength of muscle would have been more useful than the thinking faculty. To this it is added that the vice-president has neither muscle nor thought to enforce his claims to the character of a good or satisfactory underwriter. We are sorry that we cannot refute either charge. But who will blame either the Continental or the Commonwealth for this, assuming that it is not all "slander," "malice," &c.? If a father cannot be responsible for his child, still less can a brother be responsible for his brother. The wisest course is to treat father, son, brother and step-brother according to their respective merits, or demerits, without any reference to the ties of consanguinity between them.

In general, however, we have great faith in parentage. Thus, for example, we did not hesitate to predict that the National would prove worthy of the good old Manhattan, and the offspring gives renewed force to this prediction as a year, or even a month, is added to its history. But we had known the officers of the new company personally, and, therefore, had not to depend on mere inference in forming our estimate. At all events, on the first of last January the National had issued 3,543 policies. The total up to the middle of September is 5153. During the whole of 1868 the number issued was 1321, whereas that issued during the part expired of 1869 is 1610. In January last its gross assets amounted to $438,247 97; during the intervening period they have accumulated to about $565,000. This shows progress, but those who know the president and vice-president of the National of New York do not wonder at it. They do not, indeed, expect any sensational "statements" from that source, but they expect ultimate success in spite of all obstacles; and we are convinced that their expectations will be fully realized.

The Eagle Life of Chicago, and the Traveller Life and Accident of Hartford are still compared to each other; but, for own part, we decidedly prefer Holland's company to Batterson's, chiefly because we have vastly more faith in Mr. Holland than in his rival—in a word, because, in our opinion, the former is more honest than the latter.

The Anchor Life, of New Jersey, is one of the very few new companies which are affording proof that they are judiciously managed. We felt persuaded, at the outset, that Mr. Fisher would succeed, and every fact relative to his company, which has since come to our knowledge, has

tended to strengthen this opinion. We will now mention one circumstance which is significant. In an official table that lies before us, compiled from the official reports by the editor of the "Insurance Times," the National Life, U. S., and the Anchor Life, N. J., stand side by side. Both were organized in 1868; one boasted of a large capital, and of several "peculiar advantages;" the other boasted of nothing, but promised to do its work honestly. But under the head of "surplus," in the table before us, the boasting National appears with the sign *minus*, thus: —$14,156, while the unassuming Anchor appears without any mark, as follows: $21,403. This needs no comment, further than the remark that if Congress wants its protegé to succeed, it must confer on it some more "peculiar advantages."

In the world of fire and marine insurance there is nothing that is very interesting at this time. The most startling event since our last was the defalcation of Ballard. This was a great loss to the Security, but its policy holders will lose nothing by it. The company has abundance of money to meet all its engagements. We learn that the amount purloined has been fully replaced; but, even if it had not, none need have had any apprehension that the Security would fail to meet any just claim.

Now, as well as ever, we would much rather insure in the Security than in certain companies that boast, like some life companies of similar character, of having millions of capital. Thus, for example, our readers will remember that we have made several criticisms, in these pages, on the arrogant pretensions of the Home Insurance Company of New York. As usual, in such cases, we have been accused of having been actuated by the most diabolical motives. Occasionally, however, we see that even some of the company's own agents are equally "diabolical." As a recent illustration of this we copy the following paragraphs from the "Insurance Monitor" for August:

"Mr. H. B. Ten-Eyck, for many years the leading Insurance Agent of Keokuk, Iowa, has resigned his agency of the Home, and sends us his circular, which we print below. Mr. Ten-Eyck possesses the confidence of the community in which he resides, *and of the numerous companies he represents*, and is a gentleman of high standing and large experience, and we are sorry for his issue with Mr. Morton, whom we have known and esteemed since boyhood. Mr. Ten-Eyck's card is as follows:

"'INSURANCE NOTICE.—On the 14th day of April, 1869, I resigned the Keokuk agency of the Home Insurance Company of New York, which I have successfully conducted here for the past ten years. Under the management of its present General Agent, C. J. Morton, of St. Louis, who is little more than a *yearling* in the business of insurance, I do not desire to have any further connection with said company, nor do I desire *to represent any company who do not pay losses when I regard them as honest and fair.*

"'Keokuk, April 15, 1869. H. B. TEN-EYCK.'"

There is no danger that any respectable agent of the Ætna Fire, of Hartford, or of the Washington or Hope, of New York, would write such a letter as this. The most unpretending of these companies would not afford any faithful agent an opportunity of saying that it would refuse to pay losses which he regarded as honest and fair.

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